

THE

ATLANTIC MONTHLY:

A Magazine of Literature, Science, Art, and Politics.

VOL. LIV. — AUGUST, 1884. — No. CCCXXII.

IN WAR TIME.

XV.

FOR Wendell and his sister the winter brought little visible change. The great plan for an essay on American diseases somehow faded away, and was as yet without a successor. Dr. Lagrange had, however, been ordered from the hospital, and a new and alert volunteer surgeon, with his head full of improvements, was making it uncomfortable for Wendell; so that his hours had to be rearranged, and he felt that it would be much more pleasant to be free from the shackles of even as little army discipline as his relations to a hospital involved.

Ann, of course, altogether disapproved of a resignation by her brother. The money loss of eighty dollars a month seemed to her a very serious matter; but to Wendell his personal convenience was far more important, and overruled for the time all other considerations. He was cautious not to allow his sister to suspect that, beside the difficulty she found in meeting their daily expenses, — for Ann allowed no bills to accumulate unpaid, — he was annoyed by the results of his own folly in buying new lenses and expensive books, and now and then some rare engraving.

Had young Morton understood the true state of things, he would have been quick to aid his friends; but he knew that he paid them liberally for the home

and the care that they gave him, and as Wendell never considered or talked about what things cost, and Ann was too proudly self-sustaining to allow of a stranger seeing her growing necessities, Edward lived on without suspicion, and was the more likely to be free from it because he had always been so lifted above money cares that the possibility of them was the last thing he would have been likely to think about.

It was well into January when Ann said to her brother, "I am sorry to trouble you, brother Ezra, — I know how you dislike it, — but I must have more money. I save what I can, but Mr. Edward needs all sorts of luxuries. I did think that when Hester was so nicely provided for, we should go along more comfortably."

"I don't see where the money all goes, Ann," he returned helplessly. "I am sure I spend very little."

"Are you certain of that, Ezra? There was that microscope, and" —

"Oh, Ann, am I never to hear the last of that microscope!"

"And those new lenses, — were n't they very dear?"

"No. I can always sell them for what they cost. A good lens is just like gold."

"But that cyclopædia."

"A man really must have the tools of his profession, Ann; and I gave up all idea of the carriage."

Ann groaned. "I do wish I could help you more. I sometimes think I am of less use to you than I was" —

Being a woman, and therefore automatically sacrificial, she could not estimate the immense proportion of energy she thrust, somehow, into his daily life, nor recall, in her self-negation, how often she remembered his engagements, or urged him to leave his microscope to face the winds of a cold night to make some professional visit which he would next day have found an easy excuse for having left unpaid. The wonder was that he did not seem to recognize the force that helped to give to his intelligence, which was competent enough, what practical utility was possible for it. Of course there are many failures in such relationships, and despite her watchful interest Wendell's professional life was far from reaching an ideal standard of efficient duty.

"You are of great use to me always," he said; "and as to the money, I have many good bills, and I can jog the memory of one or two patients. Now there is Jones."

He made things so easy with his comfortable outlook that Ann was satisfied for the time, or appeared to be.

"You won't forget?" she entreated.

"No."

"Ezra, is your practice growing?"

"I—I guess so. I am told I have been unusually successful, for a newcomer. People do leave one, you know; but that is what every man has to expect. They say a doctor's whole practice changes every ten years."

"That seems strange to me," remarked Ann. "If ever I needed to have a doctor, I should n't want to change him."

"Well, people do," returned Ezra.

In fact, he had been fortunate. At the time we speak of, certain country neighborhoods were suffering from want of physicians, a good many men who were just on the borders of success in

practice having been tempted into army service; so that those who, like Wendell, stayed at home sometimes profited by the opportunities thus left open. The Mortons were pleased with his services, and Mrs. Westerley, although of late she had become guarded in mentioning him, had often enough spoken freely of his skill; so that he had picked up a fair number of well-to-do patients, who felt that the new doctor was to be taken more or less on trial. As time went on he lost a larger proportion of such patients than he should have done. He was in every way an agreeable and amusing visitor, but when he had to sustain the courage of the sick and satisfy watchful friends through grave illness he failed. For some reason, he did not carry confidence to others; perhaps because he was unable to hide his mental unsteadiness, which showed in too frequent changes of opinion. Moreover, his love of ease made impossible for him the never-ending daily abandonment of this moment of quiet, or that little bit of tranquil home life, which every wise physician counts upon once for all as a part of the discomforts which he must accept if he means to win success. Some men overestimate what they give, and think little of what they get in return. Wendell liked to believe that his professional life was made up of sacrifices; so that when a patient left him, and sent for another more decisive attendant, he felt a certain foolish resentment, into which the notion of ingratitude entered, and which made him regard with bitterness his more lucky successor. Let us add that Alice Westerley, whose interest in him was fatally growing, was, as to all these matters, an unfortunate friend. She was quite too widely sympathetic to be a good moral tonic, and knew really too little of his less interesting qualities to acquire the sad conviction that he was designed by nature to illustrate, soon or late, the certainty of failure where,

although the machine be competent, its driving power is inadequate.

But a man must be very blind indeed not to recognize sometimes that he is drifting from the course he meant to take, and Wendell was, as I have said, by no means defective in intellect. There come to most of us, in fact, times of unpleasant illumination, when we are forced to see things as they would appear to an uninterested or abler observer; but some men are always so near their moral mirror that their breath obscures the image they ought to see. The talk with Ann made her brother unhappy for a time, and brought upon him one of the dark moods which she so much dreaded; nor indeed was he otherwise without good cause for unhappiness. From time to time he had borrowed small sums from Edward Morton, whose generosity made it so easy that somehow the weight of this gathering debt seemed to Wendell to be of little importance. But there was another matter which was of graver moment. Wendell had, after some doubt as to what was best, taken Wilmington's advice, and invested in his own name, as trustee, the ten thousand dollars deposited in his hands by Henry Gray. The investment being in government bonds at a low rate, their rise towards the year 1865 made the doctor feel that there was a comfortable margin of profit, which with the passage of time must enlarge. At first, he set this aside, as belonging to Hester; but by and by, as his own difficulties increased, he began to think that he was entitled, as Gray had, no doubt, meant him to be, to some share in her good fortune. There was reason in this, but Wendell did not take the first positive practical step without moral discomfort, nor until urged to it by unrelenting circumstances. His own and his sister's inheritance amounted to but six thousand dollars, and was invested in a well-secured mortgage which Mr. Wilmington had recommended, and in fact found for him. The rise in Hes-

ter's securities fatally tempted him to seek for some more brilliant return from his own and Ann's little property, and after much hesitation he bought stock in a Western road which had been rapidly rising in price. The January dividend, however, had not been paid, and the stock had fallen. Then, at last, when Ann asked him for the usual semi-annual interest on their mortgage, which habitually he resigned to her entire for her household uses, he found himself in trouble. If, says a monkish adage, you let a thin devil slip through the key-hole, a fat devil will unlock the door.

I should do an interesting but weak nature a wrong to presume that it cost him nothing to reason himself into borrowing enough of Hester's capital to enable him to give to Ann the money she had habitually received. The rebel cousin had meant to give his relation a certain sum, but owing to Wendell's wise investment it now much exceeded that amount. The excess seemed almost as much his as Hester's. It was characteristic of him that he put in his little tin box of private papers an acknowledgment of the amount thus transferred, but soon he found it convenient to add to it a second receipt; and these papers were, in some fashion, a comfort to the troubled man, who by habit dwelt within an ever-widening horizon of hopeful possibilities, as inexhaustible as the growing zone of successive mornings. Like all who tread this evil path, he honestly meant to replace what he took, and nothing could have surpassed the force of his conviction that he would do so; indeed, to have been told that he would not would have been felt by him as the deepest insult.

Meanwhile, he went about his work with a certain renewal of vigor, and found time to see Alice Westerley often. She had begun to be present in his day dreams as one of the brighter planets that were slowly rising above that horizon of which we have spoken. To do

him full justice, he never thought of her in relation to money. This would have been unlike his gentle and poetic temperament. He of course knew that she had means, but how great he did not know, and he timidly approached her in a growing tenderness of relation which his sister did not suspect, and which he himself was very slowly coming to apprehend might result in something still more tender.

Early in March Miss Pearson's school broke up, on account of fever in the neighborhood, and Hester was sent away in haste, while the doctor was called on to settle a number of bills for her clothing and tuition.

Nevertheless, he was sincerely glad to see her, for at each return home she was a novel and charming surprise to the little circle.

"A butterfly, indeed!" exclaimed Edward Morton. "Could any one have imagined Hester would develop into such a noble-looking woman!"

Ann, who had followed with her eyes the retreating figure, with its straight carriage and walk of liberal strength, said quietly:—

"Indeed, the girl has grown." Ann had a sense of odd uneasiness at the sight of this suddenly completed transformation. What should she do with her? Then the girl reappeared, happy at the escape from school.

"Won't some one walk with me to Mrs. Westerley's?" she asked. "Come, uncle, you have nothing to do."

Wendell had something to do, but it was not in him to say no.

"Come," he said.

"And don't forget Mrs. Grace," remarked Ann.

"No, of course not."

"And now, uncle," cried Hester, clinging to his arm, "how is everybody? And why doesn't my cousin write? And how is Mr. Arthur? And you, — last and best, — how are you?"

"If you go on, I shall want an index

to your inquiries," laughed Wendell. "Cousin Gray is probably engaged in the laudable occupation of blockade running," he added.

"And why not laudable?" queried Hester, who had found, during the last school term, another Carolinian, stranded like herself among what the better instructed young woman called with emphasis "those Yankees." "I am sure you will understand why I must have my own feelings about the South. But I think you always did understand."

"Yes, yes, dear, well enough," he said; "but don't talk more than you can help about the war. It makes trouble, in these days."

"No," she replied, looking up at him, and lightly pressing his arm, "that would be disloyal to you. I am a featherhead, Miss Pearson says, and Mrs. Westerley lectures me; but there are some things I can never forget, — never! What a stupid child I must have been, when Miss Ann took me home! — and it seems such a home now! But as I grow older, I think about my father's death, and Miss Ann's kindness and yours come back to me, and I now know what an unusual and noble thing you did. Ah, I know it well now!"

"I think I have heard a little of this before from a certain young woman," said Wendell, who liked but yet was always embarrassed by praise.

"Yes, I know; but a certain young woman is certain she can never say all that she feels about it."

"Let it be, then," he said, tenderly, "as of a service from" — and he paused a moment; he was about to say "an uncle," but, looking aside at her face turned towards him in its stir of feeling, why did the nominal relationship he assumed seem all of a sudden absurd? Then he amended his phrase, "Like a brother's service; to be remembered, not paid for with thanks."

"I wish I could say things as prettily as you do! Mr. Arthur says it

is because you have a poet's temperament."

"Arty is a stupid boy," returned the doctor, not displeased.

"But then," cried the girl, laughing merrily, and pretending for a moment to survey him critically, "you are too old for a brother. I should like one about Mr. Edward's age. I should n't like old brothers."

Wendell felt that at thirty-two it was rather hard to be doomed to senility by those pretty lips.

"Well," he said, after they had chatted somewhat longer about the Mortons, and had stopped to look at and to unroll the varnished covers of some horse-chestnut buds, "here is Mrs. Westerley's, and I shall appeal from slanderous youth to the charity of a woman as to the awful question of my antiquity."

"I don't think Mrs. Westerley will agree with me; at least, she never does," returned Hester, demurely. She had heard a little about the two friends, perhaps, and had not left unused her own uncomfortably keen powers of observation. Decidedly, Miss Gray was growing in many ways!

"I will join you," he remarked, "after I have seen Mrs. Grace."

"Oh, is that dreadful lady alive yet?" exclaimed Hester.

"Did you suppose that I had killed her by this time?" he returned.

"If I were her doctor," said Hester, merrily, "it would be, 'Short her shrift, and soon her lift!'"

"What a depth of wickedness," he said, "and so young, too!" and, laughing, he left her at Mrs. Westerley's gate.

Mrs. Grace's drawing-room, as she liked to call her parlor, was filled with a sad inheritance of sepulchral grimness in the way of mahogany furniture of the fashion of some fifty years back. Her daughters and herself had striven in vain to induce Mr. Grace to replace

it with something of more modern form; but black haircloth and brass nails do not wear out, and, as he said, "What is the use, Martha, of new furniture, when this is perfectly good?" Efforts had been made to hide it with tidies of divers workmanship, but the mournful sheen of the haircloth, polished by much sitting, remained, and no art could conceal the sombre scrolls of sofa and chair back, which Alice Westerley said looked as if they had been put up in primeval curl-papers before the flood. The paint was a little dingy, and on the wall-paper, which was recent and much gilded, were hung two prints: one of the death-bed of Daniel Webster; the other of Henry Clay, in evening costume, addressing a morbidly attentive Senate. "Daniel Webster was a friend of our family," explained Mrs. Grace to a too critical young person, "and then my husband is such a tariff man, you know."

Wendell looked around with a sensitive shudder, and, gasping in the blast of dry heat from a furnace began to wonder why the opening from which it came should have been called a register.

"I give it up," he muttered to himself, as Mrs. Grace entered the room.

Sarah was not well, and it must be malaria. Did not Dr. Wendell think it was malaria? He did not, but he knew by this time that it was unwise to dispute Mrs. Grace's opinions, and also useless. He therefore advised her impassive and sallow daughter to eat less and walk more, and prescribed some one of the mild remedies which neither help nor hurt; and then Sarah was dismissed, and Mrs. Grace, now that she had him alone, began to take a little real comfort out of his visit in the shape of a flow of disconnected talk, made up of inquiries as to other people's maladies and her own complaints. Wendell had a reasonable habit of reticence about patients, but it was not very easy to escape this practiced inquisitor without vexing her.

"So Hester has come home."

"How on earth did she know that?" marveled the doctor.

"And I do hope you'll keep her back. I did think myself she was rather forward, when I last saw her. You know, of course, I speak as a friend."

"I believe," returned Wendell, "that my sister is quite equal to the care of the girl, and to us she seems much improved; and then her good friend, Mrs. Westerley"—

"Oh, Mrs. Westerley?" said his hostess, with rising inflection, interrupting him. "Now do you quite think she is—well, just the kind of person?"—

"She is the best woman I know," replied Wendell, annoyed. "You know, I am sure, that she is a friend to whom we owe a great deal of kindness."

"Oh, I thought you were her doctor!"

This was rather confusing to Wendell, and he had to conceal a smile.

"But," he said, "she is never ill."

"Indeed? I thought I noticed that you went there a good deal."

"Yes, I see her now and then. She is a very good friend of ours, as I said, and my sister and she have so much in common," a statement which would have amazed equally either of the women in question.

"Sisters are pretty convenient, you know," broke in Mrs. Grace, feeling that she had said a brilliant thing and wise. "I do think I ought to tell you, as a friend," she added, "that when she was younger Mrs. Westerley was thought to be a bit of a flirt, you know, doctor; and then she made such a sad match."

"I have never seen anything in her to make me think for a moment she deserves such a character," he replied, endeavoring to answer coolly.

"Well, you can't change my opinions," said Mrs. Grace; "and may be it's a question of time. You will find out some day. What I know I know, and if my own family had n't suffered

I might think I was not called on to speak; but I guess my poor cousin Fox could tell a different story."

"What? Colonel Fox? Impossible!"

"Well, you may think so."

"I am sure you will not want to take away from me the liberty to think no ill of Mrs. Westerley," he said. "But I am late," he added, glancing at his watch as he rose. "I must go."

"And of course," returned Mrs. Grace, "what I have mentioned was just because I have a friendly interest in my doctor. You know I need hardly ask you not to repeat it. Sarah says people do so misunderstand things."

Wendell moved toward the door little dreaming that Sarah, who had thus come in at the close, should have had a place at the beginning as the text of this little sermon. It had occurred to Mrs. Grace that if things came to the worst a rising doctor might be better for Sarah than no one; and Colonel Fox did not appear to look upon Sarah with even a second-cousinly regard, as she had once feebly hoped he might do.

When Wendell found himself in Mrs. Westerley's drawing-room, he felt as if he had come from under a pall into sunlight. Alice and Hester were chatting merrily, and the elder woman was advising Hester to take French and drawing lessons. "You know, dear, you have quite money enough."

"Mr. Edward has promised to read German with me. I think I shall like that. Do you know, Miss Pearson does not mean to open her school until fall!"

"Well, I hope by that time Mr. Gray will be heard from," said Mrs. Westerley. "He certainly will have something to say as to your future."

"And," asked Wendell, "have you ever thought it possible he might want to take Hester away? I—we would n't like that, Hester."

"I should n't,—not at all! But," springing to her feet, "I promised Miss

Ann to be at home before this time! May I come and dine to-morrow?"

"Any day, every day, my dear."

"Will you walk home with me?" said the girl turning to Wendell.

"No; I have some patients to see." He had reflected that he would like to linger in Mrs. Westerley's pleasant room, and efface a little the remembrance of his last visit. Then Hester went away.

"You have been to see Mrs. Grace?" queried Alice. "Was she as charming as usual?"

The doctor colored slightly. He had but small control over his face, a grave defect in a physician.

"Oh, I see!" she continued. "I am a favored subject."

"She would not dare to speak ill of you to me," returned Wendell, who hardly knew what to say.

"Dare!" repeated Alice. "She would dare to say anything to anybody of anybody. I sometimes marvel at the courage of such people."

"I think a woman would have to be both very bad to abuse you and very brave to abuse you to your friends," he said, — "you who are so good and just to every one."

"Do you really think that? What an imaginative man!"

"I may not be as good as — as all your friends ought to be, but I don't think I am too stupid to understand Mrs. Grace."

"I don't know," she returned gayly. "I have my opinions," as Mrs. Grace would say. "But how goes your work? I mean the new subject you mentioned."

"Oh, very well," he answered. "But I find my hospital getting to be somewhat in the way, and I do suppose I should be better able to attend to what is of permanent value if I gave it up."

"Then why not give it up?"

"Partly," he answered, with some hesitation, "because the money is convenient."

"Oh, but that can't matter with you now," said Alice, who had never felt what it meant to want money; "and I should think you would do far better, even in the way of money, if your time were more your own."

"I hardly know," he replied. "I sometimes wish that I could give myself up to research altogether."

"It does seem hard that you cannot, with your capacities."

"How good you are to me, and how well you appear to be able to enter into a man's life and ambitions! So few people have that power. I can never thank you enough. But good-by. I must go."

"You are going? And why do you go?"

"Do you want me to stay?"

"Of course I want you to stay. I am always glad to see my friends," she added, rather promptly, perhaps a little scared at what she had said. "But don't let me keep you if you are busy."

"I ought to go. Indeed, I must go," looking at the clock. "Thank you once more," and he glanced at her face with eyes which were of a pleasant hazel, and now strangely wistful. "You have the divine gift of healing." Then he suddenly and passionately kissed the hand he had taken. She drew it away. The natural recoil was enough to alarm a man so sensitive. "I have offended you!" he said.

"No — no — not deeply, but go away. Don't stay, — pray don't."

"Oh," he exclaimed, "there are no women like you, — none;" and so left her standing thoughtful by the wood-fire. She turned thence to the window, and keeping back a little glanced after him, with tender softness in her gaze.

"I don't know whether I want to love him or not," she murmured, "but I am afraid I do. Oh, I am afraid I do! And what is it makes me afraid? I wish I knew."

Alice Westerley had begun her early

social life in New York by marrying a man who would not have excited an emotion in her three years later. He gave her all that money could buy; and money was as abundant with him as a successful gambler on Wall Street may make it. He died, and Alice learned that another woman and her children had made for a coarse-minded man his real home through the three years of her own married life, and long before. At the end of a year, when the executors turned over to Alice her large share of his estate, she did at once what she had meant to do from the moment she knew of her husband's domestic treachery. She sent for the woman who had been his mistress, and who had been left uncared for, and said, "I have asked you to come here because I look upon you as Mr. Westerley's wife, in God's eyes, and I have made arrangements to turn over to you his property." This she did, to the woman's amazement and to the disgust of her own friends. Then she took the little fortune her mother had left her, and went abroad. Her father was alive, and, being a singular person, said she was right; that it was a nasty business, and she was well out of it. A year later he died, and the widow was again a rich woman. An accidental visit to Helen Morton resulted in her learning to like the quiet town, where soon after she bought a house. This was the woman who now sat down on a stool, and, looking into the fire, began to try to analyze her own feelings and true desires. Why was she afraid? He was very pleasant to her, with his large eyes, his gentle ways, his wide range of knowledge, and his tender dependence upon her. Was it that after all she did not entirely like this resting upon her opinions? Then she stirred up the failing fire, and took counsel with it. It was a delicate flattery now, but would it be always so grateful? "Perhaps I expect too much," she said to herself; and after a good deal of perplexed

thinking, it came to her how delightful it would be to release this man from all trammels, and have him free to realize his intellectual dreams. She well knew that she had been in a measure unwise to allow him to anticipate her decision; for now it was plain enough that she had at least given him the permission to believe that he might love her with some distinct hope of success. Then she laughed aloud, in a little scornfully defiant way, thinking how her English friends would cry, "A medical man!" when they learned that she had married a country doctor. "A medical man, my dear," she repeated aloud. "But I am not married yet," she murmured, as she rose, — "not yet! I would like to have a little time to myself!" and with this she promptly went to her desk, and wrote to Hester that she had some errands in New York, and should be back within a few days. Of course Wendell would know of this; but she had secured for herself a respite, without which she felt that she was unwilling to face him anew. At one minute all seemed to her to be clear; at another her mind was obscured by a doubt. The process of mental filtration was unsuccessful, and more and more she came to recognize the fact that she was too agitated to consider with useful calmness a matter into which, she began to discover, she had gone too far for honorable retreat.

XVI.

On the day after this interview, Dr. Wendell had two unpleasant surprises. He learned that Mrs. Westerley had gone to New York, and was foolish enough to recall uneasily for an instant what Mrs. Grace had said of her. However, he went into the hospital, and came out early. Ann found him seated by himself, as if in thought. She knew him well.

"What troubles you, Ezra," she

asked, "and why are you home so soon?"

"I was tired," he returned; "and, Ann, I am to be dropped out of service next week. They are cutting down the number of contract surgeons."

Ann had been anticipating this, though now it had come it gave her a sharp pang; but she said promptly, with sweet and helpful cheerfulness, "Well, we ought not to be altogether sorry. It will give you more time to see patients, and you know you thought about resigning."

"Yes, but one thinks a good deal before taking so decided a step. It does seem to me, Ann, that we are very unfortunate."

"Do you think we have a right to say that, Ezra?"

"I don't know about the right," he returned, impatiently. "I have the blues, Ann. I feel like Saul in his tent. Best let me alone!"

"Ah, but you can't be let alone," said Hester, from the parlor. "Here is Mr. Morton; and have you heard the news? Mrs. Morton is coming home in April."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Wendell, now forced to rouse himself.

"But are you sick?" said Hester, in quick alarm, as she entered with Edward. "Is he sick, Miss Ann?"

"No; he has only had some bad news, and may have to leave his hospital."

To Hester this did not represent any grave calamity, but Edward looked serious. He had now begun to suspect that the Wendells were, for some reason, straitened as to money.

"It had to come, of course," said Wendell. "Soon or late it had to come. Don't let us talk about it any more. It has its good side, like many evils." But after they had gone, he still sat moodily thinking. He had already used, little by little, fifteen hundred dollars of Hester's money, — borrowed it, he said to

himself, — and the stock he had bought was still falling, and now he was about to lose his contract surgeoncy! He was with reason afraid at times of the constancy with which ideas haunted him during his moods of despondency. It seemed to him as if there were some mechanism of torture in his mind, which presented troubles over and over in new and horrible relations; for he was imaginative, as we have seen, and imagination for such men as he is to-day a stern prophetess of evil, and to-morrow a flattering mistress. Do what he would, — and the thought immeasurably distressed this sensitive being, — he kept thinking about Mrs. Westerley's money, and how surely it would rescue him, and how often it had come before him that now he need have no fear as to repayment of what he had borrowed from Hester's means. There was a fiend's cruelty in the conception that a noble, honest creature like Alice was ignorantly making it easy for him to do a shameful thing, and not suffer for it. If she should ever come to know of his guilt, what then? Already a deepening affection was creating for him a clearer sense of his own moral degradation. He got up, went out into the street, and walked rapidly, as was his wont when depressed, and in an hour came back, more quiet in mind.

"Come in, brother," said Ann, as she looked out of the parlor window. "Here is a message to see Mr. Wilmington."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Ezra. Mr. Wilmington had never before claimed his care, and so little a thing as this made him feel unreasonably comfortable. "I will go at once."

"Oh, do take your tea first. There is no hurry about it, they told me."

"And here is a letter from Arty," said Edward. "No, it is not. It must be from Fox. Yes, it is from Fox."

"Open it," said Hester, shortly. "How slow you are!"

"Why, what's the matter, Hester?" returned Edward, slowly dividing the envelope, and playfully retreating.

"I must know," she said. "What does he say? Who is it from? Why don't you look?"

"Ah," replied Edward, "let me sit down. Wait a moment, — I must read it first," and he checked her with his raised hand, while he read a few lines. "It is n't very — bad, Hester. I was dreadfully afraid," he cried, looking up.

"Tell me at once," she demanded imperatively.

"Hester!" exclaimed Ann. "Hester!"

"Arty is wounded," said Edward; "not badly, — not badly at all; a flesh wound. Colonel Fox writes because Arty can't use his arm. Oh, the dear old fellow has put in a slip for Hester! Why, where is she?"

"She went out of the room," returned Ann; "I heard her go upstairs. Something has got to be done about these tempers of hers. Something has got to be done!"

Ann had never pursued, in her educational duties, the letting-alone system, and, having been shocked and surprised at Hester's abruptness, thought well to knock at her chamber door shortly after herself hearing to the end Colonel Fox's letter. If all this little display of short temper were about the war, Hester must be told to repress it, for every one's sake; and if it were simply impatience, of which Hester had her fair share, it was Ann's business, as her present guardian, to reprove it.

At first there was no answer to Ann's knock.

"Hester!" she called. "Hester, open the door!"

Still there was no reply.

Then Ann shook the door-knob, a little angry, and a very little uneasy.

"Open the door at once. Do you hear me? Hester, dear Hester!"

The door opened suddenly, and Hes-

ter appeared on the threshold, drawn up to her full height, an angry light in her eyes.

"What is the meaning of all this?" asked Ann, severely. "Are you sick? And why did you go away so rudely while Mr. Morton was reading?"

"I — I wanted to," said Hester. "I went" —

"Goodness! 'Went!' I know you went! And you call that an answer; and pray, child, do you think you are behaving yourself properly now? What does it all mean? I must say I never saw you act in this way before."

"I don't know," murmured Hester. "Cannot I just be let alone, Miss Ann? I want to be alone."

"And why on earth do you want to be alone? Is it because you were alarmed about Arthur? That was natural enough; but really, child, I don't see why there should be all this fuss. Colonel Fox says there is no chance of his losing his arm. Upon my word, Hester, a little real trouble would do you no harm!"

"No harm," repeated Hester, faintly, — "no harm!" and began retreating backward into her bedroom, with her palms raised and her arms extended towards Ann, and a face flushing rapidly.

"Good gracious, what a fool I am!" cried Ann, seizing her in time to guide her fall on to a lounge. "Ezra!" she cried. "Ezra, come here quick! Hester is sick!"

Wendell was at her side in a moment.

"It is only a nervous attack," he said; "don't be worried. Run and get some ice."

While Ann was gone he hastily loosened the girl's dress, and waited, watching her.

Meanwhile, poor Edward, who had climbed the stairs wearily, and in such haste as was unusual to him, reached the door of Hester's room.

"What is it, doctor?" he asked, anxiously, and with a tremor in his voice. "Is she ill?"

"No," answered Wendell, turning; "but give me that pitcher. I can't leave her, or she will fall off the lounge."

Edward came in, and did as he was desired. Then he saw for a moment the white sweep of the girl's neck and shoulders, flushed with moving islets of blood that came and went, the signals of a nervous system shaken by a storm beyond its power to bear. He drew back with a sense of awe at the sight, ashamed, as it were, in trouble for her that she should be thus and so undisturbed.

"Here is Miss Ann," he said, hastily. "For Heaven's sake, don't let Hester know I was here. I will be in my room, if you need me."

Then he limped out, a little dizzy, as happened to him at times if moved by strong emotion, and supporting himself by a hand on the walls he reached his room, and fell into the nearest chair. The patient, tender-hearted man had received a new hurt. Of late he had been mending, and a hope had come to him; but now he was like one who, after shipwreck in a strange land, awaking, sees a color in the sky, and knows not yet if it be dusk or dawn.

The gay-hearted girl who had grown up by his side, who with him was never impatient, who had shared his books and his new pursuits, and had filled his crippled life with a new and wholesome sweetness, was to be his no more even in thought; for now it was all plain to the gaunt young fellow, made over-sensitive by pain, until he had attained a more than womanly appreciation of the feelings and griefs of others.

"What a blind idiot I have been! It is Arty she loves!" he cried, as he sat with his hands on his knees, looking with wide eyes far away, like Browning's lion, into the drear desert of his doubly sterile life.

Then tears came to his help, and he laughed as with a quick hand he cleared them from his eyelids,—laughed to think that he had become physically so feeble as to recognize without a man's shame the strange easement of tears. But of a sudden the future leaped upon him, and tore him with the claws of brutal realities that were to be; and he saw before him lonely years of pain and slow, enfeebling sickness, and had a prophetic sense of the fading of his appetite for the new things with which of late he had learned to sweeten the meagre cup of life. He also saw Hester, tall and blushing, a bride, and then a matronly woman. It did seem to him that no possible pang had been spared him. For his country in her bloody struggle he had felt as those feel who say little. He had been condemned to possess in patience a soul meant for lordship where death was nearest, and now had come this rival anguish.

It is not wonderful that where their religion does not give men a woman-god in whose lap to cry, they manage in some way to create such a resource, or at least some approach to the sweet pitifulness of a god-like maternity. It was his mother the young man thought of now; wishing, in his fresh agony, that he could bury his head in her lap and be her little Ned again, and weep out unquestioned this great sorrow.

At last he rose unsteadily, and tried to walk about, and seeing his own face in the glass was shocked at its expression.

"Oh, this won't do!" he cried impatiently, and set himself to quiet with resolute self-rule the storm within him.

By and by Wendell knocked at his door.

"Come in," he answered. "Is— is she all right?"

"Why, of course," returned Wendell. "It was merely a nervous turn. But what is the matter with you, Edward?"

"Nothing much. I am not very strong,

and I suppose Hester's little upset was too much for me. That and the letter, you know. I think I shall lie down."

"Well, I would," assented Wendell. "Hester will be well enough to-morrow. I suppose that she, too, was taken aback by the colonel's letter; but girls are so easily made nervous, and I fancy Ann was rather sharp with her. It is really curious how little patience or sympathy the best of women, if they are strong, have with a woman's nervousness! I do certainly hope the child is not going to be a nervous young woman. I can't imagine a worse fate for any one."

"I hope not," replied Edward; and the doctor left him.

Mrs. Westerley returned three days later, and found quite enough to employ all her energies. Wendell, who knew from her servants when she was expected to return, was foolish enough to meet her at the station. He was in that state of uneasiness and doubt which the passage of time is sure to bring to a man who feels that enough has been said to give him hope, but not enough to secure what has become more and more a yearning need in life. Also, there had arisen in his singularly constituted nature another trouble. He began to feel a strange bitterness at the thought that if he married Alice, or perhaps in any case, he would lose out of his life the proportion of affectionate comradeship which Hester had brought into it. Her beauty of form, her alert intelligence, even her little mutinies, were very pleasant to him. Like Edward, but less distinctly, he had comprehended, or at least suspected, the meaning of Hester's reception of the news of Arthur's wound; and as he was right-minded enough about women, and by reason of his refinement of character a man of more than common purity of word and deed where they were concerned, he was troubled at his own state of mind. Was he jeal-

ous? he asked himself. Had he been a more profound and experienced student of peculiar human natures, he might have known that his feeling in regard to Hester was merely one of those brief despotisms which an idea sometimes creates in persons of his mental constitution. The mystery of it was, however, far beyond his power to explain, and the fact itself simply shocked him.

His wish to meet Mrs. Westerley at the station was brought about, in part at least, by his almost painful disgust at his own state of mind, and his hasty resolve to end his doubt, and reach a point where indecision would be impossible.

The station was crowded, and the air full of excitement. Men, women, soldiers, and officials thronged the platforms, and the newsboys were crying, "Great news from the front!" Sherman was driving Johnston before him, and Grant was enveloping Lee's fated army.

Amidst the crowd Wendell found Mrs. Westerley. She colored as he came up to her. She was both pleased and vexed.

"Why did you come?" she asked, speaking low. "My maid is with me."

Wendell was annoyed and embarrassed. He saw his mistake.

"Make some excuse," she added, gently, "and leave me; and don't be displeased," she continued, seeing his troubled face.

"I beg pardon," said Wendell, cut down to a lower level by this calming reception. "I was looking for some one," he stammered. "Sorry to leave you. Good-by."

"Good-by," she said, as Wendell turned and went away, showing but too clearly the discomfiture he so profoundly felt.

"These men! These men!" murmured the widow, smiling. Then she went home and wrote Hester a note, asking her to dine with her next day; and would Dr. Wendell kindly see Mrs.

Westerley about some Sanitary Commission business at one o'clock.

At eleven the next morning Alice was called downstairs to see Miss Clemson, who had come on business. They had been having, said Miss Clemson, no end of trouble, the last few days, about Mrs. Grace, and several ladies thought that Mrs. Westerley should become president.

"But," replied the widow, "Mrs. Morton will be at home by the 20th; and indeed I would much rather, on the whole, not come into contact with Mrs. Grace. She has been amusing her leisure with my affairs, I learn, and if I had to cross her I should probably say more than I want to say. I will gladly resign, if you think best."

"But that would be most undesirable. The woman is in a small minority, but she seems to be so made that really the competence of numbers appears not to affect her. I do not doubt that there are times when she believes one and one make nine!"

"I have my opinions!" exclaimed Alice, laughing.

"I would go to the office to-day, Mrs. Westerley. She told us on Friday that she had taken home your account book, — I mean the treasurer's accounts, which you have so kindly kept since Miss Graham's illness."

"What!" cried Alice; "she took it home!"

"Yes. I hesitated to tell you about it, but I thought you should be told."

"And what else?" inquired Alice.

"She informed us on Saturday that she and Sarah — imagine it, my dear! she and Sarah — could not make it balance!"

"And is this all?" asked Mrs. Westerley.

"Yes."

"Then wait a moment," said the widow, ringing the bell sharply. "My ponies, John, and make haste. I will be down in a minute, Miss Clemson."

On their way to the office, Mrs. Westerley called at Mrs. Grace's, somewhat to the alarm of her friend, who began to be conscious that Mrs. Westerley's quietness was simply the enforced calm which hides for a time some latent anger.

Mrs. Grace's was never a well-managed house, and it was not until after several vigorous pulls at the bell that the door was opened by an untidy maid, who ushered the ladies into the mournful splendor of Mrs. Grace's parlor.

Alice looked at Miss Clemson, with amusement in her eyes. Evidently there had been a hasty escape effected from the back room, since two empty rocking-chairs were still in active motion.

"What a touch that would be on the stage!" said Alice.

"And what an awful bit of circumstantial evidence!" returned Miss Clemson.

"We have given Sarah an occasion for a little exercise."

By this time the maid, much rearranged as to her dress, returned with a statement that Mrs. Grace was at the Sanitary; and thither, accordingly, they drove, Miss Clemson remarking on the way, —

"You will not let that woman disturb you, Mrs. Westerley?"

"Oh, no! I mean to disturb her. Is n't it dreadful to think that we women have no weapon but our tongues?"

"The men are no better off," returned Miss Clemson. "What more can they do, nowadays, than we? The duel is dead."

"If I were a man, I could wish it were not. Theoretically I am in favor of it."

"Oh, no, dear," protested Miss Clemson; "it is so illogical."

"And so am I," said Alice. "I hate logical people; and that must be just the time when one wants the duel, when one feels illogical."

"Well, here we are," said Miss Clem-

son, as they drew up in front of the local office of the famous Commission. The great news of the fight at Five Forks had just come in. Mrs. Westerley found Mrs. Grace discussing the matter with one or two other ladies.

"We have lost twenty thousand men," said she, "and soon we shall have no soldiers to fight with. There won't be one left."

"Nonsense," returned Miss Susan, to whom difference of years was of small moment. "Lee will surrender in a month. Pa says so."

"I think," answered Mrs. Grace, "that we have just begun. No one knows where it will end."

Mrs. Westerley touched her on the shoulder. "Come into the back room," she said, in a clear, sharp voice, while every one looked up, startled.

"What do you want?" inquired Mrs. Grace.

"Just a little talk," rejoined Alice. "You, too, Miss Clemson."

As they entered the empty room Alice closed the door.

Sudden calls on her emotions made this woman cool and effective, if her affections were not concerned. Without raising her voice, but with an accurate distinctness of speech, she said, —

"Mrs. Grace, you took home my accounts last week without authority, and were so good as to say, — you will correct me, Miss Clemson, if I am wrong, — you were so obliging as to say that the accounts do not balance. May I ask, was that assertion meant to give the idea that I had been careless, or what?"

Mrs. Grace, like large masses, was not easily moved, and having been in similar troubles before knew that with most people it was possible to escape at no larger cost than words, which with her were abundant, and of no fixed or unchangeable value.

"Oh, but I never supposed there could be such a fuss. I just thought I had a

right; and Sarah, she's so apt at arithmetic."

"You do not answer me," said Alice. "What did you mean?"

"I did n't mean anything, and I guess I'd better go."

"This will not do," exclaimed Alice, placing herself between Mrs. Grace and the door. "You have done a mean and dishonorable act. You have slandered me grossly, and now you have not the courage to stand by your actions! If we were men, madam, I should use something more than words; and you would have deserved it, too."

Mrs. Grace was angry, but she was also alarmed. Alice looked as if her sex might not always enable her to resist a desire so earnestly stated.

"I won't stay here to be insulted!" cried Mrs. Grace. "I — I'll call the police!"

"Stuff! We are not men, luckily for you, but still you must hear what I have to say. You must either apologize to me before the women in the outer room, or retire from the Commission."

"And if I won't do it?"

"Do what, madam?"

"Why, just either!"

"Then I must resign, and we shall see which of us the board will choose to lose."

Mrs. Grace knew pretty well what would happen in this case, it having been made clear to her the week before by several outspoken women.

"And what do you want me to say?"

"Anything," replied Alice. "Tell them you are sorry. I don't want you to clear my character for me; but one word more. I had not meant to say to you anything of another matter touching which you have been pleased to gossip of late, but let me add only this: that it must stop, and that if I ever again hear that your tongue has been busy with my affairs, I shall be able to find a man somewhere who will talk to your husband."

"Oh, no doubt!" Mrs. Grace rejoined recovering herself a little.

Alice looked at her with a faint smile of scorn, and saying, "I shall be as good as my word. Thank you, Miss Clemson," swept out of the room and through the office to her ponies, leaving her foe to say what she pleased, and Miss Clemson to see that justice was done.

Mrs. Grace, inwardly thankful that this high judgment had been pronounced apart, managed, on Miss Clemson's appeal, to make some kind of disjointed apologetic statement, and then went home, as dully angry as her nature allowed her to be. She really had not the power to feel that she had been guilty of a crime, and with her sense of having been put down and lectured unjustly came a sluggish desire for something which in the mind of a quicker being would have been called revenge. Mrs. Grace felt that it would be nice if she could stick pins into the widow, and physically hurt her a good deal.

The next day she had occasion to wail, by letter to Colonel Fox, over her temporary failure to receive certain moneys; as by this time she had lost a little of her dread of Mrs. Westerley, it was not in her nature to omit all mention of her among the bits of news with which she enlivened her letters of business. Mrs. Grace was cautious, however, and only expressed her pity that Alice Westerley was going to marry a poor, unsuccessful doctor like Wendell; certainly, her friends must regret it. Not that she, Mrs. Grace, knew it herself, but she believed there was n't much doubt of it. And did Colonel Fox know that Morton would n't come home, there being an Italian lady in the case, and that Helen Morton was expected to come alone, poor thing, and she was so unhappy?

This letter did not reach Fox for several days. In command of a brigade of Ord's division, he was following

Lee's retreat, and was urging on his men with an energy that left them little repose. Arthur, with his arm in a sling, and now a captain, would listen to no prudent counsels, and Fox had it not in him to keep the young soldier out of the last scenes of the tragedy which was closing in blood and despair on the Appomattox.

Such of us as lived through those days, and had dear ones in that awful joust of arms, may yet recall the never-ending anxiety with which we opened the morning paper, and the thrill with which, in the dead of night, the cry of the newsboy on the street made us sit up and listen. To the little circle of Arthur's friends the closing days of the Confederacy were full of dread. At any moment a telegram from New York might warn them of Mrs. Morton's arrival, and out of this savage death wrestle what news might meet her!

Hester was quiet and preoccupied, and helped Ann at her work with a fervid restlessness. Edward had gone to New York to meet his mother. He had written to his brother as soon as he had felt able to use a pen, and had said, "I think, Arty, that if by any chance you are hurt again, or perhaps in case of any trouble, you or Fox had better write under cover to Wendell, or to Mrs. Westerley. The account of your hurt upset Hester so much that I feel it would not be wise to have to tell her again any bad news; and then there is mother, too. But, please God, there will not be any more bad news! Hester is all right now."

Alice Westerley had seen Dr. Wendell more than once since her return; but she had been busy in opening the Morton house, and had managed with more or less success to keep her lover from exacting an absolute promise. She felt that she was exercising over him a control which was for her desirable, but which in her secret heart she wished he submitted to with less patience.

On the morning of April 9th came a letter from Arthur to Mrs. Westerley. He wrote: "I do not trouble you often with letters, but Ned tells me that the colonel's letter upset Hester, which is very annoying, because I had it read over to me to be sure it would n't shock any one. I suffered little until the afternoon of the 5th, when we were pushed on by Ord, along with a squadron of cavalry, to burn the bridges at Farmville on the Appomattox. It was, as we know now, a race for the river. General Read gathered a lot of dismounted cavalry about the bridge, and some of ours, my company and another, got on it, but had no time to burn it or to make any covers, because in a few minutes Lee's advance was on us, and I knew what a hopeless and gallant thing poor Read had done. The rebels streamed down on the bridge and just swept us away like flies. Read was killed, and for a moment it was a wild, free fight, for we did not let them off easy; but they were too many for us, and the few not killed were pushed over into the river. Tell Ned it was n't any worse than a rush at football at St. Paul's. I was down and up twice, and as my right arm was no good I had a bad time. Luckily I was not hit, but I was knocked over into the mud of the river just as they swept by at the end of the row and saw fellows shooting at me as if I were a mud turtle. I can tell you I wriggled out into the stream pretty quick, and in a moment got under the bridge, on a stump near the water; and you won't believe it, but I laughed when the rebs tore over the bridge they had won. I got caught as I was trying to find my way somewhere; but our people were hard after them, and the poor fellows were so near dead of fatigue that I got off, and on the morning of the 7th fell in with Humphrey's advance. By George, I was glad! I told the general all about how the rebs were used up, but somehow they gave him a sound

dressing, I hear, just after I went to the rear. I was all sore bones and Appomattox mud, and well played out; so are the Johnnies, but I shall be all right in a week, and they won't, poor fellows! I am told by the surgeon that I must go home, and as the row is about over I am glad enough. So hurrah for clean sheets and a good dinner! My regards to Hester. I have n't the pluck to write another letter. Fox lost a bit of his left whisker, and of course got in the way of a minie, and has a trifling flesh wound. He ought to hang his uniform up in Twelfth Street Meeting House, as the Romans did their shields in the temple of Mars."

Hester was on her guard this time, and heard the young man's characteristic letter with equanimity. Then she said to Alice that she would like to read it to the doctor and Miss Ann, and Mrs. Westerley saw that letter no more.

Mrs. Morton drove out to her home on the memorable night of the 9th of April under skies ablaze with rockets, amidst the craze of joy, the clangor of bells, and the shriek of engines, with which a happy city sought to find some adequate expression of its sense of relief.

"What a welcome!" she cried, as with a throbbing heart she ran up the steps of her own house, which was full of cheerful light. Then she saw on the piazza a strong, bronzed young officer, with one arm in a sling. She paused a moment.

"Why, mother, it is Arty!" cried Edward.

"Arty!" she exclaimed, with amazement. "Ah, this is too much!" and she had him in her arms in a moment.

"Take care, mother," he said, "my arm" — And then she held him off, and looked at him with eager satisfaction, while the doorway filled up with Alice Westerley, the doctor, Hester, and Mr. Wilmington; and there were warm greetings, which soothed Mrs. Morton's

troubled heart. Then very soon, as it grew late, some of her guests went away; and the young men having slipped off to the library for a smoke and war talk, Mrs. Morton was left alone with Alice.

"I am glad you have come back," said Mrs. Westerley, stirring the hickory fire, which a cool April night made desirable, — "I am glad you have come back; and it is none too soon. After all, where is one as comfortable as at home? For every reason you must be glad to be here. I shall feel greatly relieved."

"Why, my dear, are you still annoyed about Arty?" said Mrs. Morton. "I supposed his long absence and a year's growth might have made them forget. It seemed to me a mere doll love affair."

"Absence has made it worse, I fancy," replied Alice. "I don't know how far it has gone with him, but his being in the war and in constant peril has, I suppose, helped to keep him in Hester's mind. She is seventeen, and of course has the romance of her age; and if you look at Arty, — I suppose you did look at Arty," she, added smiling, — "there is excuse enough in his face for any girl's folly."

"Oh, of course," replied Mrs. Morton. "But I shall settle all that," she went on, remembering with what ease her decisions had been wont to be carried out. "I shall speak to Arty at once."

"I think I would n't," returned Alice. She felt just now a peculiar tenderness for people in his position. "You left him simply Arty, Helen. He is now Captain Arthur Morton, 3d Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, promoted for gallantry at Weldon Cross Roads."

"But he is still my son, and I never knew him to disobey me."

"Then, my dear, you may prepare yourself for an enlargement of your maternal experience! You are thinking

only of him. Look at the other argument against you!"

"What other argument?"

"Miss Hester Gray," said Alice.

"Yes, she seems immensely changed. Much improved, I may say. Quite a nice girl."

"Why, Helen Morton, the girl is a beauty!"

"Well, yes, perhaps so. But Arty is too young; and simply, I will not have it, Alice. She has n't a cent in the world; and though that might not matter if it were poor Ned, who is out of the question, Arty is absolutely dependent on Colonel Morton."

"But after all, Arthur may not care for her," observed Alice, artfully, "and you may be making a nice little trouble for yourself. Wait, my dear, — wait a little."

"But I never did like to wait. Why, then, Alice, did you say he was in love with her?"

"But I never did say so."

"Well, if it's only the girl, I can afford to bide my time."

"But remember, Helen, I did not say how far this had gone, or who was to blame, if any one is; I only said that there was danger."

"Now, really, my dear, don't you think that you are a little exasperating?" said Mrs. Morton.

"No; I don't want to be. I shall feel easy now that you are here; that is all. And how is the colonel?"

Even Mrs. Morton's well-trained features showed some trace of disturbance as she replied, —

"I have no doubt, Alice, that you have guessed more than I have cared to write you. John will stay in Europe until he is tired of it. He says that he has nothing to do here, and that it bores him. When men are bored women must continue to bear the consequences. Men are bored and women must weep. As long as he does not want to come home he will stay abroad. Unluckily, there



is his wound, which gives him a constant excuse. If it were well and he fit for service, nothing on earth would keep him from going back into the army; but he is not fit, and the claim of his boys, or my wish to return, seems not to have the slightest value."

"You were very brave to make the voyage without him," said Alice.

"Was I? That was a trifle. It had to come. When I told him that I must go home and see my boys, he said that was quite natural, and in fact was as sweet and helpful about all my arrangements as he could be. Really, he wondered I had not thought of it before."

"Where did you leave him, Helen?"

"At Dijon. He came that far with me. Do you know, Alice, he said such an odd thing to me when we parted. I had said, 'You will come home soon, John?' To this he answered, 'I dare say, soon enough. You won't want me when you have those boys;' and then he said he had been very irritable, and at times outrageous, which, dear Alice, we must admit to have been the case. Of course, I answered, 'Oh, no,' and that I didn't mind it, and all that sort of thing we women always have on hand to say; and then what did he add but this: that it was largely my fault, and that if I had exacted my own rights more sharply we would both of us have been happier."

"How brutal, Helen!"

"No, John Morton is never that. It

was true, — quite true. I see it now. My life has been a mistake."

"Well, I think I understand it; but just as you were leaving, to say such a thing! And what did you reply?"

"I told him that it was a very nice theory, and true, but that he never would have stood it, and that is also true. I have no idea that he will ever come home. He will discuss it, as he does everything unpleasant, but when the time comes he will find some excuse to remain."

"And you will go back to him, Helen?" returned her friend.

"I don't know. I suppose so. I do not see how I ever can unless I take Ned, and for him to be with his father is one long misery. But there are worse things in life, I suppose."

"I am very, very sorry. But it is late, and I must go to bed, and I have n't asked you a tithe of the questions I had ready. Promise me that you will do nothing hasty about Arty."

"I will do nothing in haste. Here is your candlestick; but I have brought you a charming one from Holland, so odd, with an angel for a holder and a devil for an extinguisher. I am told that it is very old Dutch silver. John found it in Leyden."

"What a quaintly unpleasant notion!" murmured Alice to herself, as she went up the staircase to bed. "I wonder if John Morton knew that she meant to give it to me. It would be rather like him."

S. Weir Mitchell.

CARPE DIEM.

How the dull thought smites me dumb,
"It will come!" and "It will come!"
But to-day I am not dead;
Life in hand and foot and head
Leads me on its wondrous ways.
'Tis in such poor, common days,

Made of morning, noon, and night,
 Golden truth has leaped to light,
 Potent messages have sped,
 Torches flashed with running rays,
 World-runes started on their flight.

Let it come, when come it must;
 But To-Day from out the dust
 Blooms and brightens like a flower,
 Fair with love, and faith, and power.
 Pluck it with unclouded will
 From the great tree Igdrasil.

E. R. Sill.

THE TWILIGHT OF GREEK AND ROMAN SCULPTURE.

IN the gallery of the Vatican may be seen a statue which for more than three centuries and a half has been considered one of the most precious products of the ancient chisel. The greatest artists have made it an object of study, archaeologists and historians of sculpture have written of it with enthusiasm, critics of every nation have come to view it, and all have united in regarding it as one of the noblest works of those master spirits of the past, whose feelings, struggling irresistibly for expression, found utterance in the enduring language of marble and bronze. It is of colossal proportions, and represents a man at the zenith of his strength. Although everything about the figure indicates a state of the most profound and peaceful repose, the broad and massive shoulders, the expanded and powerful chest, the strongly developed limbs, the muscles lying in huge masses beneath the integument, all speak of that period of life when, for sturdy vigor, toughness of fibre, and ability for powerful achievement, the forces of the body have reached the highest point. But the work has been abused and injured to the last degree short of entire destruction. The head is wanting, the arms have been broken off at the shoul-

ders and the legs at the knees, and these precious fragments have never been found. Only the grand torso remains to indicate to modern eyes what the full beauty of the perfect statue must have been. A reposing Herakles we call it, — a deified Herakles many of the highest authorities prefer to say; but beyond this general understanding of its character the mutilation renders it impossible to go.

We may look upon this figure as an epitome and brief chronicle of the vicissitudes through which ancient art has passed. In its battered and disfigured form is wrapped up the history of ages of change and desolation. In gazing upon it we seem to see unfolded, as in a most vivid panorama, the events of more than twenty centuries, — events which have shaken the structure of society to its centre, and have moulded the plastic substance of human institutions from ancient to modern ideals. In this wonderful alembic, as in the magic cauldron of Medea, have been mingled elements of the most dissimilar nature. Among them, cast in by the hand of that greatest of sorceresses, whose influence is felt in the insatiable cravings of mankind for power, progress, and

change, were the precious products of Greek and Roman art. That they were in part consumed need cause us no surprise. From the entire mass the Æson of humanity has come forth restored to youthful strength, and like the youth of that old heroic age has entered once more upon the career of dauntless and magnanimous achievement.

The external changes through which art has passed form one of the most interesting and striking episodes in the transition from ancient to modern society. Here, as in so many other departments of history, it is revolution rather than evolution which meets the eye of the investigator. Of statues of the classic era there is not one, perhaps, which stands to-day upon its ancient base. Carried from city to city and from land to land; transported across seas; set up this year in Athens, the next in Antium, Tibur, or Rome; removed from temples to porticoes, from porticoes to theatres, from theatres to imperial villas, palaces, or baths, they were at last thrown from their pedestals to lie shattered and forgotten, till the dust of centuries gradually covered them from sight.

Art in antiquity flowed in two distinct channels, the religious and the secular. Originating in an attempt to represent to the eye the divinities men had been taught to adore, it passed by a natural transition to those half-fabulous ancestors who, springing from the union of gods and mortals, were scarcely more human than divine. But the æsthetic impulse was too strong to stop here. Once awakened, it sought similar expression for the entire range of feelings and ideals, whether patriotic, domestic, social, or superstitious, and also extended over a considerable realm in which beauty seemed to be cultivated merely for its own sake. This twofold aspect of art should be constantly kept in mind. It bears an important relation to the subject under consideration.

It might naturally be supposed that

those works which were connected with the worship of the gods would by the sacredness of their character be protected from violence. Such to a great degree was the case. In the nobler periods of Grecian history, indeed, the principle was never disregarded by the different states in their dealings with each other. This was due to the fact that, whatever hostilities might exist between them, they all possessed the same gods in common. The Zeus, Here, and Athene of Athens were the Zeus, Here, and Athene of Thebes, Argos, and Sparta, and an insult offered to these deities in the conquest of one city was sure to be visited upon the heads of the offenders in their own land. The statues of the gods, therefore, were never considered a proper object of plunder. So strong was the feeling in this regard that when the destruction of a town was decided upon it was customary to carry them away to a place of safety, after first addressing them with prayers and supplications to avert their wrath for what would ordinarily be an act of sacrilege. Demetrios Poliorketes, in the siege of Rhodes, even abstained from attacking the city on the most favorable side, for fear of injuring the works of Protogenes, whose studio was situated there. An instance of nobler regard for art it would be difficult to find.

In conflicts between nations of different religious beliefs, however, such restraints were little felt. Accordingly in the Persian wars multitudes of statues were plundered or destroyed, both in Greece itself and in the Ionic cities of Asia Minor. In the latter, indeed, there was not a temple, except that of the Ephesian Artemis, which Xerxes did not sack and demolish.

The second social war, which broke out in 220 B. C., presents a new phase of Hellenic feeling toward art. Statues carved by the hands of Greeks now began to be destroyed by the degenerate offspring to whom their name, but not



their finer instincts, had descended. The war was carried on between two states which, neither in art nor in literature, had ever won a place in the bright firmament of Grecian genius. On the one side were the Ætolians, a race of contemptible freebooters, who lived chiefly by depredations committed against their neighbors; on the other, the Achæans, a people brave and hardy, but lacking those high mental and spiritual qualities which had won immortality for the Athenians. With the former were allied the Lacedæmonians, with the latter Philip V. of Macedon. The Ætolians, taking possession of Dion in Macedonia, leveled a portion of it to the ground, burned the porticoes of the temple, destroyed the votive offerings and all the statues of the kings. The sacredness of its oracle did not preserve the ancient Dodona from a similar fate. Its colonnades were set on fire, many of its consecrated gifts were consumed, and the fane itself was razed to its foundations. The Ætolians also laid waste the temple of the Itonic Pallas, of Poseidon at Tænaron and Mantinea, of Artemis at Lusi, and of Here at Argos. The other army was not slow in retaliating. Marching into Theron on two different occasions, Philip vented his rage upon the offerings, burned the porticoes of the temple, and tore down the ruins. He spared the statues of the gods, however, and those which bore inscriptions consecrating them to any deity. All others, not less than two thousand in number, were mutilated and overthrown. At Nikephorion he demolished the temples and images of the gods alike. At Pergamos not only were the sacred edifices and altars prostrated, but even the stones were broken into pieces, that the buildings might never again be erected.

The Athenians, also, were destined to suffer from the malicious violence of Philip. Having quitted his alliance for that of the Romans in the war which broke out between him and the latter

nation in 200 B. C., they found their territory invaded by the Macedonian monarch, who plundered the temples and ravaged the gardens, the tombs of the Attic heroes, the Academy, and other buildings in the suburbs. In a second incursion he broke in pieces a large number of statues, and demolished the shrines which he had previously desecrated, here also, as at Pergamos, reducing the stones to fragments, that the edifices might not be rebuilt. The Athenians, enraged at this wantonness, passed an ordinance that the statues of Philip and all members of his family should be destroyed, and the places containing inscriptions in his honor regarded as unholy and infamous.

For more than two hundred years works of art seem to have suffered little beyond the losses and breakages occasioned by transporting them from place to place, and by the wear and tear to which fragile marbles would naturally be exposed in public thoroughfares, baths, theatres, circuses, and market-places. But darker days were coming. The night which settled over the Roman world during the ghastly period of imperial crime was not less disastrous to art than to humanity. Scarcely twenty-five years had elapsed after the death of Augustus when Caligula ordered the statues of eminent Romans, which had been removed by that emperor from the overcrowded Capitol to the Campus Martius, to be thrown down and broken to pieces. Subsequently he struck the heads from the finest images of the gods, and replaced them with his own repulsive features. He even wished to convert the Olympian Zeus of Pheidias into a likeness of himself, but, failing to remove it from Greece, did not carry out his intention. After his death his statues were destroyed by order of the Senate, and it is probable that many antique works, then regarded merely as imperial portraits, were demolished with the rest. Claudius cut out the head from two

paintings of Alexander the Great, and substituted that of Augustus instead. Nero, who personally took part in the public games of Greece and aspired to be the most skillful charioteer of his day, threw down the figures of former victors at Olympia, and according to Suetonius cast some of them into the sewers. His reign, however, witnessed a still more serious disaster to art in the great conflagration at Rome in 64 A. D. Of the fourteen sections of the city only four escaped injury. In this fire numberless statues must have perished, the tract burned over being that in which many of the finest works were collected. In the conflicts that took place in the time of Vitellius, Sabinus, the brother of Vespasian, shut himself up in the Capitol and protected himself with a barricade of statues. Being besieged by the imperial party, he defended himself by breaking in pieces the ancient marbles and hurling them down on the heads of his assailants. At length Vitellius ordered the Capitol to be set on fire, and burned in it Sabinus and his followers. Among the works thus consumed was Lysippos' bronze figure of a dog licking its wounds, which stood in the *cella* of Juno, and was considered such a miracle of art that the custodians were responsible for it with their lives. Domitian, like Caligula, made himself so odious to all classes that after his assassination the Senate ordered his likenesses to be utterly destroyed. Those of bronze were therefore melted and sold, and those of marble were reduced to fragments, only one — or according to some authorities three — remaining. The torso of one, all battered, cut, and hacked, was discovered near Frascati in 1758, showing the violence with which the sentence against him had been executed. His wife, Domitia, seems to have been treated with similar indignity. Other portraits of the emperor, however, were subsequently made. It was no uncommon thing to treat in this way the

effigies of eminent persons who had forfeited the good-will of the people. The Athenians in a single year erected three hundred and sixty statues, mostly equestrian, to Demetrios Phalereus, but on the loss of his popularity destroyed them all in a single day. The same fate befell those of Marius Gratidianus, which had been set up in all the public places of Rome. Commodus converted the colossus of Nero into a likeness of himself, and according to an improbable story by later chronographers even placed his head upon that of Rhodes, which was reputed to have been set up by Vespasian or Hadrian after lying prostrate for three hundred years. The inhuman Maximin not only stripped the temples of their gold and silver offerings, but melted alike the statues of gods, heroes, and emperors, coining them into money to satisfy his own avarice and the greed of his soldiers. At length, in the fourth century, it became the common practice, whenever a tyrant was overthrown, for the victor to strike off the heads of all his statues and substitute his own, leaving the other portions of the figure untouched.

The reign of Constantine, however, marks a new era in the mutilations of ancient art. The conversion of the emperor to Christianity resulted in an immense development of the power of the clergy, who for the most part saw in the representations of ancient deities only the symbols of an abominable idolatry. Clement of Alexandria, Tertullian, and Augustine had written with severity against both painting and sculpture. The influence of the councils, beginning with that of Nîlberis about the year 300 A. D., was especially bitter against the latter. So long as the statues, or, as they were regarded, the idols, of the gods remained, they would be worshiped; and so long as they were worshiped, men would go thronging to perdition. To those who cherished such a belief, the path of duty could not be doubtful: destroy the idols,



and save the souls of men. But this was impossible without the imperial authority, and although Constantine, in making Christianity the religion of the state, had issued an edict exhorting his subjects to embrace the new faith, he was too experienced a man of affairs to alienate the affections of a large portion of his subjects by striking wantonly at the things which they held sacred. But Christianity was all the while growing, not only through the power of the gospel on the hearts of men, but also through accessions from that portion of the population whose conscience would not allow them to be at variance with the party for the time being in the ascendancy. At length, in the latter part of his reign, the natural development of events and the increasing influence of the church won from the emperor a mandate that the snare of idolatry should be removed from before the feet of men. Agents were accordingly sent out through the cities and rural districts of the realm, who, armed with royal authority, commanded the priests to bring forth the images of the gods from their inmost shrines. Such as were of silver or gold were thrown into the crucible to be reconverted into bullion. Those of gold and ivory were stripped of their precious materials, but the useless and unsightly kernel was left as a grim admonition to the deluded worshipers of the worthlessness of these manufactured gods. Such as were of bronze were carried away entire to adorn the streets, forums, and palaces of the imperial city. Among these were the Sminthian and the Delphic Apollo, the Delphic tripod, the Muses from Mount Helikon, and the celebrated Pan which Pausanias the Spartan and the states of Greece dedicated at the close of the Persian war. In certain cases the temples were re-consecrated as churches under the patronage of some saint. In others they were stripped of their doors and roofs, and allowed to fall gradually into ruin.

The shrine of Venus on Mount Labanous, however, and that of Asklepios at *Ægeæ*, in Cilicia, were wholly destroyed, with the statues they contained. Near the Forum Tauri in Constantinople stood a temple built by Severus, adorned with marble, ivory, bronze, and silver statues of all the deities, which were known as the gods of Severus. These were appropriated by Constantine, who caused the marble to be chiseled over into subjects of a less objectionable character. Eusebius relates with pious satisfaction that, on beholding their fanes everywhere laid waste, many of the people embraced the true faith, while others, though by no means convinced of its superiority, openly derided the old, when they saw inside the images they had held so sacred dirty rags and straw which had been crammed into them, or the bones and skulls of human beings that had been used by soothsayers in their divinations.

It must be confessed that in his relation to Christianity Constantine displayed in a remarkable manner that far-seeing sagacity which contributed so largely to his wonderful success. Standing on the border of two great eras, he was the first to see the resistless inner power of the new religion, and to convert it into a mighty engine for the accomplishment of his will. His eye it was which, in a purely secular sense, discerned the truth that by the cross he was to conquer, and his *ἐν τούτῳ νικήσεις* was but the projection upon the heavens of that great fact which his comprehensive mind had already grasped. Nominally accepting the principles of Christian belief, it was only just before his death that he discovered his need of baptism, and availed himself of its hallowed efficacy in time to save his soul and secure an unquestioned place among the heroes of the faith. Professedly the champion of the gospel, he was not less the fosterer of pagan philosophy, and under his patronage the schools of

Athens were once more thronged with pupils from all parts of the empire. Acknowledging as true the God who was revealed in the teachings of the Nazarene, he was not insensible to the deities of ancient art, and, while adorning his capital with the more enduring works of marble and bronze, contrived to satisfy the church by the destruction of such figures of silver and gold as could most readily be converted into coin to enrich the imperial treasury. Despite the statement of the old historians and biographers, we are compelled to regard his iconoclastic measures as far more limited than many are accustomed to believe. They probably did not extend beyond Greece in the West and the coasts of Asia Minor in the East, and certainly did not reach Africa, Gaul, or even Italy. Much less can they be supposed to have been carried out in the more distant provinces of the empire. His sons, Constans and Constantius, found it necessary, after his death, to pass severe enactments against sacrifices to idols, yet for over fifty years more than four hundred temples and shrines remained in the city of Rome alone, in which the heathen worship still prevailed, and the lives of victims were offered up on the altars of the ancient faith. Image-worship, indeed, was the most natural expression of the religious feeling of the times. In this respect the Christians were not much in advance of their pagan brethren, and the great Constantine, who had broken statues and denounced idolatry in his life, died to have lamps burned before his own effigy and to be addressed in prayers by his devout subjects, in whose estimation he had become scarcely less a deity than Herakles and Theseus had been to the Greeks.

Other emperors continued the policy which Constantine had begun. About the year 375 Gratian overthrew many statues of the gods, and in 383 great numbers were demolished in Greece,

under Valentinian II., among them, according to some accounts, being the Olympian Zeus of Pheidias. Probably, however, it was the statue in the Olympieion at Athens which was really destroyed, as this and the renowned work of Pheidias are sometimes confounded by historians. But it was in the reign of Theodosius the Great that the general spoliation of works of art in the West began. This emperor, whose zeal for orthodox Christianity found scope for activity in measures against both pagans and Arians, and whose abhorrence of the latter heresy led him to erect in the forum at Constantinople a statue of its great champion so near the ground that it could be maltreated and defiled with every sort of filth by the passers-by, at length issued an order that the temples should be closed and offerings abolished throughout the Roman world. Though this was no more than Constans and Constantius had previously done, the strength of the ecclesiastical party was now able to give to the command an effectiveness which before it had not possessed. The monks and clergy, calling upon the faithful of their flocks, accordingly proceeded to carry the decree into execution in their own fashion; breaking in pieces the statues, shutting up or demolishing the temples, and burning the libraries connected with them. These violent outbreaks were at first directed against the seats of obscene or mystic worship, as temples of Venus and Bacchus, Mithras caverns, and the like, but eventually extended to other shrines as well. The conversion of temples into churches in some instances saved them, but their precious contents were doomed. Rufinus, in his continuation of the Ecclesiastical History of Eusebius, has graphically described the destruction of the great statue of Jupiter Serapis at Alexandria. The attendants of the temple had announced that the god himself would protect this venerable fane. In 391 A. D., however, the

mob, led on by Archbishop Theophilus, stormed and took the edifice. Then it was that the priests made known the dreadful will of the deity. If sacrilegious hands were lifted against the statue, the heavens would fall, the earth would yawn asunder, and all nature would sink back into the primeval chaos. The Christians, imbued with the superstition of the age, hesitated, and the devout worshippers of Serapis waited in awe-struck silence. At length one of the soldiers, bolder than the rest, seized an axe and dealt the image a blow upon the cheek. A great shout — apparently of horror on the one side and of nervous uncertainty on the other — burst from the lips of the assembled multitude; but when neither the heavens fell nor the earth showed signs of opening, the courage of the Christians was restored. A cloud of dust arose from the interior of the statue, as blow succeeded blow, until at length the ill-fated god lay prostrate on the pavement of the temple. Ropes were then placed around it and it was broken in pieces. The members were carried in triumph through the streets, while the great torso was burned in the presence of the assembled people in the forum. The sacred utensils and those mystic symbols of procreation with which the student of ancient religions is familiar were raised aloft and borne amid jeers and mockery through the market-place, and no indignity was omitted which could degrade the god or humiliate his worshippers. The populace, enraged beyond endurance by these needless insults, at length made an attack upon the Christians, who, in the struggle which followed, came off far from victorious. But the emperor was on their side, and the issue could not be doubtful. Armed with his authority, they went throughout the city, tearing down the busts of the god which were attached to the walls of houses, or set up in the vestibules and windows or above the doors, and replacing them with the

sign of the cross. From Alexandria the movement spread throughout Egypt, till in every city, village, and fortified place, in every rural spot, along every river and stream, and even in the deserts, the altars were broken and demolished, and the land which had been consecrated to demons was restored to cultivation. Similar scenes were enacted elsewhere. Martin of Tours pursued the same destructive course in France, and for at least eight years fanatical outbreaks in various localities were of frequent occurrence. While it would be wrong to attribute these extreme measures to any direct command of the emperor, it is nevertheless true that, by giving loose rein to the ecclesiastical party, and deciding in their favor when conflicts arose between them and his pagan subjects, as in the attack on the temple of Dionysos at Alexandria, Theodosius threw his authority directly upon their side.

It is probable, however, that this work of destruction was confined chiefly to places remote from the two capitals of the empire, as cities in Gaul, Asia, Africa, and Spain. At Rome it seems to have been limited to the private mutilation of statues by over-zealous individuals, or to the pillaging carried on by the eunuchs of the imperial court, who were in the habit of decorating their palaces with marbles plundered from the temples. To prevent these abuses an officer was appointed, called the Centurion of Beautiful Objects, — *Centurio Nitentium Rerum*, — whose duty it was to have the city patrolled nightly by his soldiers, in order that its treasures of art might not be molested. At length, in 399 A. D., Honorius issued a decree which, though again prohibiting sacrifices, forbade the further destruction of temples or sculpture; but, so far as numberless works were concerned, the order came too late. Nine years afterwards, by a complete change of policy, he commanded the statues to be removed, not only from the temples,

but from all the palaces and public buildings. The testimony of subsequent historians, as well as of modern excavations, compels us to believe that this decree was not fully carried out. Three years after his death, Theodosius the Younger ordered the demolition of all the temples of Illyria.

The autumn of the year in which Honorius issued his last-mentioned decree saw the Roman capital invested by the army of Alaric, and subjected to the unspeakable horrors of famine and disease. The terms of capitulation exacted by the Gothic king are well known. They included thirty thousand pounds of silver and five thousand of gold. To obtain this sum the precious metal was stripped from the images of the gods and thrown, with many statues of solid gold and silver, into the crucible. Among the works which were destroyed in this way was a celebrated figure of the goddess *Virtus*, but the quality which she represented had long since fled from the degenerate countrymen of Cæsar and Scipio.

In 455 A. D., the Vandal Genseric, having avenged the murder of Valentinian, stripped the bronze tiles from the roof of the Capitol, collected all the imperial treasure, and, placing his plunder with a large number of bronze statues on board a ship, sent the whole to Africa to adorn the city of Carthage, which he had made the capital of his kingdom. But a severe storm arose, and the vessel was lost before reaching the southern shore of the Mediterranean. Two years later an earthquake overthrew many large buildings at Rome, burying a considerable number of statues in their fall.

When the Goths, under Vitiges, besieged Rome in 537, the Mole of Hadrian, now the Castle of St. Angelo, was converted into a fortress, in which the soldiers of Belisarius defended themselves with great valor. Being hard pressed by the enemy, they broke up

the statues with which the structure was adorned, and hurled them down on the heads of their assailants. Among the works that met this fate were no doubt the celebrated Barberini Faun and the statue of Septimius Severus, both of which were found lying in the ditch surrounding the castle, when it was cleared out by Urban VIII., eleven centuries later. The same use had been made of the statues of ancient Byzantium, when it was invested by the troops of the same Severus, in 196. Rome also suffered severely in the war between Henry IV. and Gregory VII. Two thirds of the city were then burned, the conflagration being the greatest that had visited it from the time of Nero. As the quarters traversed by the fire were chiefly those around the Coliseum, the Forum, and the Capitol, there is every reason to believe that, with the ancient buildings, many valuable works of sculpture must also have perished.

It has been the custom to describe the conquest of Rome by the Northern nations as especially disastrous to art, and historians have found opportunity for many brilliant passages in portraying the destruction of ancient marbles at their hands. To a limited degree, no doubt, this is true, and we may with safety picture to ourselves scenes in the sack of the city in which the reckless soldier would lift his battle-axe to dash in pieces some precious statue that the modern world would gladly purchase at almost its weight in gold; but such occurrences are to be regarded as acts of individual wantonness rather than as part of any regular system of devastation. It was plunder, not destruction, that the conquerors sought, and such plunder as could most easily be transported by an army on the march. Works of gold and silver, and to some extent of bronze, must therefore have suffered most at their hands, since these could be immediately coined into money, or the metal disposed of anywhere at a ready

sale. With the exception of the aqueducts, which were frequently cut to intercept the supply of water when the city was besieged, the buildings and the public works were for the most part left uninjured, and were standing long after they are commonly supposed to have been destroyed. Art was equally fortunate. Procopius, at the middle of the sixth century, cites as ocular proof of the magnificence of Rome after the expulsion of the Goths its immense quantity of antique sculpture, which included masterpieces by Pheidias, Lysippos, and Myron, the famous bronze cow of the latter being yet in existence. He declares, indeed, that the city had two populations, equally numerous, — one of people, and the other of statues. Toward the end of the same century, Cassiodorus, the minister of Theodoric the Great, speaks with enthusiasm of the works still to be seen there, thus showing conclusively that the invasions of the barbarians were far less destructive to art than it has been the fashion to believe. The smaller cities, however, and the villas of emperors and wealthy Romans were in many cases less favored, and those which dared oppose the progress of the invaders were often leveled to the ground. Puteoli was subjected to the most wanton violence at the hands of Alaric, Genseric, and Totila, the latter of whom also destroyed Perugia and numerous other towns. A similar calamity befell those that refused to open their gates to the victorious Attila. In such cases there can be no doubt that works of art shared in the general devastation. While encamped at Tibur, preparatory to the siege of Rome, the army of Totila laid waste a great part of the town and the splendid villa of Hadrian, in which for four centuries had been garnered up some of the most precious monuments of antiquity. The sculptures found here in modern times, broken, cut, and battered by the strokes of axes, show how

vindictive these barbarians could be, while the multitudes of statues which, in the last three centuries and a half, have been taken from the ruins to adorn almost all the museums of Europe indicate what a vast treasure-house of art this imperial villa had been made. The conquests of the Saracens, too, were not less disastrous. The luxurious Baïæ, whose magnificent villas contained many an ancient masterpiece, was sacked by them, and their fierce hatred of images must have found free exercise in shattering alike the effigies of gods and the statues of eminent men. Capua, Antium, Cumæ, and other towns were entirely destroyed by them. The celebrated Venus and Psyche of the Naples Museum are doubtless to be looked upon as memorials of their desolating career, as probably also are the Apollo Belvedere and the Borghese Gladiator, both of which adorned the imperial palace of the favorite seaside resort of Laticium.

What has been said of the barbarians in Italy may apply with equal truth to their career in Greece. Here, too, the accounts of their ravages seem to have been greatly exaggerated. Notwithstanding the statement that Alaric demolished all the temples which had hitherto been spared, it is unreasonable to suppose that, coming from a career of wanton devastation in the Hellenic territory, his army would so suddenly have acquired the temperance and moderation which they displayed in Italy. Evidence exists, too, that the buildings said to have been destroyed by him were standing many years after his death. Indeed, it was in Athens that the monuments of antiquity remained longest uninjured. The story of the terror which caused him to lead away his troops on beholding the lofty figure of the Athene Promachos frowning on him from the Acropolis is no doubt a fiction, born in the imagination of the pagan writer Zosimos, who transferred to the breast

of Alaric emotions which might have been natural enough to his own. The Christian Goth was not a man to be so easily frightened, and, still more, he showed similar forbearance on other occasions, when there was no Athene whose frown he had to dread.

The condition of art during the mediæval period forms one of the saddest chapters in its eventful history. By the time the Western empire became extinct Italy had passed completely under the domination of ecclesiastical ideas. The struggle of orthodoxy with Arianism and other heresies of the age had called into exercise the intellects of the ablest fathers of the church, and their learning and eloquence, permeating every channel of thought and feeling, had drawn the attention of the entire Christian world to the consideration of religious truths. In addition to this, the ascetic views of these great leaders — which grew out of a literal interpretation of the command to mortify the deeds of the flesh and separate themselves from the world — had been accepted as matters of unquestioned belief. This life, to most men only a snare and a delusion, was at best but an uncertain preparation for a dread and awful eternity. No time in its fleeting hours for the pleasures of taste and the delights of the imagination, when the austere use of all its moments barely sufficed to snatch the soul from perdition and win a humble place in heaven. The masterpieces of ancient art were therefore regarded as but the vain and profitless toys of worldly gratification. But this was not all. They were the embodiment of a religion antagonistic to the principles of the gospel, and many of them were associated with rites of the grossest immorality. The hard battle which the champions of Christianity had so lately won was still vivid in their remembrance, and the wounds which they had received in the conflict had not yet lost their soreness.

Under the influence of teachings like these it is not surprising that a general indifference to works of art should gradually have been brought about. Valued scarcely more than so many blocks of uncut marble from the quarries, the most precious statues were left to totter from their bases through age or neglect, to be mutilated at the pleasure of the passer-by, to be torn down by the overzealous partisans of an unenlightened faith, and, when thus overturned, to be gradually covered up beneath the accumulations of earth which hid from view their broken and disfigured forms. Ghiberti tells of an antique statue which was discovered in digging for the foundations of a house at Siena, about the middle of the fourteenth century, and was erected with great honor above the public fountain. After suffering many reverses in war with the Florentines, the citizens in public council decided that their misfortunes were a visitation of divine wrath, sent upon them because of their leniency to this idol, which would continue as long as it was allowed to remain in the city. At the advice of one of their number, it was accordingly broken to pieces and buried by stealth in the Florentine territory, that even its fragments might not pollute the Siennese soil. In a similar spirit Carlo Malatesta threw the statue of Virgil into the Mincio, because the people paid to the great poet the honor which should have been reserved for the saints. Manuel Chrysoloras, near the close of the same century, says that many figures of illustrious men, with their laurels and trophies were to be seen in Rome, overthrown and rolling in the mud and filth of the streets, some were hopelessly shattered, not a few fulfilled the office of stones for the foundations and walls of buildings, others were used as mounting-blocks for horses, or employed to build inclosures for cattle and asses; while many were burnt into lime, and countless numbers covered up beneath thorns

and brambles and growing trees, or buried out of sight in the ground.

These results were promoted by the unsettled character of the times. All the abler and more energetic intellects outside the ranks of the clergy found employment in the profession of war. Italy was for centuries the muster-ground of hostile armies, whose achievements have been indelibly etched upon the pages of European history. The cities, divided between rival factions which were liable at any moment to break out into deadly strife, were filled with impregnable towers and castles, whose frowning walls looked down on the peaceful citizens at every turn. Perched like birds'-nests upon the hill-tops and inaccessible rocks of the open country, these strongholds in the towns were built on precipitous slopes, in the public squares, along the narrow streets, or amid the ruins and massive structures of republican and imperial grandeur. Not only so, but the ancient edifices themselves were often used for the same purpose. The mausoleums of Hadrian, Augustus, and Cecilia Metella, the triumphal arches of Titus, Constantine, and Septimius Severus, the Septizonium of the latter emperor, the Coliseum, the theatre of Marcellus, the baths of Constantine, and the ruins of the Palatine Hill were converted into fortresses by the Roman nobility. So intolerable did this strife of factions become that in 1258 the senator Brancalione, who was invested with dictatorial power in order to check the evil, found it necessary to demolish a hundred and forty of these strongholds, among them temples, palaces, baths, and other venerable monuments of antiquity. Such statues as they contained must have been destroyed at the same time.

But another method of utilizing the ancient structures readily suggested itself. They were standing vacant, they were falling into ruin, they were no longer of any use either to gods or men,

they were only needless encumbrances of the ground. Why transport stone from distant quarries, when here were materials ready fashioned to hand? To the unimaginative masters of mediæval Rome this seemed the height of folly. Yet there were other considerations which influenced them no less. Upon the ancient buildings, as upon the ancient statues, anathema was written. They were not merely useless. They were tainted with the hopeless curse of paganism. The Flavian amphitheatre had been polluted with the blood of martyrs, the temples were the dwelling-places of idols, the theatres had been consecrated to the obscene and sinful pleasures of a licentious drama, the baths were still reeking with pestilential memories of orgies which put high heaven to the blush. To this was added a feeling of superstitious awe, begotten within the mediæval mind at sight of those stupendous structures of the past. No human hands had reared their mighty sweep of walls, or poised those massive vaults and arches in the air. Demons alone could have done the work, and by demons must the work have been performed. Virgil and the other poets had possessed the potent charm which summoned these lost spirits from the abyss, and by their infernal power the huge stones had been piled, block on block, into those time-defying monuments of the ancient world. Whatever reverence might have been felt for such structures as the triumphs of human skill was therefore destroyed, and the only motive which could have prompted their preservation was wanting. As a result, the crowbar and the axe were called into requisition, and edifices the like of which the world has never beheld were torn down by ecclesiastics and nobles, to furnish materials for the churches and secular buildings of Rome; while such masterpieces as the Niobe and Farnese Flora were buried beneath falling masonry, or left, shattered and

overthrown, to be covered by the debris of crumbling roofs and walls, or by the sand which the wind slowly sifted over their disfigured loveliness. From the Coliseum alone have been erected the Palazzo di Venezia, the Cancelleria, the Palazzo Farnese, and it would be difficult to say with certainty how many other palaces and houses of the modern city. Nicholas V. quarried the Temple of Peace for his own buildings, Sixtus IV. destroyed the circular temple of Hercules, and Innocent VIII. authorized his architects to make use of whatever antique masonry they chose. For these new works lime must be obtained, and material for its manufacture was ready at hand in the statues and marble ornaments which existed in such profusion on every side. No care was taken to preserve these. They were at the mercy of any one who chose to use or abuse them, and none questioned him for so doing. In the Basilica Julia alone kilns and stone-cutters' yards have been found at three different points; and here and in other parts of the city and vicinity not only inscriptions, marble columns, and the incrustations of buildings, but also the most precious statues of the ancient chisel, were reduced to lime. So universal was this custom that Petrarch declared that all the modern Rome of his day, great and beautiful as it was, and adorned with palaces, churches, and other edifices, had been cemented with lime made from antique marbles. Although an earthquake, described by the poet, overthrew many monuments in 1349, there seems to be no method of accounting for the disappearance of the innumerable statues which he alleges were still in the city except on the supposition that they were utilized in this way. So complete was the destruction that Poggio, not more than seventy-five years later, declared that, out of all the colossi and statues erected to eminent men in marble and bronze, only six remained.

These were the equestrian figure of Marcus Aurelius; the Tiber, now in the Louvre; the Nile of the Vatican; the Marforio; and the horsemen of Monte Cavallo, then looked upon as representing two of the ancient philosophers. Poggio excepts, however, various works, intended, as he says, merely to cater to the taste for art, — a statement which, it must be confessed, is capable of considerable elasticity of interpretation. The practice of burning statues for lime had begun as early as the fourth century, if not before. Constantius II. found it necessary to pass a law against it in 349, and more stringent measures were subsequently adopted by Valentinian II. During the mediæval period these decrees were no longer available. At length, about the middle of the sixteenth century, Paul III. forbade the practice under penalty of death, and gave orders that statues should not be taken from Rome without the especial permission of the Pope. Remembering that this was in the age of Raphael and Michael Angelo, when enthusiasm for antiquities was at its height, we may form some conception of that mad rage for destruction which could be restrained only by so severe a penalty as this. In the same century antique heads and fragments were often found built into walls, like common stones. From the masonry of a house near the church of St. Lorenzo outside the Walls were taken eighteen or twenty heads of imperial personages, which went to enrich the famous collection of the Cardinal Farnese. Even Paul III., though loving and protecting art, added to the rubbish resulting from the previous destruction of towers and fortresses in the Forum by demolishing three small churches and over two hundred houses and other buildings between the arches of Titus and Constantine, when he constructed his triumphal street from the Porta San Sebastiano to the Capitol, preparatory to the reception of Charles V.,

in 1536. The debris from the neighboring hills was also deposited here when the old foundations were cleared for the erection of new structures, until the accumulation in some places reached a depth of forty feet, and such works as had escaped destruction were buried hopelessly beneath it. A similar state of things existed in other parts of the city. The scarcity of metal, too, caused the bronzes of antiquity to be in equal demand for the needs of the times. Sixtus IV. destroyed the most ancient bridge across the Tiber for cannon-balls. Urban VIII. removed the bronze from the beams and ceiling in the portico of the Pantheon, and converted it into the columns which support the canopy of the high altar of St. Peter's, and into cannon for the defense of the papal fortress of St. Angelo. There is no reason to suppose, indeed, that these pontiffs would feel toward sculptures in bronze a tenderness which those in marble had failed to awaken within them, and masterpieces by Myron and Lysippos may have been among the works that disappeared forever in the melting-pot of the founder. *Sunt idola antiquorum*, — "They are the idols of the ancients," — growled Adrian VI., as he walked through the Belvedere gallery after his election to succeed the munificent Leo X. Pius V., nearly half a century later, debated the question of removing the statues of the gods from the Vatican, and Sixtus V., at the expiration of twenty years more, ordered all such to be thrown from the Capitol. The importance of keeping in mind the distinction between sacred and secular art is here seen. In antiquity it was the latter which suffered most, the figures of the gods being generally preserved by the Greeks and Romans in their foreign and domestic wars. In later times the reverse was true. The statues of the ancient deities were the most obnoxious to the champions of the Christian faith, and hence were frequently destroyed

when those of heroes and eminent men escaped. Bargaus, professor of belles-lettres at Pisa in the latter half of the sixteenth century, and the defender of papal iconoclasm as directed against the works of classic art, mentions the fact that almost all the statues found in his time overturned upon the ground were those of Venus, Apollo, Jupiter, Mercury, Bacchus, satyrs, and similar subjects relating to the superstitions and fables of the pagan religion. From this he infers that the motive of their destruction was a purely ecclesiastical one; and such, no doubt, it was. Thrown down and broken partly by command of the Popes, partly by the zeal of the people; jeered and mocked at and spit upon by those within whose bosoms their beauty could awaken no responsive feeling; made the target of missiles; their shattered fragments employed to prop the pots of the housewife or to stop the chinks of walls; their heads rolled about by boys in sport, or used, it may be, as cannon-balls to subserve the needs of mediæval artillery, — what crime had these frail beings of the imagination committed? The crime of surviving an age which could appreciate their worth.

One cannot dwell upon considerations like these without emotions of the deepest sadness. As we think of those masterful creations in which the ancient artist had embodied the choicest feelings of his soul, and in imagination see them shivered by the axe and sledge-hammer, then stand by the kiln and look upon the fragments as they gradually crumble into lime, or beside the furnace of the bronze-moulder, and watch the metal of exquisite hands and limbs, or of fair, sweet features that have calmly looked the centuries in the face and felt no change, slowly melting to a liquid mass, in which their delicate outlines and still more delicate spiritual qualities are forever lost, we involuntarily exclaim, in the language of the Northern

mythology, Surely the twilight of the gods has come.

But it was not at Rome alone that works of sculpture met such a fate. In the capital of the East a similar series of calamities overtook them. The *Fortuna Urbis*, borne in the chariot of the sun, which was erected by Constantine in the Hippodrome, was ordered by Julian to be thrown into a pit and covered with earth, on account of the cross that the champion of Christianity had caused to be engraved upon its forehead. It is probable that other works, equally objectionable to the restorer of paganism, met a like doom, though their loss in an artistic point of view cannot have been great. The effigy of Julian himself, which he had erected in front of the mint, was subsequently broken to pieces by Theodosius the Great, through abhorrence of one whom he regarded only as a detestable apostate. The Arians, on coming into power, under the patronage of Constantius and Valens threw into the fire the statues of Alexander, Metrophanes, Mary, Jesus, and Paul, which Constantine had placed near his great column in the Forum. During a conflagration in the reign of Theodosius the Younger, a triple statue of porphyry, said to represent Constantine, Constantius, and Constans, was stolen and carried from the city. The emperor sent out a messenger into remote parts and along the sea-coasts, with threats of vengeance if it was not returned. The robbers, on being overtaken, threw themselves and their plunder into the sea. Ropes and boats were brought, divers were secured, and great rewards were offered, but the statue could not be recovered. Among the many works brought to Constantinople was one of Menander, made of wrought silver, eight cubits wide and fifteen cubits long. This was appropriated by the Emperor Marcianus, who converted it into coin for the royal treasury, or, as Codinus says, for distribution among the poor.

During the reign of Leo I. his general, Ardaburius, while in Thrace, came upon a statue of Herodian, hump-backed and fat, and so hideous that he demolished it; whereupon he found in it a hundred and thirty-three pounds of gold. Elated at his good fortune, he hastened to announce it to his sovereign. The emperor, either from cupidity, or for the purpose of conveying a salutary rebuke for such an invasion of the royal prerogative, ordered him to be put to death. Anastasius melted many of the bronze statues which adorned the city, and even one of Constantine himself, to obtain metal for his own colossal equestrian figure. This was placed in the Forum Tauri, upon the column on which the statue of Theodosius the Great formerly stood, the latter having been prostrated by an earthquake in 476. This magnificent column, which was mounted upon a socle of white marble twenty feet high, consisted of six enormous blocks of porphyry, each eleven feet in diameter and ten feet thick. These were perforated vertically with a cochleary passage, which, when the sections were placed in position, formed a continuous winding staircase from the bottom to the top. When it is remembered that this stone is so hard as to require two entire years for the chiseling and polishing of an ordinary statue, some conception may be formed of the enormous task of constructing a work like this. The figure of Anastasius was itself succeeded by that of Apollo, which was attributed to Pheidias, and remained till the reign of Alexis Comnenos in the twelfth century. Justinian overthrew the leaden column supporting the silver statue of Theodosius in the Forum Augusteum, converting the lead into water-pipes for the public aqueducts, and using the precious metal, which weighed over seven thousand pounds, to defray the expense of his own equestrian figure. This was made out of the bronze tiles of the Chalke, and was erected upon a por-

phyry pillar in the place in which its predecessor had stood. In the Hippodrome was a colossus of hewn stones sheathed with plates of bronze. These were stripped off in the barbarian invasions, but the rest of the structure was to be seen there as late as the sixteenth century. At the close of the sixth, Mauritius broke in pieces all the statues of the *Ilexakionion*, and also the *Fortuna Urbis* which Constantine had brought from Rome, and which for two centuries and a half had stood above the arch of the palace. It was probably this same figure whose hands Michael Rhangabe ordered to be cut off, that factions against the emperor might not prosper.

In the *Forum Bovis* was the bronze figure of a bull, erected by Valentinianus, the chamberlain of Constans. This, like the famous bull of Phalaris at Agrigentum, was used as a furnace in which criminals were burned to death. It is said to have been frequently employed by Julian in ridding himself of the Christians, and continued to consume its human victims till the time of Phocas, at the beginning of the seventh century. This emperor was overthrown and thrust into it by his rival Herakleios, and the statue was afterward melted and coined into money for the enrollment of troops in Pontus. On the right side of the *Forum of Constantine* stood twelve porphyry statues and twelve gilded sirens. Two of these were demolished, three carried to the church of St. Mamas, and the rest left for a long time *in situ*. Not without touches of grim humor did these old iconoclasts set about their destructive task, laughing and cracking many a joke as the works of ancient genius disappeared beneath their hands. "Come, Herakles," said a certain Diagoras, as he placed on the fire the fragments of a fine old wooden statue of the hero which he had split up for fuel, "you have already performed twelve labors; now undertake a thirteenth, and cook me a dish of lentils."

It is curious to reflect that this sally constitutes its author's sole claim to immortality. But for it his very name would long since have become extinct, — so high a value do men place on that rare quality, wit.

In the *Zeugma* — a place so called because, when the bones of St. Stephen the martyr were brought to the city, the mules at this point were yoked to the chariot, and drew it thence to the baths of Constantine — was a figure of *Venus* standing upon a twisted column. This was regarded not only as the protecting deity of the *lupanar*, situated near by, but also as an infallible test of female virtue. Whenever in a given case the latter quality was called in question, it was the custom to conduct the culprit to the *Zeugma*, and set her face to face with the statue of the goddess. If innocent, she departed unharmed; if not, her clothing was suddenly torn from her by a mysterious and irresistible power, and her guilt was made manifest to the world. At last the wife, or according to certain accounts the sister-in-law, of Justinus *Curopolates*, having encountered the same experience while merely riding past the spot on horseback, on her way to the baths of *Blachernæ*, destroyed the statue which had cast so heavy a reproach upon her good name. The *lupanar* was afterwards converted into a convent, and subsequently into a hospital.

Many ancient statues also perished in the destruction of ecclesiastical images under Leo the Isaurian. Bardas Cæsar removed from the *Strategion* a *Fortuna Urbis* and a prophetic tripod capable of revealing the past, present, and future, and demolished the other statues which stood there. In the time of this same Cæsar the *Chrusocamera* was robbed of the precious golden statue which gave the building its name, and which seems never to have been recovered. Over the western arch of the *Forum Tauri* were bronze figures of a fly, gnat, flea,

and other insects, reputed to have been made by direction of that arch-quack Apollonios of Tyana on one of his visits to Constantinople. As long as they remained there, say the old chroniclers, neither flies, guats, nor fleas entered the city. They were thrown down and broken to pieces, however, by Basil the Macedonian in the latter half of the ninth century, either because, like the modern traveler, he had not experienced entire immunity from those vivacious pests, or because he regarded such a concession to the powers of darkness as a greater evil than that which it was designed to obviate. The statue of Constantine, which stood on the great porphyry pillar in the Forum, after remaining unharmed for more than seven hundred years, at length fell in a gale, in the reign of Alexis Comnenos, breaking into fragments and killing several persons.

In the fifth century Constantinople was desolated by no less than four great conflagrations. In the reign of Arcadius one of the senate-houses and its adjacent buildings were destroyed. Under Leo I. fire twice swept over the city, and a large part of it was laid in ashes, including the great senate-house in the Forum of Constantine and all its wealth of statues. In the time of Basiliskos two of the largest porticoes, the mint, the Lausos with its inestimable collection of ancient bronzes and marbles, the statues of the Forum Augusteum, the Cistern Basilica, and the great library of a hundred and twenty thousand volumes were consumed. Among the treasures of the latter was the famous book, a hundred and twenty feet in length, made from a dragon's intestines and containing the entire *Iliad* and *Odyssey*. In the riot of the circus factions under Justinian the town was again set on fire, and the Chalke and the baths of Zeuxippos, both so richly stocked with statues, were destroyed. In one of these great calamities, when nearly the entire

city had been leveled to the ground, a two-faced seated female figure in the *Castrum Panormum* was protected as if by divine power. The fire repeatedly swept up to the spot, and it seemed on the point of being consumed; but each time the flames receded to the distance of fifteen ells, and it was preserved. It was subsequently carried to Persia by Chosroes, and dedicated as an object of worship there. In 564, 740, and 861 the fire-fiend again wrought desolation, and much that before had escaped was now consumed. Constantinople was also visited by about a dozen severe earthquakes, in several of which not only statues and buildings but almost the entire city was destroyed. In one of these a bronze elephant, which stood near the great column of Constantine in the Forum, was overturned and one of its hind legs broken off. On running to set it up, the custodians found in it the complete skeleton of a human body and a tablet on which were engraved the words, "From Venus, hallowed virgin, not even in death am I separated." The adjectives in the original denote by their agreement that the remains were those of a woman. So dreadful an act of idolatry could not be overlooked, and the statue so hopelessly cursed was melted and coined into money for the public treasury. It was an earthquake, too, which in 224 B. C. overthrew the famous Colossus of Rhodes. Some conception of the size of this figure may be formed from the statement of Pliny that few persons could embrace its thumb, while the fingers alone were larger than most entire statues. After lying on the ground till the seventh century of our era, it was broken into fragments and sold to a Jew for old metal. The weight of the bronze is estimated to have been three hundred and sixty tons, and nine hundred camels are said to have been required to remove it.

The capture of Constantinople by the Crusaders in 1203 and 1204 was the

occasion of two more of those terrific conflagrations with which the unfortunate capital of the East had become familiar. The flames, kindled by some Flemish pilgrims in a synagogue or mosque, continued to rage for eight days and nights, traversing the city from the harbor to the Bosphorus. In the siege of the following year it was again set on fire, and in the language of Gibbon a space equal to the measure of three of the largest cities of France was consumed. The town was also given up for several days to the pillage of the soldiers. At this time there still stood in the forum a colossal figure of Juno, so large that, according to Niketas Acominatos, four yoke of oxen could scarcely draw the head to the palace. This statement is unquestionably exaggerated, but it is possible that the author intended to express merely his opinion of what the weight would have been found to be if the attempt to remove it had actually been made. Here also was a group representing Paris proffering to Venus the golden apple as the prize of beauty. On a lofty square pyramid, erected under Theodosius the Great or Leo the Isaurian, was an elegant female figure in bronze, called the Anemodoulion, or Slave of the Winds. This had been brought from Dyrrachium by a woman who had received it as a dower. The statue, as its name implies, served the purposes of a weather-vane, and was so nicely pivoted that it was turned about by the slightest breezes. The sides of the pyramid were covered with sculptures representing singing birds; nude Cupids, in groups of two or three, laughing and pelting each other with apples; husbandmen engaged in their various pursuits, with rustic pipes, milk-pails, bleating sheep, and skipping lambs; the sea with its fish, some of which were swimming about, some caught in nets, and others escaping from the meshes and plunging again to the bottom. Near by were the statues of the

twelve winds, four of which, of colossal size, had, like the Anemodoulion, been brought from Dyrrachium. In the Forum Tauri stood an equestrian statue of immense size, commonly regarded as the figure of Bellerophon seated upon Pegasus. In the opinion of some, however, it represented Joshua commanding the sun to stand still, the outstretched hand being interpreted as engaged in a gesture to the descending orb. In the Hippodrome was the Herakles of Tarentum, which had been brought from Rome by Constantine. The son of Alkmene was seated upon a basket, over which was spread the lion's skin. His right arm and leg were extended to their full length, but the left leg was bent at the knee and supported the corresponding elbow, while the head reclined in the hollow of the left hand. The hero was portrayed with broad chest and shoulders, massive legs, powerful arms, and hair curling in ringlets, but was without quiver, bow, or club, and gazed gloomily downward, filled with grief at the hardship and injustice of his lot. This statue was of such size that, according to Niketas, a cord which encircled the thumb was large enough for the girdle of a man, while the length of the leg from the knee down was equal to the height of an ordinary person. Here again an error is evident from the fact that the two proportions would not be right for different parts of the same figure. The second dimension being taken as the correct one, the entire height would be something under twenty-five feet, — a size by no means improbable. In the same place stood the statue of a braying ass, loaded with a burden and followed by his driver. This had been erected by Augustus at Actium after his victory over Antony and Cleopatra. The story is that, going out by night to view the enemy's position, he encountered a peasant leading a donkey. On being asked his name and destination, the man replied, "My

name is Nicon and my ass's name Nican-der, and I am going to join the army of Cæsar." So pleased was Augustus with this naive answer that after the battle he caused bronze statues to be erected to man and beast, thus conferring on them in the history of art an immortality which their achievements could hardly have secured in any other way. Niketas also mentions figures of Scylla, girt with savage monsters and devouring the companions of Ulysses, the wolf which had suckled Romulus and Remus, a sow, a Nile-horse, sphinxes, an elephant swinging its trunk, an unbridled horse pricking up its ears and plunging fiercely, a man fighting with a lion, and an eagle clutching a serpent in its talons. The latter, like the bronze insects in the Forum Tauri, was reputed to have been made by Apollonios of Tyana, to drive away the reptiles with which the city was infested. By means of lines engraved upon the wings of the bird it served the additional purpose of a sun-dial. Here, too, were still to be seen the statues of the charioteers of the circus, a remarkable group of two fighting animals, and a seated female statue, of youthful aspect and beautiful form. In its outstretched hand it held, entirely without support, the equestrian figure of a warrior; and although the rider was of robust proportions, the horse on which he sat was as lightly sustained as one would hold a cup.

Among the most celebrated works at this time in Constantinople was the statue of Helen of Troy, who was represented as standing clad in the chiton. The brow, crowned with gold and gems, seemed almost transparent. The flowing hair was stirred gently by the wind, and was so long that, though bound with a fillet and caught up on the crown, it nevertheless fell in rich masses below the knees. The lips, slightly parted, like the opening petals of a flower, seemed to be breathing forth sound, and the smile which played about the mouth

filled the beholder with delight. The tender grace of the eyes, the beauty of the arching brows, the loveliness of the whole form, no words could adequately paint and no description transmit to posterity. Such is the glowing account given of it by Niketas, to whom it must have been as familiar as the Apollo Belvedere or the Venus of Melos is to us. These works, which were all of bronze, were melted by the Crusaders and coined into money for their own use. In regard to the Bellerophon, or Joshua, a rumor had long been current that in the left fore-foot of the horse was concealed the figure of a man. According to one report, it was that of a member of the Venetian or blue faction of the Hippodrome; according to another, a Bulgarian, or some one belonging to the Western nations not in alliance with the Romans. When the statue was broken in pieces preparatory to being cast into the furnace, sure enough it was found to contain a figure of bronze, clad in a woolen mantle. The Latins, however, caring little for the import of the inscription, threw it into the fire with the rest. Besides the works thus destroyed a great many were carried to Venice, prominent among them being the four bronze horses which now adorn the portal of St. Mark's. These are said to have stood originally on a lofty tower above the *carceres*, or barriers, of the Hippodrome, from whose summit a certain Agarenos, emulous of the ill-fated Icarus, leaped into the air on wings and met death on the pavement below. In regard to the foregoing works it should be borne in mind, as has already been intimated, that Niketas and the other Byzantine chroniclers are not always trustworthy in the names of statues described by them, though doubtless reflecting truthfully enough the most enlightened opinion of their times.

In spite of all vicissitudes, however, a considerable amount of sculpture still remained in the Eastern capital. Manuel

Chrysoloras, nearly two centuries after the conquest of the city by the Crusaders, declares that he himself had seen there many works which were subsequently carried off. He mentions especially two seated figures of porphyry at a point where three ways met, and a reclining statue of marble, probably representing a fountain nymph, placed near the head of a small stream which flowed through the city. There were many others of a similar character, he says, with which he was not personally familiar, but of which he had learned through those who had seen them. He also cites, evidently as well known, certain statues which were before the Golden Gate, and representations of the labors of Herakles, the tortures of Prometheus, and other excellent works, apparently in bas-relief. The latter existed, at least in a fragmentary condition, as late as the sixteenth century, when they were seen there by Gylles, Leunclavius, and Bullad. Indeed, we have direct testimony that numerous statues were standing in the city on its capture by the Turks, when a large Herakles, still in position on one of the columns of the Hippodrome, was among the works destroyed.

The great pillar in the Forum Augustum supporting the equestrian figure of Justinian was stripped of its bronze sheathing by the barbarians, and remained in this condition for centuries. It was under the left fore-foot of this horse, which was lifted from the pedestal, that the head of Constantine XIII., the last emperor of the East, was exhibited to the people by Mahomet II. in 1453. The column was destroyed by the Turks about half a century later, but the statue was preserved in the court of the palace some thirty years more. It was then broken and carted away to the bronze-foundry to be cast into cannon. Two lions near the harbor known as the Neorion were standing in their ancient position in the first half of

the present century, and may be there still. The group which was placed not far from this, and represented a lion fighting with a bull, disappeared, however, long ago.

The conquest of Constantinople by the Turks marks its practical disappearance from the history of art. The hostility of their religion to all representations of living beings led them for the most part to demolish such objects wherever found, and deprived mankind of those scanty remnants of ancient sculpture which still survived in the once brilliant capital of Constantine.

Of the fate of statues in other parts of the world little need be said. Such works as had not been carried away from Greece and Asia Minor probably perished through the common vicissitudes of war, the rapacity of invaders, the wantonness of Roman emperors, and the iconoclasm of the early Christians. At Olympia, in addition to the outrages committed by Nero, other rulers substituted their own statues in the treasuries of the different states for those originally dedicated there. The Olympic Games were suppressed by Theodosius the Great in 394, and many figures of the gods were undoubtedly broken to pieces through the zeal of unenlightened ecclesiastics. In the following year Elis was overrun and plundered by the army of Alaric, and here, as in Italy, works of bronze and the more precious metals were probably melted for coin. The pediment figures of the temple of Zeus were cast down by an earthquake at an early period of Byzantine history, and portions of them, with other statues and reliefs, were incorporated into a rampart for the defense of settlers. In a similar manner the celebrated Hermes of Praxiteles was built into a brick wall in the temple of Here, and the body of the infant Dionysos into another in a remote part of the Altis, while the head of the child was thrown upon a heap of rubbish at some distance from both. At length

the whole Olympian plain was covered with an alluvial deposit, brought down from the surrounding hills and left by the overflowing waters of the Alpheios and its tributaries, till the layers of clay and gravel were from ten to fifteen feet in thickness.

In other places similar events occurred. At Athens fragments of ancient architecture and sculpture were built at hap-hazard into the wall of Valerian. The disappearance of the immense quantities of rubbish from the Olympieion, moreover, is to be accounted for upon the supposition that these stupendous ruins gradually melted away beneath the hammer and chisel of mediæval and Turkish masons, the latter of whom regularly employed the ancient structures of Athens as quarries. The great temple of Artemis at Ephesus was burned by the Goths about 262 A. D. After this the columns were probably thrown down by earthquakes, such as in the last few months have desolated that unhappy region, while the ruins furnished materials for all the Byzantine edifices subsequently erected there. At length the Kaystros and its tributaries, overflowing their banks, buried the spot beneath twenty-two feet of alluvial earth.

But it is needless to multiply instances. The facts in this mournful history have a wonderful similarity, and with slight variations of detail may apply to one locality as well as to another. Amid these vicissitudes attempts were occasionally made to preserve favorite works from destruction. Ghiberti speaks of an antique statue found at Florence, which, on the triumph of the Christian faith, was placed in a sepulchre of brick constructed for the purpose, and there left in the belief that a better day would come when it would again receive the homage of mankind. In like manner the Mastai Hercules was discovered at Rome, carefully built over with masonry, at a depth of two feet below the ancient level. The Venus of Melos was

concealed for some eighteen centuries in a niche covered with stones and rubbish, and the Capitoline statue of the same goddess was found at Rome walled up in an unoccupied room of an old house in the Suburra.

In addition to the losses already described, a number of ancient works have disappeared or been mutilated in modern times. In the war between the Venetians and Turks, in 1687, Count Konigsmarck, a Swedish officer in the employ of the former nation, planted a battery on the Pnyx at Athens, and two mortars near the Latin convent at the foot of the Acropolis, and turned his guns against the ancient citadel. In the bombardment, which lasted for several days, the temple of the Nike Apteros was destroyed, and the Parthenon severely injured. At length a shell penetrated the powder magazine located in the latter building, and a terrific explosion followed. The walls of the *cella* and the central columns of the peristyle were blown down; much of the sculpture was defaced, and some hopelessly shattered. The statue of Poseidon and the chariot of Athene driven by Nike were also broken by the Venetians, in attempting to lower them from the western pediment for the purpose of carrying them to Italy. The removal of the Elgin marbles in 1802 came near proving not merely a spoliation, but an entire destruction. The ship conveying them to England was wrecked near Cerigo, the ancient Cythera, and it was only after remaining there for several months that Mr. W. R. Hamilton, Lord Elgin's private secretary, succeeded in rescuing them from the sea, and proceeding with them to their destination. Winckelmann mentions a torso of Herakles, or Asklepios, by Apollonios, son of Nestor, of Athens, which was formerly in the Massimi Palace at Rome, but in some unaccountable manner had been lost. The same fate, he declares, had befallen very many glorious pieces, among them

a Hermes by Speusippos; the head of Xenocrates; a picture of the goddess Roma, described by Spon; a relief which represented Painting making the portrait of Varro, formerly belonging to the celebrated antiquary, Ciampini; and numerous other reliefs from the Baths of Pozzuoli. It is possible that these and other works are lying hidden and forgotten in the closets and cellars of Italian palaces, from which they may yet come forth with all the freshness of original discoveries. A colossal trunk of Jupiter unearthed at Velleia, of which the head also was in existence, was worked over into two modern statues to adorn the ducal garden at Parma. Those who have visited the Castle of St. Angelo, in Rome, will remember the busts of Hadrian and Cicero, standing in the stairway near the entrance, and mutilated by the bayonet-stabs of papal soldiers. When Madrid was captured by the allied armies, in the war of the Spanish Succession, a fine bust of Claudius, which had been discovered at Fratechie and carried to Spain by Cardinal Colonna, was found in the Escorial suspended as the principal weight to the church clock, and was conveyed by Lord Galway to England. By a similar sarcasm of fortune a beautiful hollow medallion of Hadrian was used for many years as a mule-bell by an Italian cart-driver in the suburbs of Rome.

In view of all the facts of this strange history it seems surprising, not that so many works of ancient art have been destroyed, but that any at all have remained until the present day. Transported from place to place, shattered by accidents, overthrown by earthquakes, consumed by conflagrations, subject to the destructive malice of Macedonian and Roman emperors, exposed to the violence of wars, buried beneath falling walls; delivered to the axe of the iconoclast, the hammer of the mason, the kiln of the lime-maker, and the melting-fur-

nace of the bronze-moulder; torn from their bases, trampled in the mire and filth of the streets, broken into fragments, and gradually overwhelmed and hidden from view beneath the earth, how slight was the chance that productions of the golden age of Athenian sculpture should ever meet the eyes of that far-off nineteenth century in which we have our being! With what reverence may we justly stand before a work which, surviving such vicissitudes, has traversed the vast reaches of bleak, barren centuries that lie between us and antiquity, to greet us with its matchless loveliness to-day! Perikles may have gazed upon it; Sokrates, Plato, Aristotle, and Zeno may have taught their disciples in its presence; Euripides and Sophokles may have paused in the composition of their stately lines to rest the eye and brain on the symmetry of its proportions and the spotless purity of its marble; Herodotos may have recited his histories and Demosthenes have thundered his eloquence before it; Cicero may have turned aside from the delights of poetry and the comforts of philosophy to contemplate in it the evidence of a finer genius than his countrymen could ever hope to attain; Virgil, Horace, and Ovid may have found their perceptions of beauty elevated and made nobler by its influence; the glance of Paul may have wandered over it as he proclaimed to the people the mysteries of the new birth and the hope of the resurrection; Marcus Aurelius may have seen in it a reflection of that heavenly truth and harmony in which his lofty soul found consolation; and still to-day the connoisseur may dwell upon it with ever-increasing delight, and find the subtle sympathy of art lifting him closer and closer into communion with those master souls of the past,—

"The dead but sceptred sovereigns, who still
rule
Our spirits from their urns."

William Shields Liscomb.

THE ZIG ZAG TELEGRAPH.

FOR nearly nineteen years I have been waiting for some one to write the history of this line; but during all this time no account of its origin, or the manner in which it performed its work, has been published, and so far as I can learn no hint even of its existence has appeared in print. Can it be possible that I was sole proprietor and operator; that my weary messages alone went creeping over the wires; that its faithful, patient services were given to me only? If so, upon me clearly devolves the task of writing its history. And yet, to own the truth, this task is not an easy one. The Zig Zag was such an anomaly among telegraphs, such a *bizarre* affair altogether, that it sets at defiance all ordinary methods of description. It was behind the times; it was slow with its messages; it carried them a long way around, and stopped with them in unexpected places; there was an air of mistiness about it that made me sometimes suspect that it was only the ghost of a telegraph,—the phantom, perhaps, of some incomplete, early invention left an orphan by the death of the inventor.

But stay; I must be more explicit. This telegraph was not composed of solid material substance; it did not consist of actual posts and wires. It was a phenomenon of an exceptional condition of body or mind, a phase of mental action in a given direction, a system of exploration in the realms of memory, a—well, I will admit it at once, a *something* that I never quite understood; a problem, the solution of which I have many times almost reached, but that has always eluded me by dodging around unexpected corners and disappearing when I thought I had forced it into a *cul de sac*. I will therefore make public my experience with this line, and

transfer to others the solution of the problem; and, as the condition of body and mind was doubtless a factor necessary to the solution, I will make known this condition by briefly telling a small portion of my life's history.

On the 6th of March, A. D. 1865, with other paroled prisoners, I crossed Broad River, twelve miles from Wilmington, N. C., and stood once more, with bared head and thankful heart, beneath the flag of our country. The emotions awakened by the sight of this emblem of all we held dear I shall not venture to describe. I should blush to bring the poor tribute of words to the flag sanctified by baptism in the tears of our tenderest and the blood of our bravest. For more than ten months I had been a prisoner at Andersonville and Florence. In this article I shall make no attempt to portray the horrors of Andersonville. The evidence under seal furnished by those thirteen thousand graves needs no corroboration by parole testimony. When the storm has passed, the wrecks on the beach are surer records of the force of the tempest than all the figures at the signal stations. I had fought the battle for life for more than ten months in those prison pens, and I was conscious that I had fought it well. I had lost ground daily, it is true, but I had contested it foot by foot and inch by inch. My resistance had been steady, unflinching, systematic. At the time I was paroled I was suffering from scurvy and general debility, and had also endured most of the minor sicknesses of the camp; but thus far I had escaped those fearful fevers that had wrecked so many of my companions. Shortly after I reached Wilmington a strange dullness took possession of me. My mind refused to act with its accustomed vigor. Owing to the ravenous

appetites of some of the men, orders had been given to issue extra rations to all who required them; and although the regular daily ration was more than sufficient for me, I fell into line with the others and drew the extra. This I took to my tent-mate for safe-keeping, and again fell in and repeated the process, over and over, as long as the drawing lasted. About this time, too, racking pains assailed me, and I longed inexpressibly for home. Then the vessel came to take us to Annapolis, and we struggled and pushed and jostled each other in our eagerness to get on board; and at last I was fortunate enough to get tumbled on to the deck, just as the captain announced that he had a load, and could take no more. My recollections of the voyage are confused. I remember being rolled about, and crowded, and lain on by other passengers. I also remember staggering up to draw rations, although I could not eat. Then I was helped off the vessel, and some one took me by the arm and led me away. Then we stopped, and a voice said, "Wash him." And then — blankness.

How long the blank lasted I do not know. When my consciousness returned I was in a clean bed with white sheets. A light burned in the room, but I saw no one. I closed my eyes, and was lost again. When I awoke it was broad day, and a young man dressed in a fresh suit of army blue was standing by the bedside. He expressed no surprise as his glance met mine. I lifted my right hand, and was astonished at the effort so slight an action required. I gazed at the skeleton fingers, and vaguely wondered where I had been while that hand was growing so thin. I said, "What's the matter?" He replied, "You've had the fever. You're all right now. Don't talk." His voice was low and even; it expressed no sympathy, no anxiety; he moved away, and I slept again. My recovery was rapid. The hospital

surgeon visited me at intervals: he asked me no questions; he merely looked at me and passed on. I had a ravenous appetite, and, with the regularity of clockwork, a tray was placed before me on which were a cup of tea and a delicate piece of toast crowned with a poached egg. As I gazed at this dainty repast, I thought it a meal fit for a god, — that is, for a very small god. After a few days the pyramid on the plate was increased in altitude by the insertion of another slice of toast under the ovarious crown, and flanked by a bottle of porter. Next came the order for admission to the full-diet table, and soon after the certificate entitling me to a furlough. During all this period of convalescence I was conscious of no derangement of the mind's action. My main interests in life centred in the present, or reached forward to the future; but still memories of the past, mostly of home and early life, came to me naturally. I had, however, made no attempt to recall past events, as the admirable system of unquestioning treatment practiced at St. Mary's College Green Hospital had suggested no such effort; and it was only when called upon to answer questions, at the time I applied for a furlough, that I discovered the singular phase of mental aberration which forms the subject of this narrative. I have said that my recovery was rapid; perhaps I ought to add that as I threw off the fever I began to suffer with a difficulty in my feet, probably scurvy, — a difficulty that increased daily, until each foot felt like an immense bruise. But as this disease did not trouble me seriously while I was in the hospital, I did not mention the matter to any one, fearing that to do so would delay my departure for home. This brief portion of personal history is, I believe, all that is necessary to put the public in possession of facts that have any bearing on the problem under discussion.

And now I come to the most difficult

part of my task, the portrayal on paper of this abnormal action of the mind; and in order successfully to do this, I must describe the normal action in the same direction in such a way that it will be clearly recognized by all, and yet in such a way as will enable the reader to comprehend the abnormal.

Hold! I have it! I will materialize this action, and if the materialization lacks an arm, or even a leg to stand on, as is not unusually the case, if it but serve my purpose before vanishing in thin air, I shall be content. I will represent memory as a network of telegraph wires, the main line connecting the mind with the beginning of conscious existence, and side wires connecting this line with each event, each incident, each thought, of past life. When the mind is unimpaired and the lines are in perfect working order, information can be obtained instantly from any of these out-lying stations. The question is flashed over the wires, and the answer is returned, and the combined messages constitute a thought. In many instances, however, no perceptible action of the mind seems required; the mind is unquestioning and at rest; and yet, from the various depots in which our experiences of the past are stored, the messages come trooping in, and we call them *memories*. These are phases of the normal action of the intellect and the undisturbed working of the lines. But I am also familiar with many phases of abnormal action, and various stages of wreck in the lines of communication:—

First, the poor wretch with the wires all down behind him, and the past a blank.

Second, where the main line is cut at a given point in the past. Back to this point the communications are perfect and the side lines complete, but beyond—nothingness.

Third, where the main line is complete and the side lines are in order near the farther end, but mostly broken or

impaired from childhood to the present. This is a common case. The gray-haired man prattles of the scenes of his youth, but does not recall the events of manhood. Every word of the prayer his mother taught him is familiar, but he cannot remember a sentence of the speech that made him famous ten years ago. He does not recognize an acquaintance of yesterday, but the faces of the friends of his boyhood stand out clear and distinct. I need not particularize further; every one is familiar with the gaps in sections, where the storms of life have beaten down the side lines, and with the downfall of individual wires. Neither will it be worth while to call attention to the slight derangement of a particular wire that does not respond as promptly as we wish, but leaves our question unanswered, while the operator at the other terminus apparently takes a short nap, and we scratch our heads in vexation. My object in writing this article is to describe this well-known system of communication only so far as may be necessary to explain the working of the other line, that no one but myself appears to have used; and as I made use of both, I will designate the former as the Direct Line, and the latter as the Zig Zag. The Direct Line was always at my service *one way*: it would bring messages, but could not be relied on to carry them; it would transmit one and refuse the next in what I then thought a most captious manner; and sometimes it would apparently grow sulky and refuse them altogether. But the patient Zig Zag was not captious; it did not sulk when called upon to do the work refused by its rival; it went steadily, ploddingly, at its task, and never rested till its work was done. These two lines were distinct in almost every respect, and in order to make the distinction plain I will describe as concisely as possible the peculiarities of the Zig Zag.

First, it never took a dispatch straight

to its destination, but went zigzagging through the past, making short flights from point to point, and sending back messages from every station. These messages were dim pictures of familiar scenes, that approached slowly and grew plainer until they reached a certain uniform point of distinctness, when they vanished instantly.

Second, these return messages never contained the information I was seeking, and some of them appeared to have no possible connection with it; and yet I was conscious that each of these dissolving views brought me nearer the object of my search.

Third, no communication ever came back over the Zig Zag from the station where it finally delivered my dispatch, but instead the answer came flashing over the Direct Line. This was the most perplexing part of the whole transaction; for, although assured that each returning message by the Zig Zag brought me one station nearer the station containing the object sought, I never knew how many still intervened, and the answer by the Direct Line invariably caught me puzzling over the last message by the Zig Zag, and gave me a little shock, like that experienced by a person when another jumps out suddenly behind him and cries, "Boo!"

Fourth, the number of stations stopped at varied, and this variation appeared to have no relation with the remoteness or nearness of the intelligence desired. To make this clear, suppose A and B to be stations on the Direct Line, — A containing stores deposited five years and B those deposited six months before; messages to B would sometimes be carried further around and stop at more stations than messages to A.

Fifth, to each dispatch the return messages came at regular intervals after the first, which took about twice the time of each of the others.

Sixth, the length of the intervals varied with the varying dispatches; the

answers to some coming very slowly, and to others quite rapidly.

Seventh, sending and receiving messages by this line produced a certain strain on mind and body that was not felt when using the Direct Line.

And now, having partially described the working of this line, I will go back to the time when I discovered it. I had been notified that a furlough would be given me by applying at a certain office, to which I was directed, and, with visions of home floating before my mind, I walked into the room and stopped at the desk. A grave, stern-looking officer, with a pen in his hand and a book before him, sat by the table. He looked up, and said, "Your name." I gave it, and then supposed he would fill out my furlough; but instead he recorded my name in the book, and then inquired, "What regiment do you belong to?" Of course I knew perfectly well that the information sought was among my stores, but when I turned to the past with the question, "What regiment do I belong to?" I was amazed to find that the Direct Line did not respond. My dispatch was off on the Zig Zag, and soon the misty messages came back: —

First message by Zig Zag. A bleak field, with a swamp extending from side to side near the centre; the field inclosed with a stockade, and crowded with wretched, dirty, ragged men; outside the dead-line, a long row of skeleton forms, with dead faces turned to the sky.

Second message by Zig Zag. A long line of Union soldiers charging through an open field, with a forest before them; the line is broken and jagged, as if it had met a blizzard of lead; there are empty saddles, and fallen flags, and a blue-and-red wind-row of dead.

Third message by Zig Zag. A regiment of soldiers on dress parade; the soldiers wear blue coats; there are figures on the fronts of their caps.

By the Direct Line, 76th New York.

I gave the name of my regiment, and the officer dashed it down, and asked brusquely, "What company?" I ought to have been prepared for this question, but I was not. My mind was so dazed with the strange workings of the two lines that I thought of nothing else till the question was put. Again I turned to the past, and inquired, "What company?" and again the Zig Zag took the question.

First message by Zig Zag. A river spanned by a bridge; beyond the bridge an arch of evergreens and flags; a throng of men hurrying over the bridge and under the arch; the men are emaciated and half naked, but their faces glow with joy.

Second message by Zig Zag. A forest; Union soldiers grouped round a dead cavalry man; a sergeant with face turned toward the group, as if about to give an order; a line of Confederate troops in front.

By the Direct Line, Company F.

I named the company, and the officer jotted it down, and said, "Your captain's name?" Again the Zig Zag took the question.

First message by Zig Zag. A long line of Union soldiers, with a group of officers on horseback in front; the officers with field-glasses to their eyes; the ground in front descending to a small stream, then ascending to a ridge; the ridge crowned with a line of Confederate earth-works and batteries; sharpshooters deployed as skirmishers between the lines.

Second message by Zig Zag. A prison pen; a scaffold; six men with ropes around their necks and meal sacks drawn over their heads; a sea of faces turned up toward the scaffold.

Third message by Zig Zag. A brigade drawn up in hollow square; a man kneeling on a coffin, with a file of soldiers before him; an officer standing stern and pale, his extended right hand holding a white handkerchief.

By the Direct Line, Captain Goddard.

The officer took down the name, and inquired impatiently, "When did you enlist?" I had noted his growing irritability, and it increased my distress. Other patients were waiting to be questioned. The fear that my mind was hopelessly shattered was growing into certainty. The strain on mind and body incident to sending and receiving messages was intense. My knees shook under me, and great drops of sweat stood on my forehead; but I turned doggedly to the past with the inquiry, "When did I enlist?" The Direct Line rejected the message, as it had the others, but the faithful Zig Zag did not desert me; although evidently overworked, it came bravely to the rescue, and took my message. The first response was longer than usual in coming, but it came at last.

Message by Zig Zag. A large sheet of water with a river emptying into it; a snug harbor; a grove of oaks with a speaker's stand in the centre; the grove and stand crowded with people.

At this point the officer repeated the question, "When did you enlist?" The interruption broke the connection on the Zig Zag. The tone of the question demanded an immediate answer of some sort. I made one desperate effort to force the answer from the Direct Line, then I said sadly, "I can't tell." The officer laid down his pen, and said petulantly, "I can't give you a furlough if you can't tell when you enlisted." Oh, the agony of that moment! I was not to go home, after all! Was it not enough that I was shattered in body and mind, but must this very ruin cut off my last chance for recovery? I thought not of the forms of respect due from a private to a superior; I felt only the injustice of fate. The instinct of self-preservation asserted itself. The old spirit of resistance that had carried me through so many trials blazed out afresh

for a moment, and I exclaimed passionately, "Can't you make some allowance? Can't you see what a wreck I am? I've been in prison, God knows how long, and I've had the fever, and I can't think!" The protest began almost fiercely, but it ended in a wail. I broke down utterly, and cried like a child. For a moment the silence of the room was broken only by sobs; then a gentle voice said, "I can make allowance; don't distress yourself." Could this be the voice of that stern official? I glanced at him through my tears, and from that instant I have had a truer understanding of the story of the transfiguration. His face was as tender as a woman's. With the utmost gentleness, he assured me that the matter could be arranged, that I must take time, and give the date as nearly as possible. Thus encouraged I commenced again on the Zig Zag, and found the year, and then the month, but not the day. The furlough was granted, however, and, storing the paper safely in my pocket, I took the first train for home.

At first I was a good deal troubled about the peculiarities of the Zig Zag, but I soon made a discovery that proved it to be a friend, and also showed that the Direct Line, in refusing some of my messages and taking others, was acting according to law instead of in a spirit of caprice, as I at first supposed. The work of the Zig Zag was to open communication with the stations on the Direct Line, and it had only to convey one message to each station to accomplish this. When the message was received and the answer sent back by the Direct Line, the connection with that station by the Direct Line was established, and messages flashed back and forth with their former regularity. I have before spoken of the messages that came unbidden; these also opened communication on the Direct Line, and to these two sets of stations my messages went straight. Stimulated by this discovery,

I operated the Zig Zag cheerfully, for I knew that each returning message enlarged the area of the reconquered territory. By means of the voluntary messages and the efforts of the Zig Zag, I was soon in direct communication with most of the stations, and the use of the Zig Zag became the exception. At this time, I used to ponder a good deal on the subject, and strive to comprehend the working of these lines. One thing that perplexed me greatly was the gap between the last message by the Zig Zag and the return message by the Direct Line. On exploring these stations after direct communication had been established, I found that some of the Zig Zag messages approached very nearly the information required; for example, the one in regard to the company. It will be recollected that, in the last picture presented by the Zig Zag, a sergeant stood as if about to give an order. Now the order really given was, "Company F into line;" but as no inkling of what this order was reached me at the time, by either line, the gap, though apparently small, could not be filled up. At other times, I could not, by the most careful examination, find the least connection between the last message by the Zig Zag and the answer by the Direct Line. This puzzled me, and I imagined that some of the messages by the Zig Zag had miscarried, and had found their way to some unknown dead-letter office; but I finally became satisfied that the gap, in each instance, extended only from the last station on the Zig Zag to the station on the Direct Line containing the information sought. I now give the course of reasoning by which this conclusion was reached. Since the messages by the Zig Zag, came at regular intervals after the first, and the first took double the time of each of the others, I concluded that the dispatch I sent traveled at exactly the same rate of speed as the return messages. Thus if A, B, and C represent stations on the

Zig Zag, and D the desired point on the Direct Line, and the interval of time between messages was five seconds, my message would be five seconds in reaching A, and the return message from A would reach me five seconds later, or at the exact time that my dispatch reached B; while the message from B would reach me at the same instant that my dispatch reached C, and consequently the message from C would reach me at the same time that my dispatch reached D, the point on the Direct Line; and as the transmission of messages on the Direct Line occupied no appreciable time, this view of the case was sustained by

the fact that the answer by the Direct Line always came to me while I was examining the last message by the Zig Zag.

And now the history of this strange line is finished, at least so far as my knowledge of it extends. I bid farewell to the Zig Zag forever. Ah! but is it forever? As I sit in the twilight and watch the gathering shadows, and think of the time in the not distant future when the shadows shall gather for the last time, and when perhaps the parting soul will long to send the final messages of love, I ask myself, "Shall I not find it again?"

Lloyd G. Thompson.

THE ROSE AND THE ORIOLE.

A FABLE WITHOUT A MORAL.

ROSE of Damascus! rose of all,
Queen of the roses of the world!
The only flower that ere his fall
Adam thought fit to pluck for Eve,
As once she lay in slumber curled,
And he, though half afraid to speak,
Said, "Lovely being, by your leave,
Your husband gives you this, and this:"
Then laid a rose upon her cheek,
A damask rose, and kiss.

The rose before was not so red:
But Eve awoke; and such a blush,
With her smile mingling, overspread
Her face that instantly the flower
Felt through its veins new coloring rush,
Till every petal showed the stain!
And so in the most radiant hour,
Of midsummer's resplendent morn,
The queen of all the rosy train,
The damask rose, was born!

Soon as this woman, flower in hand,
Led Adam where the strawberries grew,
An oriole from a palm that fanned

These earliest lovers, on the rose
 Lighted, and straight his natural hue
 Of gold, that red to orange turned !
 Then the sly bird his moment chose,
 Snatched the rose from her hand, and fled
 Far as an amethyst cloud that burned
 In the bright blue o'erhead.

Now when thou watchest in the west
 The splendors of the dying day,
 Think of the damask rose that prest
 Her cheek whom we our Mother call,
 As dreaming in her bower she lay ;
 Remember, too, the oriole's theft,
 (First theft that was, ere Adam's fall)
 And in the crimson clouds behold,
 Unless thy heart all faith have left,
 His orange and his gold.

Thomas William Parsons.

A COOK'S TOURIST IN SPAIN.

II.

MADRID is not a place to stimulate the imagination. There are great pictures besides those in the Royal Gallery, and show-palaces, and several sights which I have not enumerated ; but the Naval Museum, with its relics and recollections of Spain's glorious days of discovery and conquest, which link her history so closely with ours, and the Royal Armory are almost the only spots where one is tempted to linger and muse. The armory is a magnificent collection, and the first sight of it roots the traveler to the ground as he enters the lofty hall, nearly three hundred feet long, filled with a mute and motionless assemblage of mailed figures on foot and on horseback, amongst panoplies and trophies of armor, weapons, and banners. Those wooden counterfeits of knights and chargers bear the helmets and cuirasses of the Cid, of Ferdinand the Saint and Ferdinand the Catholic, of Columbus

and Cortes and Pizarro, of Charles V., of Gonsalvo de Cordova, El gran Capitán, of the Duke of Alva. There is the history and the ballad poetry of Spain written in silver and gold and iron and steel, from the Visigothic crown, a rude golden circlet stuck full of uncut jewels, through centuries of elastic Toledo blades damascened like a satin robe, of Moorish scimitars frosted with filigree, of inlaid and embossed shields and breastplates of Italian *quattro* and *cinque cento* workmanship (some of them no doubt designed by Benvenuto Cellini), of saddles and weapons for hunting and tilting, down to the sword of Ferdinand VII., which never knew blood. Much of the armor, even of the bravest, was not made for battle, but for parade. There is Charles V.'s splendid array, which he wears in his equestrian portrait by Titian ; there is a rich and beautiful suit, chased and inlaid with gold and silver, worn by Columbus, probably when he came to lay the new-found

world and its sample treasures at the feet of Leon and Castile; and there is a costly barbarous casque, with a fabulous beast by way of crest, which belonged to Don John of Austria. It is a boundless field for memory and fancy, as broad as the past and as indefinite as the future. It is not the great names of Europe only which are invoked in the review; the thought of our own poets and historians, of Irving, Prescott, Motley, Ticknor, of Longfellow and Lowell, recurs to the mind of their countryman with fond pride and almost importunate regret. But one remains of that illustrious band; will new names arise to lengthen the list hereafter?

It is not without a pang that even a Cook's Tourist turns his back on Madrid, for his time of grace would be short enough to devote to the picture-gallery alone; but Seville and Cordova are on his coupon-ticket, and the longest month has but thirty-one days. This consideration partly reconciles him to the inevitable night-journey, whereby he loses no daylight hours. On the 17th April, 1883, the first sleeping-car ran from Madrid to Seville. It was comfortable and clean with a brand-new cleanliness; every place was taken a week in advance, and through the live-long night every station platform was crowded with people come to see the curiosity. The 17th was the eve of a great annual fair at Seville, which gathers together all sorts of people — peasants from the villages, stock-breeders from Xeres and Cadiz, gypsies from the mountains, and fast fine folk from Madrid — to see the cattle-shows, the bull-fights, and the horse-races. The train was full of representatives of the noblest names in the country, and the station at Seville thronged with their friends who had come to meet them: old ladies and gentlemen, pretty women in mantillas, with fans and fresh bouquets, children hopping and skipping with the excitement of an arrival. Coming to welcome

or bid farewell is almost a canon of courtesy, and one of the pleasant, friendly native customs. This informal reception was the opening of a long gala. Our week in Seville was an unbroken holiday, which knew no stay or interruption, even during the moonlight nights. The acacias which border the principal streets hung full of milk-white clusters of bloom; the orange-trees in the courts and squares were full of blossoms; the flat roofs were bordered with carnations, geraniums, heliotrope, and roses of every shade, forming a delicate many-colored cornice between the white walls and the blue sky; in the narrow streets every doorway gave a glimpse of a pillared courtyard, with long-leaved tropical foliage, and oleanders, pomegranates, and gardenias flowering around a marble statue or fountain; the air was balmy with their mingled fragrance. Every man had a flower in his hat, every woman had one in her hair, every horse and donkey had one at his ear. Our hotel, the Fonda de Madrid, is a very fine building, evidently an old palace, but we were unable to learn anything about its origin. The *patio*, or central courtyard, is almost a grove of palms and bananas wreathed with jessamine and climbing roses; it is surrounded by a marble colonnade of slender pillars with remarkably graceful capitals; the second story, which is reached by a wide terra-cotta staircase inlaid with dark blue tiles, has a similar gallery, now inclosed to form corridors. Many of the rooms are fifty or sixty feet long and proportionately high, with huge, elaborately paneled folding-doors; the vestibule by which one enters the dining-room is wainscoted six feet high with beautiful old Moorish tiles. In the morning peasants station themselves under the colonnade with great open baskets curving outwards at each end, and bordered with a twisted rope of wicker which also forms the handle, full of crimson, white, pink and yellow roses;

in the evening the guests leave the hot *table d'hôte* to sit under the arcade and drink their coffee, smoke their cigars, eat oranges, and look at the fountain twinkling in the moonlight among the broad banana leaves, until the humor takes them to stroll out into the moonlit streets and squares. But if the traveler feels the indisposition to stir, the disposition to do nothing, which is the ruling passion of the Spaniard, and so potent an influence of the country that even strangers soon yield to it, he cannot do better than take his post on his little balcony, — every window has one, and large enough for an arm-chair, — and watch the ever-varying spectacle which passes under his eyes all day. The *Fonda de Madrid* stands on the *Plaza de la Magdalena* at the corner of two important streets, among the few in Seville through which two carriages can pass abreast, so that all the active life of the town circulates through these arteries for business or pleasure. From sunrise to sunset there is an unending procession, in which no two figures are alike, from the Andalusian peasant and his donkey to the *Duchesse de Montpensier* with her four-in-hand. The noise begins at dawn, when peasants begin to pass with long lines of beasts of burden, bringing their wares to town. Everything which is carried in carts or wagons and sold in shops in America is hawked about on donkeys here. It would be impossible to enumerate even the classes of produce and merchandise which are carried in this manner, the narrowness of the streets practically prohibiting traffic on wheels. One of the most common is charcoal. A long train of donkeys laden with a huge panier of yellow matting on each side, filled with the dull black fuel and lightly covered with palm-branches or long sprays of boxwood, is a pretty sight; so is the shaggy brown or gray mule bedizened with an embroidered headband, with a load of golden oranges in

hampers, and a well-built driver in short black velvet jacket and breeches, with a red sash, leather gaiters, a broad-brimmed hat, and a cigarita in his mouth; so is the handsome Andalusian peasant astride a big gray horse, half-hidden in violet and scarlet saddle-bags, fringed and tasseled, a black-haired girl in a gay flowered shawl, with a head full of carnations, perched behind him clasping his waist. These are among the earliest arrivals; then follow venders of milk, fresh eggs, cheese, fish, bread, each a separate industry, and a great many more. All day long women go by dressed as if to sit for their pictures. It is generally some cheap and simple combination which produces the effect: one of the most striking was a pink calico gown with one deep flounce, a long black shawl, and a bright pink rose stuck into a coil of blue-black plaits, on a head with heavy dark brows over eyes rimmed in thick black lashes; another was a salmon-colored Canton crape shawl, covering the wearer like a long cloak, leaving a glimpse of a black stuff dress, and this lady had a bunch of scarlet geraniums in her hair. A group of gypsies passed one day: a man with a blue fez-shaped cap, a loose gray jacket, and full blue Turkish trousers reaching only to the calf of the leg, followed by a woman so tall and muscular, so dark and fierce, so majestic and sibylline, that she might have posed for *Meg Merrilies* had it been possible to imagine her in English-speaking parts; but in a dark-red woolen petticoat and striped blanket for a cloak she was the true *Zingara*. A lithe lad of twelve or fourteen brought up the rear, in bright rags dulled by dirt: he was bronze-color, with wild black eyes and elf locks, and looked like a half-tamed animal. They did not speak to each other, nor look at each other, but marched along in single file, bound together only by their isolation from everybody else. Once a bleating made me look down, and I saw a Seville

woman with a basket on her arm, evidently out on household errands, accompanied by a lamb, trotting at her side like a pet dog. Again, an enormous sheep went by, — a merino, I suppose, — with a long, thick, flaky fleece, bestridden by a baby boy two or three years old, his fat, brown legs sunk deep in the white wool; the peasant father and mother walked unconcernedly on either side, and the passers paid no heed to the pretty picture. The middle-class Sevillanas, like their whole order in Spain, are incorrigible slatterns, but by two o'clock in the afternoon every woman has dressed her hair carefully (sometimes in the old Andalusian fashion, parted at the side and braided, like the princesses who sat to Velasquez; more often nowadays banged and frizzed and puffed), and stuck in a rose, carnation, or white or yellow flower, or a whole bunch of them. In addition to this she generally wears a mantilla of white or black lace or gauze, and unless she is very poor, a Canton crape shawl, that object of every common Spanish woman's ambition. One sees every variety of them, — black, white, scarlet, pale blue, pale rose, yellow fringed, and often embroidered with a large pattern of the most brilliant colors. The indispensable fan, never at rest for an instant, completes the toilet, the wearer being to all appearance supremely indifferent to her cheap, dirty cotton gown and shabby shoes. It is a long while since the Spanish women gave up the national dress with the exception of the mantilla. Gautier lamented over it forty years ago, and it is still to be deplored; for although the women of the middle and lower classes contrive to make themselves very picturesque in the manner just described, as costume it is nondescript, and women of higher station cannot dress themselves at all; only the charm of the fan and mantilla redeems them from being the greatest dowdies in Europe. Every afternoon brought out

hundreds of women of the upper middle class attired like caricatures of last year's fashion-plates, and hundreds of women of rank in their carriages, who looked no better for toilets fresh from Paris; they do not know how to put them on. If there is a mantilla, especially when worn over a high comb, its graceful folds drape and harmonize the rest, but if the lady has ventured upon a bonnet the misfortune is complete; no matter how pretty and elegant it may be, it does not seem to belong to her; the low dark brows and marked features of most Spanish women are at variance with the ephemeral structures of tulle, silk, feathers, and artificial flowers which are so becoming to their French and American sisters. The best attempt which I saw at combining present fashions with a national tradition was made by the Duchesse de Montpensier, no longer the gazelle-like bride of Louis Philippe's son, but a stout, plain, sallow, middle-aged woman, and her lady in waiting, who both wore handsome black dresses with deep basques, very large black mantillas of old Spanish lace over high combs, with immense black fans, and bouquets of gold-colored flowers at their breasts. These ladies attracted general notice, seated in a barouche lined with dark blue satin, with a four-in-hand of two grays and two chestnuts, the harness enriched with gold and dark blue, postilion, coachman, and footmen in plain liveries of blue and drab. White is in great favor with young ladies, married or single, and every afternoon there were several to be seen in rich white silk or satin, with white Spanish blonde mantillas; but this fashion, although pretty and elegant, is ineffective.

Théophile Gautier says that he has three tests of the degree of a nation's civilization, — its pottery, straw and wicker-work, and mode of harnessing; for civilized people cannot make jars, matting, or harness. Spain meets the

three tests bravely, and better at each stage southward. The beautiful pottery of Andalusia is to be found only in a remote suburb of Seville, but the trappings of the beasts of burden will strike any stranger by their variety and taste, the first time he looks out of the window. There is no end to the caprices. In France and America there is an affectation of simplicity in these matters, the English standard being the only one recognized, and it is sensible enough for us who have no national or traditional fashions; but it would be a pity if the Anglomaniacs now prevalent in high Spanish society should banish the pretty harness and trappings of the provinces; the most elegant equipages in Seville are those which preserve them, modified for utility's sake. There were knowing tandem and unicorn teams, very well driven by the polios through the slits of streets or crowded parade of Las Delicias, and four-in-hand breaks and drags, worthy of Rotten Row on the annual muster of the Coaching Club. But there was far more real style about the harness which had not been stripped of all its finery, and the prettiest turnout of all was a sort of wagonette called *break española* (in contradistinction to the *break inglesa*), holding three on a side and two on the driver's seat, with cushions, curtains, and a square standing-top of striped linen; a coachman in Andalusian costume driving four mules, or a pair, or three abreast, with a collar of little silver bells, their head and shoulders covered with a network of worsted tassels of two colors, — green and gold, crimson and black, or blue and white, being the favorite combinations. They drive at a tearing pace, with a perpetual cracking of whips, but no lashing the beasts. The saddles and bridles are profusely stitched and embroidered; many horsemen use housings and saddlebags of buff leather thickly worked and fringed with scarlet and purple, and ornamented steel stirrups, which give the

cavalier a most gay and gallant aspect even when, as usual, he is bent on business, and not on adventure. The Spaniard has a conscious attitude on horseback, as he also has when on his two legs, but his seat is as firm as an Englishman's, and his hand, in general, much lighter. It is beautiful to see one of those heavy-looking horses checked at full gallop without being thrown on his haunches, or turned without a perceptible motion of the rider's little finger, — no curb or snaffle to champ and froth at, the bit being replaced by a small strap round the nose. Every man in Spain rides, and nobody walks, and the saddle-horse is in requisition for business, pleasure, or traveling. Women seldom mount, except upon a pillion; a few ladies ride, some even hunt, but they are rare enough to be conspicuous. The universal brand on the horses in Spain is a great blemish for us, but not in their own country. Each of the great estates has its stock farm and famous breed, for which the brand is a voucher. The noble owners of these estates take great interest in the operations of cattle-raising, and at the time of the branding make a sport of holding the animal down during the process, and springing to its back as it starts to its feet and rushes away in agony.

The delights of the balcony and of doing nothing are so great that it required resolution to come down into the lively, motley crowd, which is always picturesque, never theatrical. If Burgos is the Spain of the sixteenth and seventeenth century painters, in Seville one finds the field of the contemporary school, Fortuny, Escosura, Pasini, and the rest. The brown of Velasquez vanishes before the light, gay tints of the houses, the gaudy harness, and the dress of the people; black and the sober colors are mere points of contrast. Most of the streets are narrow, short, and crooked; in driving across the town one seems to be executing a figure in cat's-cradle;

yet they are as light and cheerful as boulevards. The houses are of one pattern, two or three stories high, with flat roofs railed with iron, light balconies at every upper window, often painted green, the lower windows heavily barred, and deep arched doorways giving entrance to vestibules closed by an inner grating of graceful arabesque pattern, through which the flowers and foliage of the *patio* are visible. They are almost uniformly whitewashed; a pale yellow or blue front appears now and then at long intervals. There are no high walls to shut out the strong light which pervades places untouched by the sunshine, pouring down from the cerulean sky, and reflected by the universal whitewash so powerfully as almost to obliterate shadow; there is a transparent blue or lilac penumbra on the sunless side of things, and that is all. Houses of the most modest pretensions have their little patio, where a large vase replaces the fountain, and some rows of flower-pots the garden. In the poorer quarters the vestibule and court are used as workshops, where the shoemaker or carpenter plies his craft, in view of the street. This is one of the many reminiscences of the East with which one meets in southern Spain: the principal dry-goods' shop of Seville is reached by a passage too narrow for wheels, and is shut off from the street only by curtains and pillars, although within it is a prosaic place of buying and selling, with shelves and counters and civil shopmen. There is nothing remarkable in the architecture of the town: the beautiful windows and galleries of the remaining Moorish towers have been ruthlessly walled up; there are a few buildings and fragments in plateresque style, a sort of rococo in imitation of goldsmiths' work, without a good architectural line; here and there an open terra-cotta belfry or doorway inlaid with tiles and marble rises above the roofs; the dark spires of cypress trees and plumes of palms lift them-

selves above the dusty squares; the pale pink fretted shaft of the peerless Giralda, crowned by the triple tiara of its bell-tower, overlooks the looming mass of the cathedral. But there are none of those quaint and beautiful ancient bits which are seen in every old town of other European countries. It is the sky, the sunshine, the delicious climate, the light colors, the infinite variety of the street life, which make the attraction of Seville as a city.

The cathedral is a vast mountain of stone, incomplete and inchoate. As the stranger passes under the beautiful horseshoe arch of the Moorish gateway, a remnant of the ancient mosque, into the Court of Orange-Trees, and lifts his eyes to the unfinished south front, where huge stone joists jut out between two flamboyant jambs of immense height, its first effect is stupendous. On two other sides there are noble pointed Gothic doorways lined with scriptural figures of the most earnest and devout expression, in simple, graceful niches; but the exterior of the building bears no examination, the earliest and latest styles, the purest and worst taste, are so jumbled and jostled together. On one side the view is obstructed by low projecting walls, equally useless and ugly, surmounted by rows of urns filled with flames in stone. The interior of the cathedral is overwhelming. In its vast, solemn spaces details disappear and are lost. There are famous legendary pictures; there are marvels of marble and wood-carving and wrought metal; the light sifts through a hundred painted windows, but it melts into the dimness of the immense sanctuary as our perceptions are absorbed by a sense of awe. The religious emotions and aspirations of centuries, the faith, the fervor, the submission, the sacred ecstasy, of twenty generations, fill the place like an atmosphere. It is dedicated not only to public worship and great church ceremonies, but to profound prayer and solitary

meditation, to momentous vows and sublime self-sacrifice. The oftener one goes thither, the longer one tarries there, the deeper and more solemn is the impression, and the less can be said.

Emerging into the sunshine, warmth, and fragrance, and the view of the perfect, rosy-pale Giralda, slender, stately, and elegant in outline, and simple notwithstanding a profusion of exquisite ornament, one passes a stone pulpit in the cloister close to the sacristy door. Here St. Vincent Ferrer preached the *autos da fé*. It causes a terrible shock and revulsion to come upon such a monument in such a spot, and I hurried away to the chapter library to look for the mementos of Columbus which are sacredly guarded there. They were locked in a glass case, but it was easy to have it opened. The assistant librarian yielded to the plea, "Soy Amerigano." There lie the discolored chart and the ancient treatise on geography which he had with him in his cabin; there, written in a fair, current hand, is the Latin letter, filled with quotations from Scripture, which he addressed to Ferdinand and Isabella to justify the orthodoxy of his scientific theories against the Inquisition. I could not refrain from laying a reverent hand on the page where his hand had rested, and there was comfort in the thought that the same faith which inspired St. Vincent Ferrer to kindle the piles for heretics had strengthened and guided the noble heart of Columbus. The smiling librarian said that he never refused this privilege to Americans, and that they often kissed the manuscripts; but the sight of the open case brought together the Spaniards who were lounging about the fine hall, and it was closed in haste. From the cathedral it is but a step to a long, arched carriage-way, beneath which is an old image of the Virgin, now enshrined in an ornate tabernacle, before which it is said that Columbus offered his last prayer on the eve of that fateful voyage, and his first

thanksgiving on his triumphant return. The passage leads to a dusty quadrangle, on which stands the other great sight of Seville, the Alcazar, or palace of the Moorish kings, which has been a royal residence for every succeeding dynasty down to the ex-Queen Isabella, who was staying there at the time of my visit.

Alcazar, as the guide-books will tell you, means Al Kasr, the house of Cæsar, — that title which has passed through so many languages, ancient and modern, without losing its imperial significance. On three sides the external square is surrounded by common buildings of comparatively recent date, to judge by their appearance; the fourth, although much altered and defaced, preserves its beautiful Moorish second story and main gateway. Within, in spite of the additions and alterations of successive ages and sovereigns, the memory of the Arab still reigns supreme; the traveler, to whom this is the first revelation of the East, stands bewildered and enchanted, doubting his eyes, and asking himself if it is a dream, or a waking vision of the Arabian Nights, or Solomon's palace at Lebanon. It is more like an immaterial creation of fancy made visible in form and color by a magic spell than a structure of solid or tangible properties. I passed through many colonnades, courts, halls, and porches, and whatever their size they all had the same architectural characteristics, simplicity and symmetry of outline, with a prodigality of ornament on the flat surfaces. There is a constant tendency *al fresco*: one is always going out of doors into open galleries, or arcades, or inner courts, or inmost gardens, which are as much part of the abode as the roofed portions; they bring the sky and sunshine and air of heaven into the heart of the dwelling. The numerous courts have walls of the color and delicate richness of old point-lace. The finest of them is called the Hall of the Hundred Maidens, where, according to tradition, fifty rich

girls and fifty poor ones, the most beautiful in the kingdom, were presented to the Moorish king, that he might choose his wives from among them. It is a beautiful parallelogram, about a hundred feet by seventy-five, with a fountain in the centre, open to the sky, paved with white marble, surrounded by a cloister and colonnade of twin pillars at equal distances, with a cluster at each corner, supporting scalloped horseshoe arches. The ivory tint of the outer walls contrasts felicitously with the lovely green, blue, and amber of the old tiled wainscot, and the pearl and turquoise of the modern restorations above the doorways and windows; a soft, fawn color prevails in the ceilings and doors of the cloisters, relieved with turquoise-blue and touches of gold. The arms of the Spanish kings are inserted among this moresco-work. The proportion everywhere preserved in the decoration has much to do with the general charm of the building. The inner walls are divided into lateral compartments: the lower one, or wainscot, is from four to eight feet wide, according to the height and size of the hall, and is covered with old Moorish enameled tiles, deep blue and green, like the dominant tones of nature, or violet-purple, or a combination resembling tortoise-shell, all of the richest, coolest shades; the next space is twice as wide, and is filled with arabesque designs in many-colored stucco, or a smooth layer of creamy whitewash of a tint and surface unknown to us in America; above this is a frieze of tiles as wide as the wainscot. The result of this distribution is most happy and harmonious. Some of the lower tiling looks like Indian matting, but catches and reflects the light in gleams of pearl and bronze, like the inside of sea-shells. The ceilings are extraordinarily rich: they are of dark cross-beams, carved as elaborately as Chinese fan handles, the spaces between wrought into rosettes or lozenges, brightened by gilding and gay

colors. Some rooms are vaulted into a peculiar dome called the *media naraja*, or half orange, and the decoration of these is still more lavish. One ceiling is really of ebony and ivory, inlaid with gold and dark yet gem-like colors, a miracle of handiwork equal to an Indian casket. The doors and lattices, which are frequently open-work, are carved with the same delicacy; and some of them being exactly the color of sandalwood, their resemblance to the precious carvings of Hindostan is complete. The methodical vagaries of the kaleidoscope alone can give a notion of the character of Moorish ornamentation. There is no ground of flat color to be detected. The design is a repetition of regular lines, as fantastic and delusive as frost-work; the basis of them is a geometrical figure, but so involved in intricate and complex combinations as almost to defy analysis. An artist friend, who is familiar with the style, pointed out to me how often the whole pattern is changed by merely lengthening or shortening the central figure, and how a different distribution of colors on the same pattern produces an entirely new effect. Inscriptions in Arabic, the letters being beautifully modified for decoration, are introduced among the mural ornaments; the panels are bordered by bands of a different design; the intervals between the arches are filled with arabesques; the main surfaces are set in plain and ornamental mouldings of various depth and width, like an artistic picture frame; the walls are divided from the ceiling by a frieze and cornice, and just where the redundancy might become wearisome or oppressive it is relieved by a line of the simplest invention, like a twisted rope or a row of balls. The controlling principle is order, and despite the richness there is none of the excess and extravagance, there are none of the freaks and whims, of the Gothic and Renaissance styles. Every portion of the apartment is finished with the same care and com-

pleteness. There reign throughout an inimitable coolness, freshness, subdued lightness and brightness, which never becomes too brilliant or vivid. There has been a deal of alteration and restoration about the Alcazar, but the only changes which have actually disfigured it were made by Charles V., who added a modern gallery above one of the loveliest colonnades. The redecoration of the present century is too heavy and gaudy in color, but it is not all bad: there is one room in tender green and pale coral color, not to be surpassed in delicacy and refinement of taste.

There are other Moorish houses in Seville, but the only one which compares with the Alcazar in pretension and preservation is the so-called House of Pilate, now the property of the Duke of Medina-Celi, but built early in the sixteenth century by the Marquis of Tarifa, one of the Ribera family, on his return from a pilgrimage to Palestine. The house, being a copy of a sham, has no intrinsic interest beyond its beauty; it was no doubt built by Moorish architects, and, more fortunate than the Alcazar, escaped alteration. The garden is like a page from Lalla Rookh. I sat there by a marble fountain in a grove of old lemon-trees woven into a bower by a luxuriant climbing white rose, until the hour and the century were forgotten. The reflections and retrospections of the Gothic cathedral have no place amid such scenes; the spirit of Moorish art, even at this distant day, breathes of earthly enjoyment, of the poetry and pleasure of existence, and for the moment life becomes a dream of delight. After the vision of such a terrestrial paradise even the palace of San Telmo, the Duke of Montpensier's residence, seems prosaic and a mere abode of care. I was greatly disinclined to reënter the every-day world, so I made half the circuit of the city to reach the Triana, or gypsy quarter, on the other side of the Guadalquivir. The road lay along

Las Delicias, the favorite drive of the Sevillians, tropical gardens and clusters of palms and cypresses on one hand, on the other a belt of oaks and elms edging the river and a long line of schooners and sloops moored to the shore. One after another the salient features of Seville came into view: the queenly Giralda, an immense castellated structure, which looks like a mediæval fortress, but is only the tobacco factory made famous by Mérimée's story and Bizet's opera of *Carmen*; the Torre d'Oro, an octagonal tower, with three crenelated stories of diminishing size, said to take its name from the golden hoards of the New World which were unladed and deposited there; the vast amphitheatre of the bull-ring; and at length the bridge. In crossing it I had a lovely view, bathed in limpid light, of the river, curving away above and below, fringed with masts and sails and flags; the city and its towers, on one side; on the other, a narrow white suburb scattering into the verdant sunny plain, walled in by a range of purple hills. I found the gypsy quarter very different from the huddle of picturesque squalor which I had expected. It is more like a neat village, the houses being white, and low like cottages. The few shop doors and windows are given up to the gay appurtenances of the Andalusian horsemen, and to coarse pottery of the most beautiful antique Eastern forms. Before one of the saddlers' shops stood a drove of patient-faced donkeys. Their driver, in black velvet, with a crimson sash round his waist, a crimson handkerchief knotted about his head and falling upon his shoulder, his peaked hat in the hand that rested on the back of a pet mare, was bargaining for a pair of purple and orange saddlebags. My errand was for earthenware, and I entered a small shop where great bulging oil-jars of dark shining green, with a deep projecting rim and three curved handles, stood in rows; the walls were lined with shelves bearing dark red

terra-cotta water-cruses, with taper necks and trefoil lips, others of a delicious cream-color, covered with a graceful incised design, and others delicately beaded over with a raised pattern; some had one arm akimbo, or a long, eccentric spout. There were flat flasks and oval dishes boldly decorated in majolica colors with bull-fights or scenes from peasant life, and kitchen platters big enough to hold a sirloin, with the designs and colors of old Moorish tiles; there were tiles, too, of such novel and bewitching hues and patterns that everything of the sort to be seen in France or England is vulgar by comparison. I lost my head over this display, and recklessly ordered big pieces by the pair and smaller ones by the dozen. My imagination showed me the steps of a familiar country-house, thousands of miles away, flanked with the great green jars holding oleanders and pomegranate shrubs, and an old mahogany sideboard adorned with the ivory-tinted water-coolers, and the hearts of aesthetic friends made glad by small reproductions of the more exquisite shapes. The gypsy merchant, only a degree more brown, stately, and silent than the ordinary Andalusian, betrayed no emotion at my prodigality, although I am persuaded that he had never made such a sale before, for the bill amounted to several hundred *reals*, which reduced to *pesetas* was just twelve dollars. The purchases were to be safely packed in a strong box, sent down the river to Cadiz, and shipped for America. The next day, doubting his promptness, I made a second expedition to the Triana to see if he had been as good as his word. Sure enough, there in a little grass-grown yard were three cases, about as large and as strong as common tea-chests. A horrible vision of rough stevedores, and custom-house officers not a whit less sly and sharp than gypsies, rose to my mind, and I said that there must be but one box, and that a strong one, as these would hardly hold together to reach the river.

The master of the shop lighted a cigarita and began to discuss the matter, his part of the argument consisting in almost total silence. Presently his wife joined us; then an old man who was smoking in the shop; then an old woman; then they called the carpenter. At last there were seven persons, sitting on doorsteps or slowly pacing about the packing-cases, as if measuring them for a carpet. It was pronounced impossible to make larger or thicker boxes, and that if made they could not be lifted by mortal men. My kind artist friend, who played interpreter with a patience that exasperated me, represented that grand pianos and colossal statues are packed in single boxes and sent round the world; but the Spaniards paid no attention to anything that we said. Monosyllabic objections, insuperable obstacles expressed in a single word, were their only answers. For three quarters of an hour the debate was carried on, until I finally broke off negotiations, declaring the Portland vase itself was not worth so many words. The Spaniard imperturbably professed himself ready to refund the money and forfeit the value of the cases, which were on the bill, but not to make another box. I had not brought the bill with me, and asked him to refer to his books for the amount. There were no books, no slate, no memoranda of any sort. He promised to call at the Fonda de Madrid that evening, see the bill, and repay the amount. I departed, skeptical, but preferring to lose the money rather than more time; but that evening the grave shopkeeper presented himself, the transaction was annulled, and he replied to my renewed regrets at losing the pottery by saying that he must lose his cases. An English friend, who was standing by, said that he would take the big green jars, which could be shipped direct to London. The shopkeeper answered that to transport those jars and nothing more the boxes must be made smaller, which would not be

worth his while; and wishing us good-evening with the utmost courtesy, he returned contented to his unsold wares. Some friends who have lived long in Spain witnessed this scene, and found nothing extraordinary in it; they said that most Spaniards would rather starve than work, and that even the industrious would rather lose much money than take a little trouble. It is hard to reconcile their laziness in these matters with their activity in others, and I was constantly struck by similar inconsistencies and contradictions in their conduct. In the hotels they pretend to have a fixed price for rooms and fare, which includes everything except the first morning meal (coffee, milk, or chocolate, and a roll), which is the same everywhere, service and lights. The sum is always high, and often extortionate; my only attempt at beating it down effected a reduction of fifteen pesetas, or three dollars a day, a third of the amount first mentioned. But at the end of a week, instead of the foolscap sheets of the usual English or Continental hotel-bill, doubling or trebling the expected expense, the traveler receives a single page, in which it is easy to decipher the few details, and on which no unstipulated extras or omitted items are added at the last instant. There is the same inconsistency between their ferocity at the bull-fights and cock-fights and the kindly relations which exist between them and their domestic animals. Another is between the inordinate pride of birth of their nobility and the inconceivable democracy of manners to be observed in public places, where gentle and simple mix together. Another is in the arrogant, unprovoked assumption of equality of the lower classes towards purchasers, employers, and all persons occupying what is generally called a superior position, and their stately urbanity and politeness; the cab-drivers bow to each other from their boxes with profound and graceful salutations worthy of Louis

XIV.'s courtiers. Another incongruity is in the slovenliness of their dress and carelessness in some household matters, and the cleanliness which in many respects is unequaled out of Holland. In the more frequented streets and squares of Burgos, Madrid, and Seville there is a certain quantity of dust and litter; but even in the side-streets of those cities, and throughout Cordova and Toledo, there is a spotless nicety inexplicable where horses and mules, or even human feet, are constantly passing. A lady might walk through them in white satin shoes. Dirt is driven out of every nook and corner; neither sight nor smell is offended out-of-doors. Both in this respect and in the decency and decorum of the native habits there is a strong contrast between Spain and all other parts of the Continent. I was struck with the difference in going up to the top of the Giralda, my last ascension having been to the roof of the cathedral of Milan, the cleanest city in Italy.

As a general rule, climbing towers is a futile feat; the city below becomes a mere plan and the surrounding country as flat and featureless as a map. There are memorable exceptions: the campanile of St. Mark's at Venice, the Leaning Tower of Pisa, and the beautiful Giralda. The last, like the other two, is a wide, easy slope, without steps, lighted at intervals by arched and pillared openings with marble balconies and balustrades, the view growing at every stage; at the belfry the balcony becomes an arched porch, entirely surrounding the tower. On three sides I had it to myself; on the fourth a crowd of men, women, and children, with opera-glasses and small telescopes, were literally climbing on each other's backs to watch a bull-fight which was going on nearly half a mile away. The white town lay at my feet, its dark roofs gilded by a small wild-flower which overspread them, its level broken by church-towers and crenelated walls, green garden areas, and dusky

spears of palm and cypresses ; here and there a fountain sparkled like a diamond. The Guadalquivir, dazzling in the sunshine, winds idly through the grassy plain ; the sierras, every shade of violet, from the palest lilac to the deepest plum-color, show their sharp white teeth against the effulgent sky. The doves and hawks, which make their nests peaceably in nooks of the tower, flew to and fro on their errands ; the sound of the city rose sleepily, like the hum of a great hive, as if its only occupants were bees feeding on the blossoms which filled the air with perfume. It was my last look at Seville : that night I turned my face northward, leaving her asleep under the still, warm moonlight, like a bride in her white robe and wreath of orange-flowers.

And the fair, and the museum, and the other sights and shows of the town, — is there nothing to say about them ? A great deal might be said, but it would be superfluous, as the greater contains the less, and there is nothing so beautiful and wonderful in Seville as Seville. The fair was more correctly a cattle-show, and its chief local peculiarity was a smell of frying, which quenched the fragrance of the groves and gardens for half a mile around, and which proceeded from the production of millions of fritters like little doughnuts, called *bunuelos*. The pictures are delightfully and fitly lodged in an ancient convent. The entrance is through a cloister, with a fine carved red cedar roof, and two courts, — one containing an old well such as aquarellists love, the other a maze of orange and pomegranate trees. The collection has only about two hundred paintings, but among them are some of the noblest Murillos in the world and the best Zurbarans. There are things which the stranger pays to see and stare at in Seville as elsewhere, but they are swallowed up by the great composite spectacle of the city itself, and leave no separate recollections.

It was three o'clock in the morning when I reached Cordova, and I had never supposed that even at that hour a town could be so silent. It seemed to be uninhabited. The moon had not set, and as we drove through a network of narrow streets there was not a light to be seen. The only living things we met were a man shrouded in a cloak and the donkey he bestrode ; he had to squeeze himself into a doorway to let the carriage go by, and then went on, casting a Doresque shadow on the white walls, in which man and beast were indistinguishable. The sun was high before I was up and on my way to the cathedral. The city was almost as deserted by day as by night : the streets were empty ; nobody went in or out of the houses, which were for the most part only a story high ; there were no open doorways, as at Seville ; the few patios of which I had a glimpse were simple courtyards, with a few flower-pots. Following the guide-book map, I found my way to a sort of narrow plaza bounded by a blank wall of great height, fortified with square towers embattled in the Moorish style with tongues of flame. The sun beat down from a cloudless sky on the cobble-stones of the pavement, and glanced back from the shadowless walls with midsummer fierceness, although it was but the end of April. The walk seemed very long before I reached a lofty tower, heavily crowned with a belfry and cupola, and a great triple gateway, through which I descended by several steps into a spacious inclosure planted with immense orange-trees. A round-arched colonnade follows the walls on the inner side. Men were lounging, women drawing water, and children playing beside a large fountain, and eating the fruit which fell from the great glossy-leaved orange-trees, said to be as old as the caliphs. Of the exterior of the sacred building I have no recollection. I walked across the grove, which is acres in extent, absorbed in the contemplation of

mutability. Here, in ancient times, stood a temple of Janus; early Christians built a basilica on its site; the Moors took the city, and bought the ground of the conquered Christians for good gold to build a mosque, permitting the priests to depart with the honors of war, carrying away their sacred objects undecorated. For five hundred years the mild Moslem reigned and worshiped here, with large tolerance of Jews and Christians. Then the followers of the Lamb came back and cast forth all unbelievers. The crucifix stands again on the high altar, and the missal has replaced the Koran; but as I crossed the threshold I exclaimed to myself, "This is Islam!" It was like entering a new land, a new world. On every side, far as the eye could reach, arcades opened before me intersected by other arcades, innumerable smooth, slender columns supporting double Moorish arches, one above the other, with an open space between,—a labyrinth of parallel pillared avenues constantly crossing other avenues. As I walked on, looking right and left, seeing no end, no exit, nothing but successive colonnades of many-colored marble shafts, porphyry and jasper, with waving palm-branches and feathery tree-ferns for capitals, and horseshoe arches of broad alternate bands of red and white interminably repeated, a dark vaulted roof overhead in a summer twilight obscurity, a sensation half-strange, half familiar, made me wonder in what dream I had paced these aisles before. Then I found myself thinking of the rows of a great field of Indian corn in which I had lost myself when I was a child. The effect of sameness and endlessness is almost identical; the impression on the imagination is of a vast plantation of palms turned to stone. There are in fact a thousand pillars,—once there were many more,—and the ground plan is four acres; the roof is forty feet high, but is lowered to the eye by the absence of soaring lines and long curves, the

Moorish arches, tier on tier, being united above by upper rows of pillars and pilasters springing from the capitals of the lower columns. As one advances into this mysterious marble forest the apparent uniformity disappears: there is great variety of detail in the pillars, although they are nearly of the same size; they are Greek, Roman, Lombard, as well as Moorish. Penetrating further, one espies grotto-like chapels, where the Moorish architect has given his fancy freer play than in the adjacent aisles. Here the lavish decoration abounds in new caprices and combinations. The arches bend into curves, such as are sometimes formed for a moment in a thick silken sash, or a long, narrow pennon waving in the wind; but as the resemblance strikes one the interlacing folds stiffen, and present only a series of scallops or semi-rosettes diversified with arabesques. These were the hallowed places of the Mohammedan; and here are enameled tiles, gilding, variegated colors, inscriptions from the Koran in letters like heavy lace, glittering Byzantine mosaics sent from Constantinople by one of the Cæsars of the Lower Empire, and cupolas of cedar and ebony carved and inlaid. At length the heart of the fane is reached, and enormous columns, which might uphold a mountain, open the way into a great Renaissance cathedral: the roof is gold and white; the choir can seat a hundred priests; the pulpits are piles of dark wood carving and wrought brass; the marble floor is covered with gorgeous Turkish carpets. It is a fine monument of mundane devotion. Authorities differ as to whether this interloping church was built upon a central open court or on a space torn from the mosque itself. Most people follow the emperor Charles V. in bewailing the disfigurement of an ancient and unique edifice for the sake of a comparatively modern one, by no means the best of its kind. The cathedral, however, is very handsome in

its way, spacious, imposing, and rich enough in ornament to hold its own beside the Moslem temple at its elbow. The very disparity is a great element of interest, and enhances the effect of the Moorish architecture, adding a spell to the strange, mythical influence of the whole. Mutilated it may be in its present condition, but it is more than ever a wonder of the world. I was told that the Moors of Africa still cherish the recollection of their splendid rule in Spain, and that their poetry commemorates the glories of Cordova and the delights of Grenada after five hundred years' return to the soil whence they originally came. The exiled Jews, of whom many were transported to Morocco, cling to the memory of Andalusia as of old they remembered Zion by the waters of Babylon. A curious story was told to the present Duke de Frias, by his father, of a Jewish family in Africa, in which the tradition had been handed down from generation to generation that at a certain time, known only to the head of the house, the family should return to their home in Toledo. The probation expired during the lifetime of the late duke. The Hebrew father confided the family secret to his eldest son, giving him a key which had been treasured for centuries, and bade him go to Toledo and destroy a wall in a situation which he minutely described; a door would thus be disclosed, which the key would open, and the Jew would have access to the home of his ancestors, which had been lost to sight and to the memory of all men save one since they were driven out, in the days of Ferdinand and Isabella. The Jew went, and found the wall, the door, the keyhole, and the concealed house, but what more he found the deponent saith not.

Two or three hours slipped away as I wandered among the pillars, trying to guess the date and nationality of some of them, or to disentangle the devices of the arabesque tracery, and I would

gladly have idled as many days there; but in my pocket there was a coupon-ticket, as fatal in its nature as Balzac's *peau de chagrin*; each pleasure curtailed its surface, and warned me to make the most of its limited capability. So I took the afternoon train for Madrid, glad of a chance to see the country over which I had previously passed at night. The day was cloudless, and earth and sky wore the vernal smile of a new-created universe, although the temperature was that of June. At first we glided through gardens, orange-groves, and olive-orchards, inclosed in straggling hedges of huge cactus or aloes. Here and there a small white house gleamed amidst cypresses, myrtles, and a tangle of roses; so small that it could hardly be more than a laborer's cottage, so pretty and elegant that it had the air of a miniature villa. By degrees the gardens and groves gave place to grain fields of vivid green, and meadows where the grass was hidden under sheets of flowers, — plots of yellow, pink, light blue, dark blue, or all mingled; there was a warm purple species which I saw several times set in a border of white, with the most splendid effect. As the afternoon wore on, a few clouds drifted slowly across the sky, and their shadows, followed by sweeps of sunshine, made the flowery fields sparkle like beds of jewels laid bare to the light. The railway banks blazed with poppies; in the distance there were low, fawn-colored towns, with embattled walls; at long intervals a ruined castle on a hilltop. The river wound through the landscape red as blood. The sun was sinking when we passed Javalquinto, the site of a great battle with the Moors. The emerald meadows in the foreground rolled gently upward as they receded, hiding the Guadalquivir; beyond lay a zone of land, striped like a tiger-skin, at the foot of steep heights covered with dull green cork forests; above them towered the peaked and serrate mountain ridge, first

the color of amethyst, then changing to a delicate pink, finally glowing with a deep peach-color, while the ravines were veiled by shadows too soft for a name. The aloe hedges were no more to be seen, but here and there a single gigantic plant brandished its spiked, sword-like leaves and uplifted its tall flower stem, which in form and color recalls the golden candlestick of the temple at Jerusalem. The lovely hues and velvet down of springtime softened the severity of the outlines, which, as in all the Spanish landscapes that I saw, were stern and grand rather than beautiful; it was a scene never to be forgotten. In a few moments the sun had set; before an hour was over the last vestige of tropical vegetation had vanished, and we had drawn nearer to the mountains, so that their rugged sides and broken pinnacles were visible through the gathering gloom. For a short time there was darkness; then a glorious full moon rose above the rocky gorge of the Despeñaperros just as we plunged into the first of eight long tunnels, which robbed us of half the savage grandeur of the pass. Emerging for a brief time, we saw far above us tremendous natural embrasures and battlements of dark crag against the clear, pale night sky, black masses of foliage clinging to the walls of the cliffs, and below us flashed the swift rush of a mountain torrent. It was the Gateway of the Lost Dogs, so called from a retreat of the vanquished Arabs, and it is the passage between Andalusia and La Mancha. As we issued from it we found ourselves in a different region; wide, uninhabited, treeless plains, strewn with rocks, opened before us for long hours, lying as clear as day under the tranquil moon. The temperature grew colder constantly, until I was obliged to walk to and fro in the railway-carriage to avoid becoming thoroughly chilled. From midnight until daybreak the country offered only a spectacle of the most despairing sterility

and desolation, increased by the pallid light of the setting moon in her struggle with dawn. Suddenly, across the dreary waste, a dark expanse of woodland came in sight, and presently we began to pass fine groups of oaks, elms, and beeches, reminding one of an English park, intersected by wide, straight avenues and formal canals and ponds, emptying into two pretty streams winding about this sylvan realm. The noble forms of the trees were undisguised by verdure, but their branches and twigs were fringed by bursting buds and tiny leaves, making a dark lace pattern against the sky, which was now beginning to redden; through the boughs we caught glimpses of stately buildings and monumental gateways. The place had a royal and storied aspect befitting its name, for it proved to be Aranjuez. The trees were brought from England by Philip II., and have been witnesses to three centuries of historical romance, from the days of Schiller's Don Carlos and that one-eyed Venus the Princess of Eboli to the more recent adventures of the ex-Queen Isabella. It has been deserted of late years, and is not open even to the people of Madrid, for whom it would make a delightful holiday resort. The Tagus kept us company for a little while after we left the groves and brooks of Aranjuez; then bent its course away, and left us to traverse the stony wilderness which surrounds Madrid. In an hour more the city rose above the horizon, and my Spanish trip was at an end. The remaining days of the month were but as the last sands of an hour-glass, and my Cook's ticket gave me leave to go back to Paris, with no further privilege than to stop at the frontier.

I have a word or two of advice for readers who have followed me through these pages, and who may some day follow in my footsteps. As luggage is charged very high in Spain, the amount allowed to a first-class passenger scarcely reaching the weight of the lightest

trunk, it is well to travel with as little as possible. Books are burdensome companions, as I found to my cost, having taken a traveling library for reference, — Augustus Hare, Gautier, and Amicis, besides Murray's guide-book. Gautier's letters, although written forty years ago, are so true to-day that there can be no better proof how little the country has changed; but in this volume he is only the most brilliant and original of newspaper correspondents, and his information about ways and means is valueless, as he traveled before the days of railways and hotels. His *Voyage en Espagne* is a book to read before going to Spain, or after coming back, or by all means if you do not go at all, but not to take with you. Amicis, although he went to Spain very lately, traveled in Gautier's track, and his *Spagna* is scarcely more than a free translation of

Gautier's book, with the addition of a few whimsies and personal adventures and much verbiage of his own. Hare, who begins his *Wanderings in Spain* with a lengthy introduction and itinerary of what he *meant* to see, made the most cockney tour; keeping to the beaten track, and scarcely visiting a place of capital interest not mentioned by Gautier. He, too, cribs unconsciously from the Frenchman, and pads his poor book with ill-translated quotations from French letter-writers of the seventeenth century and trite legends or historical anecdotes. It is stale, flat, and unprofitable, and bad English into the bargain. Murray's guide-book is a full, entertaining, and accurate manual, as far as my experience goes, and that, or O'Shea's, is the only one needed on a journey where every ounce must be taken into account.

DINKY.

I.

THERE was a tradition that his mother had been a "yaller free nigger." The children who lived in Jail Alley were seldom provided with fathers of any color.

Dinky and Spot were comrades. They were always seen together, and shared alike the scraps thrown them by the neighbors. During the daytime they roamed through the city, going where they pleased, and accountable to no man. When the days were warm and sunny they rejoiced in the gladness of nature, and leaving behind them the hot bricks and dusty houses of the city the two vagabonds would wander off to the green, untenanted fields, and lie for hours under some leafy shelter, blinking up in the sky, or sleeping the summer

hours away. When aroused by hunger they stole if they could, and if there was nothing to steal, Dinky would beg for food; but this he hated to do, and never importuned save where the houses were small and their inhabitants almost as poor as himself. During the chill and cheerless days of winter — which, thank Heaven, are but few and far between in Richmond on the James — Dinky and Spot kept close together in their home; for Jail Alley, that narrow and ill-smelling beehive of human misfortune, was the only home the two friends knew.

Aunt Sally, who lived in the tumble-down hovel at the corner, might have been called their patroness, for it was beneath her broken and trembling shed that they were permitted to sleep in peace during the winter months. It

was whispered in the alley that she knew what had become of Dinky's mother, when she had disappeared five years before; and, wonder of wonders, it was also said that Aunt Sally could tell, if she chose, the name of Dinky's father. She was kind by fits and starts to her two *protégés*; sometimes giving Dinky a very ragged garment that she had found while plying her trade, and sometimes beating the two friends cruelly with a short, thick chair-round which she kept convenient for the purpose. She was very old and very black. She had but one tooth left, which projected and gave her an ugly nickname among her associates. She was a rag-picker, a fortune-teller, and a vender of drugs. This last means of support was reserved for a night-business, and a very dark night-business it generally proved to be. Girls in shawls and veils stole guiltily down the dark and slippery alley, and knocked with trembling fingers at Aunt Sally's worm-eaten and blistered door, "to have their fortunes told." When the old crone had been rewarded, the fortune was carried off in a black bottle. Aunt Sally was her own mistress. She hired herself from her master, and paid him fifty dollars a year for the privilege of earning her living.

One morning in late October a report was circulated around the alley that Dinky was ill, and that Aunt Sally had put him in her own bed and was nursing him. The "nursing" consisted of a good deal of shaking, many hard words, and repeated doses of camomile tea and senna. Spot sat beside the bed, a living and muddy embodiment of faithful distress. The sun was shining very invitingly outside, and Aunt Sally's chair-round was in frequent juxtaposition to Spot's back, within doors; but Spot never wavered in that allegiance which he owed his sick friend, and sat like a sentinel at his side. Frequently he was driven away from his post by the chair-round; but he always promptly came

back, showing his white teeth in what he meant as a reassuring smile for Dinky's encouragement.

Before many days Dinky was able to be up and about, and tempted by a fireman's parade, one morning, the two friends walked up the main street to see the play of the engines. When the glittering display was over Dinky stood weak, but exultant, leaning on a fire-plug. Spot spied two big dogs fighting over a tempting bone which lay unclaimed between them. The little fellow had been shut up for a week, and was wild with curiosity, acquisitiveness, and the new-found sense of freedom. He started off to join the two contestants. Dinky saw something terrible come rumbling around the corner. It was a large black iron cage on wheels, drawn by fiery black horses, in which numberless dogs were howling, fighting, and barking. Two brawny negroes, carrying nets on long poles, preceded the cart to gather up all peripatetic curs lacking medals and masters. With a cry of anguish Dinky darted away to claim and protect his only friend. But alas for poor Spot! before Dinky's trembling legs had accomplished half the distance the negroes had hurled their nets at the three unfortunates, and thrown them all together in the cart, which disappeared in a cloud of dust.

Desperate and weeping, Dinky made his way to Aunt Sally.

"De dog-ketchers dun took Spot. Please, please, Aunt Sally, gie me de money ter git him out!"

"Git long, lazy-bones. I'm glad dat pesky dog is whar he orter bin long ago."

"Oh, Aunt Sally, I'll wuk—I'll wuk fer you day en night! Gie me de money."

"Whar you tink I gwine ter git two dollars en a haf? Git long," and the old woman hobbled after the chair-round. Dinky fled to his own corner

of the shed. There was the place Spot had occupied so lately. Here they had been hungry; here they had rejoiced over some windfall of fortune, in the shape of cheese rind and knuckle-bone; here Dinky had so often slept with Spot curled in his arms; here Spot's had been the only breast on which the little outcast's head had ever been pilowed. With streaming eyes Dinky remembered each charm of his lost companion: how long and black the little terrier's hair was, and how warm a comforter during the long chill nights: his faithful eyes, brown as a berry, sometimes so mournful, and often fairly snapping with delight; and that beautiful white spot on his nose! Oh! Dinky felt that he could stand silence and inaction no longer. "I'll go to Horse Heaben!" he cried aloud in his pain, and started off as fast as his poor little legs could carry him.

Horse Heaven, the place where all unpaid-for dogs caught by the dog-catchers were put to death, lay a short distance east of Poor-House Hill. When Dinky left Jail Alley he had to pass a spot where there was a lively negro auction going on. As he approached, Dinky could hear the auctioneer's stentorian voice chanting the praises of the slaves of which he was disposing, and the voices of the traders in reply. Soon Dinky saw the auctioneer exhibiting his merchandise, and the buyers and traders examining their new-made property. Near the auctioneer stood a tall, handsome man, who seemed to be taking no active part in the sale. A brilliant thought struck Dinky. He hurried forward through the dusky crowd, and grasping the auctioneer by the hand said, —

"Mars, mars, put me on de block nex; please put me on de block, en sell me fer two dollars en a haf."

"Sell you, child! To whom do you belong?" inquired the auctioneer.

"I belongs ter myself. I'se a free nigger. Sell me quick, mars, befo dey

kills Spot!" cried the little yellow boy, with swollen and flushed face.

"Who is Spot?"

"Spot's my dog, en de dog-ketchers took him. Sell me quick, en gie me de money, and lemme go to Horse Heaben. I'm right smart, gentlemens," said Dinky, addressing the crowd. "I kin dance, en sing, en crack bones, en play de Jew's-harp. See me cut de pigeon wing;" and climbing up on the block, Dinky began, and tried to "jump Juba" as he sang: —

"De cotton is a blowin',
De nigger is a hoein'
De lowlan groun'.
De yaller gal is waitin',
De tontit's matin',
De sun's goin' down.

"Molly Cottontail is settin'
Crackin' nuts, en bettin'
Nobody nigh.
De flat boat's comin',
Wid de rowers hummin'
'Heaben bimeby.'

"De cotton done pickin',
Nigger start deir kickin'
On de kitchen floo.
De fiddle am scrapin',
De crowd am gapin'
At de open doo.

"Jump Juba, high en higher,
De yaller gal's a flyer,
Mornin' comes prancin',
De sun's in de sky.
Hear de horn fer de pickin',
Nigger'll git a lickin',
If daylight etch him dancin'
'Root hog er die.'

II.

Mr. Joseph Chace lived in Newtown, Rhode Island. A republican, a well-to-do lawyer, a man of education and ideas, he had been traveling through the South. Actuated by curiosity, he had gone that morning to witness a negro slave market. Mr. Chace felt his heart swell with pity for the seven years' old child, who was sobbing and dancing, and offering his freedom in exchange for his little dog's life. The auctioneer had his business to

attend to. He waved Dinky away, and soon the wail was pouring his woes into Mr. Chace's friendly ear.

Mr. Chace's only child, a boy of twelve, was a hopeless cripple. His father had done everything in his power to relieve the suffering which he could not remove. While Dinky was relating his story, his life in Jail Alley, his friendless and woe-begone condition, the thought of the pleasure which his son Arthur might find in Dinky struck Mr. Chace very agreeably, and the philanthropist wished that he might educate the boy, and make him the Moses of his enslaved people.

"Here," said Mr. Chace, — "here are five dollars. I will go with you to Horse Heaven."

Dinky, ignorant of the forms of a polite civilization, threw himself into the stranger's arms and embraced him rapturously.

A convenient carriage was found, and soon the street Arab and the well-dressed Northern lawyer were seated side by side in pursuit of Spot. It was late in the afternoon when the carriage reached Horse Heaven. In the centre of the ring lay a heap of newly slaughtered victims. Several negroes were busy dispatching their prey, and their dying yelps smote the ear of the stranger. With a bound Dinky left the carriage, and not seeing his treasure among the living began to search for him among the dead. There he lay in the middle of the pile, dead, but not yet cold. Screaming with impotent rage, and wild with grief, Dinky hugged Spot to his heart. Then, as though felled by unseen hands, Dinky dropped senseless at Mr. Chace's feet.

What was Mr. Chace to do with his self-imposed protégé? He could not leave him at the mercy of those dog-killers, and would not take him back to Jail Alley. He dared not carry him to the hotel, and place him in his bed; for in 1847 that would have been a procla-

mation of abolition sentiment, meriting the rough handling of a mob, perhaps.

Mr. Chace held a long colloquy with the negro hackman. The result was that Dinky was lifted into the carriage and securely covered with a shawl. Mr. Chace went to his hotel, paid his bill, and drove straight to the railroad station. The Northern-bound train started a few minutes after he entered the car. No one's attention was specially directed to the child, who lay swathed in the shawl. When Dinky recovered consciousness he ate ravenously of the food which Mr. Chace had thoughtfully secured; and then he sank into a heavy sleep which lasted many hours. When they had passed through Baltimore Mr. Chace breathed more freely. He had no desire to be arraigned for kidnapping. In Philadelphia he stopped long enough to provide Dinky with clothes and more food. The child was stupid with illness, fatigue, and the unwonted excitement of travel. A few days after his arrival in Newtown, when he was somewhat recovered from his illness, Dinky was presented to Arthur Chace, who had been pining to see the child his father had rescued from the wretchedness of Jail Alley.

Mr. Chace's household consisted of himself, his motherless boy Arthur, and Miss Aurelia Chace. Miss Aurelia was aged sixty; was high-nosed, high-minded, bigoted, dogmatic, skinny, and spectacled. Mr. Chace's sister and housekeeper.

To Arthur, Dinky at once became the source of an endless succession of delights. Such tales as Dinky told Arthur about Jail Alley! How Arthur's eyes sparkled, and how he loved his yellow sprite!

Dinky stole everything he wanted, it is true, and had not the slightest regard for the truth; he had not the first idea of law or order. What a subject to be introduced into a prim, well-ordered Yankee family! One day the handsom-

est vase in the parlor was found smashed. Who did it? Dinky, of course. Why? To gain possession of a large painted red rose, its central ornament. He broke the eighth commandment whenever he saw anything that he thought Arthur would fancy; and he presented his stolen treasures with graceless innocence of virtue and ignorance of vice. Dinky's most skillful depredations were committed upon the neighbors. Woe betide the housewife who left her jelly cooling in the basement window, or put her custard out to freeze itself in the snow! The spirit of mischief was rampant in Dinky, who was as slippery as an eel, as adroit as Cartouche, and as unrepentant as — Dinky.

To Mr. Chace, he was the incarnate representative of a national enigma; to Arthur, a deep delight; to Miss Aurelia, the object she had been chosen to convert. To Mr. Chace, Dinky was affectionately respectful; to Arthur, an adoring slave; but to Miss Aurelia's admonitions he turned a deaf ear and a smiling face. When Miss Aurelia began to read the Bible to him, and tried to teach him the difference between right and wrong, he was not very attentive; but when Arthur relieved his aunt of her pupil, Dinky became all alive with attention and regard. Every morning for two hours Arthur struggled with Dinky, teaching him his letters, reading to him, and trying to interest him.

It was indeed some time before Dinky grew really interested in Arthur's reading from the good book. One morning Arthur chanced to read that canticle of Solomon's which begins, "Black am I, though comely, ye daughters of Jerusalem." When Arthur had finished his reading Dinky gave a sigh of pleasure and relief. "Mars Arty," he said, "I'se mighty glad you read me 'bout dat Bible nigger dat was king of de Jews. Aunt Sally said dere was no place in de Bible fer niggers, an now

I'se monstous glad ter hear you read out of de white folks' Bible 'bout de nigger king."

Every day after that he listened attentively; and when, under Mr. Chace's direction, Arthur read those portions of the New Testament most intelligible and interesting to children, Dinky was really impressed, and, to quote Miss Aurelia, "showed a more moral disposition."

Some time previous Miss Aurelia had lost a ten-dollar gold piece. She had taxed Dinky with the theft, and he had rolled his eyes up and sworn that he did not have the money. Miss Aurelia turned his pockets inside out, and found nothing. "You little wretch, you will never go to heaven," she said, as she banged the door behind her.

"Mars Arty," said Dinky confidentially, when he found himself alone with the lame boy, "is Miss 'Rely gwine ter heaben?"

"Yes," replied Arthur, "of course she is."

"Den I does n't want ter go," replied Dinky firmly.

"Oh, Dinky, dear!" said Arthur, patting Dinky's curly head, which lay against the bed as he crouched beside it. "I hope that I am going to heaven, and there are many little children there."

"What, nigger chillun?" inquired Dinky.

"Yes, indeed," replied Arthur eagerly; "all sorts of children."

"I specks de colored chilluns hev ter pick up trash en run roun waitin on de quality. I reckon I'll stay here wid Mars Joe. Does you speck Miss 'Rely gwine ter start soon? Mars Arty," continued Dinky reflectively, "Miss 'Rely all de time 'cusin me o' sumthin'. Dis time 't is de money. Now I nebber stole dat money. I was jes a-standin by de table, en de little yaller thing kept up sech a shinin' I jes put my finger on it, en all at onct de shiny piece pintedly riz up en stuck ter my hand."

"Oh, Dinky! give aunt Aurelia her money. It is not right for you to keep it."

"Mars Arty, I hopes I may nebber fall down ef I 'se got Miss 'Rely's money," and Dinky walked away from Arthur's pleading eyes and entreating hands.

Months afterwards Mr. Chace heard accidentally that Dinky had given the money to Sady Small, the poor, half-starved, wretched daughter of a drunken cobbler. Mr. Chace also heard the reason of Dinky's usual hatless and shoeless condition, and how the child was always ready to distribute his clothes among the poor children in the neighborhood. Generous, warm-hearted, undisciplined Dinky, — Dinky, who had never entirely recovered from the fever, which had left him with a hollow cough; Dinky, who told stories, and smiled sweetly as he gave his last stolen treasure away; Dinky, whose big black eyes got bigger and blacker as his little yellow face became thin and worn; Dinky, who came home weekly almost naked through frost and snow, to which his feet were little accustomed, and refused to account for the lack of vesture; unquiet, restless Dinky; Dinky, on whose little frame the Northern winter was telling hardly; in a word, naughty Dinky, whom everybody loved.

There was a large colored photograph of Christ blessing little children which hung beside Arthur's bed. Dinky always arranged his little chair so that he might face the picture during his lessons and the Bible reading.

"Mars Arty," he said one evening, when everything was quite still, and only the flickering wood fire lent its light to the room, "dat 's a monstous pitiful-looking gentlemun up dar in dat picture frame. I likes him mightily, 'specially sence you dun tole me he nebber slighted poo folks. I specks I knows what he's a-t'inkin' ter hisself dis minute, while his hans is a layin' on dat white boy's head."

"What do you believe him to be thinking of, Dinky?"

"I specks he's a-t'inkin' of Jail Alley, en a-wishin' de little chilluns dere was es clean en white es dese in de picture frame."

Arthur smiled and sighed.

One cold, bleak day in March Arthur had been feeling very unwell, and to amuse him Dinky had been playing all sorts of tricks, and turning somersaults on the wolfskin which lay beside the bed. All at once the child stopped, and put his hands to his lips, from which the red life blood was pouring.

Arthur's cries summoned Miss Aurelia, and Dinky, at Arthur's earnest entreaty, was made comfortable on a sofa pushed close to the bed. When the hæmorrhage was stopped the physician administered an anæsthetic, and Dinky slept undisturbed for some hours. The household came in and went out with cat-like tread, and Arthur was almost afraid to breathe, fearing to disturb the little patient. Mr. Chace looked very sad and nervous.

About sunset Dinky awoke, bright-eyed, flushed, delirious; and the nervous fingers went restlessly picking about the bright squares of Miss Aurelia's satin quilt.

"Hey, Spot, ole dog; hey, Spot, come long. Aunt Sally ain't dar, — no, no. I dars n't steal de pie. Mars Arty say dat 's wrong. Heylo, Spot! de green trees; oh! de nice runnin' water. Lady, gie a poo nigger a cent, — one cent, lady, ter buy a flower fer Mars Arty, lame Mars Arty, lady. Don't hit so hard, Aunt Sally. I wish I was dead. Ha-ha-ha, who put de skeercrow on de fence? Nice, nice gentlemun." The child babbled on, picking at the quilt, and gazing intently at the far corner of the room. "Dinky's sorry. Miss 'Rely say ef I come home barefoot agin she gwine ter lock me up. I could n't keep de money. Sady's foot was all bloody in de snow. Mars Arty, Mars Arty!"

"Dear, dear Dinky, I am here, and so

is papa," cried Arthur, sobbing and trying to catch Dinky's fluttering fingers.

"Oh, gentlemun, nice gentlemun!" Dinky said, still gazing into the corner, and stretching out his hands. "Whar you come fom, wid Spot? Thankee, mars, thankee. Spot, Spot, I'se glad. I'se so glad. Miss 'Rely got heap ov goodies in de pantry. No, no, Miss 'Rely, I won't steal. I gwine ter ax you 'er sumptin. Gie Spot a dollar—fer Aunt Sally—poor Aunt Sally in Jail Alley—she don't know you, gentlemun—but—Mars Arty say you is so pitiful you lub her all de same. What Mars Arty say? 'When your fader and your mudder forsake you de—Lord—will—pick—you—up.' Dinky got no mudder, gentlemun. Is you my fader? You is n't de Lord come a-standin by a yaller chile like dis? Who is you? I ain't stole nuthin' ter-day. I ain't stole

nuthin sence—Nobody ebber told Dinky befo. Marster, I'm sorry," and Dinky's eyes looked pleadingly at his invisible friend. Miss Aurelia had taken off her spectacles, and was crying softly, ashamed and contrite. The little negro boy was teaching the bigot that there are many paths leading to the house of God.

Simple, well-meaning Mr. Chace! He had hoped to be the humble instrument of giving a Moses to his people. Poor man, his eyes were blinded with tears, but "it was well with the child."

"Oh, papa, he won't look at me, he won't speak to me!" sobbed Arthur. "What is he looking at? What does he see?"

"Spot," cried Dinky rapturously, "I'm coming wid de gentlemun. Spot, my Spot"—and he fell back on the pillow.

Mary Beale Brainerd.

NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS.

SEVENTEEN years ago Willis was laid at rest in Mount Auburn. It would almost seem as if his books had been buried in the same grave with him. One small collection of his poems remains in circulation, and that is all. The present generation knows him not, or knows him vaguely. At the period of his death Willis had already outlived his best inspiration; between him and his sparkling work the war had drawn that red line which had the effect of giving an air of obsolescence to everything on the further side. New men and new literary fashions had sprung up: only the fittest of the old survived. It was natural that so delicate a talent as Willis's should fall into neglect. I think that some of the neglect is undeserved, and is therefore temporary. There are many persons still living who have not quite

outgrown a feeling of attachment for that bright personality which at one time did so much to influence our unformulated social and literary tastes. Certainly, Willis was too individual a figure in our literature, too peculiarly American in spite of all his foreign airs and acquaintanceship, and too richly endowed with that rare faculty of interesting and attaching readers to himself, to be permanently passed by. His very faults and foibles are engaging, and should not blind us to the real manliness beneath the surface. He has a distinctive literary quality, a tone and manner entirely his own. There is in all that he has written a rich personal flavor, which affects one as a charm, and makes the man a part of his most trivial production. The reader comes at last to feel as if he had known the writer, and

been taken into his very confidence. He had a rare gift of communicating his individual standpoint of thought and feeling, and could invest even trifles with a living and familiar interest. This was more than the effect of his swift, light stroke, as it was also more than a mere literary trick. Rather, it was a native facility and inborn instinct of approach, which gave him ready entrance to the heart. He was always sure of a response,— too fatally sure, too cruelly favored by fortune in all his beginnings, to be equally certain of his best achievement. Nature might have done more for him if she had done less. Like Leigh Hunt, whom in some respects he resembled, he lacked the early discipline of rebuff and patient labor done in privacy. His flowering was premature, and the instant pressure of demand to which the undergraduate glory of *Scripture Sketches* subjected his powers put silent preparation out of the question.

Hence, at times, a certain extravagance and want of proportion in his work, a general lightness of tone that often amounts to deliberate injustice to himself and to his subject. Hence, too, an inability, which at last became constitutional, to undertake and carry on any systematic and sustained labor, together with a frankly confessed indifference to the peculiar consideration and rewards of such a course. His jaunty reply to the friends who begged him to concentrate his powers and write something for posterity but partially tells the story of Willis's apparent insensibility to fame. Doubtless he was sincere when he said that he would be glad to do so if posterity would make up a purse for him,— as sincere, perhaps, as his English contemporary *Praed*, when he thus sings of himself to the same purpose:—

"For he was born a wayward boy,
To laugh when hopes deceive him;
To grasp at every fleeting joy,
To jest at all that leave him;
To love a quirk and loathe a quarrel,
And never care a straw for laurel."

But circumstances as well as temperament had conspired in his case to bring about the short-sighted result. As Willis himself clearly shows, there was peculiar temptation for a facile pen like his to devote itself to popular work, when as yet American publishing had made little or no headway against the deeply felt need of an international law of copyright, and American journalism was beginning to offer prices which well might seem to him "extravagant." Naturally enough, to quote his own words, will "necessity plead much more potently than the ambition for an adult stature in literary fame;" nor does one wholly wonder at that "difficult submission to marketableness" which led him to "break up his statues at the joints, and furnish each fragment with head and legs to walk alone."

But this method of spontaneity, which so well fitted his gifts in prose, became the fatal limitation of his poetry. With no lack of native equipment, Willis never got beyond the promise of his early successes in versification, although he continued to enjoy the reputation of a poet during his lifetime. The *Scripture* poems, published while he was yet a student at Yale, had an instant and cordial reception. Henceforth we find little advancement upon the standard thus fixed by this immature fruitage of his youth. The hasty touch could hardly be expected to suffice for the wider reputation and riper demand of middle life, and we seem to see in much of the poetical work which followed only another case of arrested development. An occasional happy effect in some of the minor pieces still keeps the tradition of his power alive, even while the more exacting tests of to-day have ruled out the larger share of his poetry. Neither Willis nor John Pierpont succeeded in justifying the attempt at a modern reproduction of *Scripture* narratives.

Unevenness of workmanship and want of painstaking toil to supplement his un-

doubted aptness also kept Willis from the rank he might otherwise have reached among the acknowledged masters of English society verse. Willis never attained that airy firmness of touch so native to Præd, Locker, Dobson, and our own Holmes, which fairly imprisons a thought or fancy without effort or apparent intention. Nowhere is shown more consummate tact and skill than in the cutting of these exquisite jeweled bits called *vers de société*, which reflect, without a line too much or too little, the fleeting lights and shadows of graceful sentiment. Even in his more serious flights of fancy Willis too often skirts the dangerous line that divides sentiment from sentimentality. His Dedication Hymn and the Death of Harrison will live, and there is still a pathetic power in the Reverie at Glenmary and that Invocation he addresses to his mother on bringing home his English bride. But we are after all forced to look beyond his poetic achievement for the secret of Willis's undoubted capacity for holding the popular heart.

Willis himself had none of the common affectation of authorship, and took no pains to create an atmosphere of reserve or secrecy as to the sources of his power. He was the frankest of *littérateurs*, and barely escaped being a hack by the independence of his pen. He disarmed criticism at the outset by the unblushing confession that the readiness of the public to read and reward him for his work constituted his best excuse for writing at all. And somehow, in reading Willis, one never thinks of abusing so flattering a mark of confidence on his part.

This power of making others feel with him, this free, fresh charm of engaging familiarity, is nowhere better shown than in the little sketch To the Julia of Some Years Ago, supposed to have been written from Saratoga. The thing is perfect and quite inimitable in its way. I can call it nothing but sympathetic, so

swift and sure is it to enlist the feeling of the reader. And then the little undercurrent of pathos that flows so gently beneath the sparkle and apparent trifling of his manner! It all makes one think what a Thackerayan mastery of the sadder sides of sentiment our author might have had, with something more of constructive skill and genius for labor.

Whatever else he was, Willis was first of all a journalist, with a trained and instinctive equipment in some respects second to none this country has ever produced. With no taste for Franklin's thrift, and none of that genius for political leadership which has marked the other great masters of the art in this country, Willis always had the feeling of a correspondent and the judgment of an editor. His knowledge of the public taste was unerring, and his faculty of instant adjustment to its demands something phenomenal. Indeed, it almost amounted to another sense, this instinctive adaptation to just the degree of the solid and soluble it is well to mingle in pabulum designed for the multitude. For he never sacrificed to any audience his moment of serious aside, nor the classical allusion of which he was so fond, while at the same time no one could more gracefully beat a retreat from the threatening danger of things abstruse or profound. With his sensitive appreciation of the public appetite, he could tell precisely how far to go, — could make a spurt or a dash, and appear to have exhausted a subject which he had in reality hardly more than touched in passing.

There was a strong inherited journalistic flavor in Willis's blood. At the time of his birth, in Portland, January 20, 1806, his father, Nathaniel Willis, was editing the Eastern Argus; and ten years later we find him in Boston, — where he died May 26, 1870, at the ripe age of ninety, — continuing the work which was to link his name with the early his-

tory of journalism in this country. To him will always belong the credit of establishing, in 1816, our first religious newspaper, the *Boston Recorder*; as well as of founding, in 1827, the *Youth's Companion*, that first of the many periodicals since devoted to the interests of the young. Before the son had fairly finished his course at Yale, in the year last mentioned, the availability of the rising collegian had been marked by the versatile Peter Parley, and his path made easy from the university benches to an editorial chair. Immediately upon graduation, Willis assumed the charge of the *Token and Legendary*, which inaugurate that long list of journalistic ventures which have been connected with his name, beginning with the *American Monthly Magazine*, afterward merged in *General George P. Morris's New York Mirror*, and ending with the *Home Journal*. Here was the familiar rôle of pioneer newspaper work in which his father before him had been so conspicuous, only in his case it was enlarged and individualized by a keener insight, a broader culture, and a readier literary gift. Always reaching out for something novel and attractive, Willis had finally added to instinct an experience which made him easy master in this by no means easy field of writing.

"It is a voyage," he says, in speaking of the launching of a new periodical, "that requires plentiful stores, much experience of the deeps and shallows of the literary seas, and a hand at every halcyon. . . . No one who has not tried this vocation can have any idea of the difficulty of procuring the light yet condensed, the fragmented yet finished, the good-tempered and gentlemanly yet highly seasoned and dashing, papers necessary to a periodical." It is also interesting to us now to note that he thinks Edward Everett "the best magazine writer living" and considers Crittenden and Calhoun of the Senate capa-

ble of brilliant results in this direction; while he goes on to say that there is "a younger class of writers, — among them Felton and Longfellow, both professors at Cambridge, and Sumner and Henry Cleaveland, lawyers of Boston, — who sometimes don the cumbrous armor of the *North American Review*, but who would show to more advantage in the lighter livery of the monthlies."

Willis was himself a consummate illustration of this art, a born magazinist, and able to live up to its most exacting demands. What a fine little specimen of what he calls his "babble" is this! "I was sitting last night by the lady with the horn and the glass umbrella at the Alhambra, — I drinking a julep, she (my companion) eating an ice. The water dribbled, and the moon looked through the slits in the awning, and we chatted about Saratoga. My companion has a generalizing mind, situated just in the rear of a very particularly fine pair of black velvet eyes, and her opinions usually come out by a little ivory gate with a pink portico, — charming gate, charming portico, charming opinions! I must say, I think more of intellect when it is well lodged."

Willis was often called upon to defend this choice of the lighter tone, about which, he maintained, there was no real choice in the then condition of American literature. His reply to the remonstrance against his "wasting time upon trifles" is still very good reading; and many will agree with him that, in the abundance of encyclopædias and books of reference, "few things are easier or more stupid than to be wise — on paper." One can readily see that it would indeed be less difficult, to quote his own words again and apply them in his own case, "to go to the ship chandler for a cable than to find a new cobweb in a much-swept upper story." Then that little clincher by way by close, that "Parthian fling" from Addison, which he so gayly "tosses under the nose" of his

critics: "Notwithstanding pedants of a pretended depth and solidity are apt to decry the writings of a polite author as flash and froth, they all of them show upon occasion that they would spare no pains to arrive at the character of those whom they seem to despise."

Willis was the first in this country to work that vein of society-writing which affects the present literary tone, and was already in vogue in England under the fitting appellation of "polite literature."

But with all his easy deference, however, Willis was never blind to the weaknesses and follies of fashion. Society never seemed so dear to him as when he could get away from it and enjoy or criticise it at a distance. See how, upon the first page of his *Inklings of Adventure*, he could prick the puffball of American aristocracy with the feathery point of his sarcasm! Nor can any one accuse him, with all his social currency of sympathy, with shoddyism or snobbery in any of its forms. His taste here was as fine as his imagination; and however he may sometimes fail in absolute truthfulness to nature, his divergence never endangers a principle.

This one may admit without forgetting the comment rife in Willis's lifetime, and even while confessing a certain sympathy with it so far as many of the personal passages in *Pencilings by the Way* are concerned. But so many distinguished travelers before and since have been guilty of a similar violation of taste that familiarity has somewhat dulled our sensitiveness; while the rapid development of this general tendency in our later journalism has made it sometimes rather difficult for us to understand the storm of indignation Willis's letters encountered in England. The personal element seems almost to have usurped the place of honor in current writing. It is a time of undress, with a constant emphasis upon the confidential and familiar attitude. The gossip of

the great, the unblushing chronicle of passing speech, appearance, and opinion, is so far tolerated in almost any literary company as to pass for the most part without either challenge or apology. Where once Willis accorded a hostile meeting to Captain Marryat, in justification of his course in this direction, the luckless correspondent of to-day has only to answer the more prosaic summons of the court. This drawing aside the veil that protects private sanctity has made personal detail the most readily negotiable of all literary wares; and certainly those who indulge and defend the right to this plain speaking can find no better answer to their critics than the sparkling prefaces which Willis put at the beginning of his books. He, at least, was shrewd enough to see that the point at issue was a temporary one, while every year of distance which intervened between the reader and the personages of whom he wrote would necessarily add to the value of the delineation. We can now afford the frank confession that nowhere else is it possible for one to gain so graphic a picture of the writers of his day as from Willis's *Pencilings by the Way* and *Ephemera*. Both author and subjects being now dead, no question of taste, happily for us, comes into controversy. With unmixed delight we can give ourselves up to those vivid sittings in Gore House, where Lady Blessington gathered the wits and intellectual wonders of London.

Willis was the first literary American ever lionized in England, and, however we may criticise the use he made of his opportunities for distinguished intercourse, they were certainly great. His exceptionally fine address and the fact that he was so thoroughly imbued with the literary spirit made it naturally follow that his pages should become a sort of magic mirror for reflecting the faces of many the world would not willingly forget. The pictures are done to the life; perhaps colored a little too highly

now and then with individual prepossession, but still so spirited and distinct as to affect the mind with an almost atmospheric power. One enters sensitively into the author's mood, and feels the flutter of trembling expectancy with which he crosses the threshold, and stands at last in the presence of those so long "worshiped from afar." It is well to have his introduction and the stimulation of a nature so readily responsive. One almost comes to fancy at last that it is himself instead of Willis who is following in the footsteps of Irving and Cooper, that earliest brace of literary favorites which America sent across to stir the curiosity of Europe. He hears their movements reported on the Continent, but everywhere misses them, all the time that his heart is thrilling with that first sweet praise which the Old World is according to our literature. He goes in and out with Bulwer, Barry Cornwall, Disraeli, and Tom Moore; grows confidential with Rogers, Lamb, Lord Jeffrey, and Joanna Bailie; dines with Jane Porter, or breakfasts with Landor or Kit North,—catching now and then a glimpse of that shadowy genius Count D'Orsay, half painter and half dandy, whose elegant person was not visible to the general public except in that interval between twelve o'clock Saturday night and the same hour on Sunday, when the debtor's law was not in force. Surely, in Willis's own language, these sketches may be pardoned "their lack of what an English critic cleverly calls the 'ponderous goodness of a didactic purpose,'" in consideration of that which he has in view, their "truthfulness to life." Rather than trust ourselves to the daily mercies of a moralizer, most of us would prefer to go traveling with one who, when he finds himself in the same room with the hero of Waterloo, can "feel his blood creep as if he had seen Cromwell or Marlborough," even while he asserts that if Cornelius Agrippa were

redivivus, and would show him his magic mirror, he would "as soon call up Moore as Dryden, Wordsworth or Wilson as soon as Pope or Crichton."

This we may say of Willis without assuming any undue subserviency to English models and canons of taste, such as was at one time falsely charged upon him. We are now at a safe distance from which to estimate the quality of his appreciation of foreign culture and refinement. Having been subjected to so much grosser forms of Anglomania, we go back to Willis to be impressed with his Americanism at every point. In one of his Letters from under a Bridge he unbosoms himself to the epistolary "Doctor"—whom he makes the target of so many happy fancies and allusions—on this danger of our depending upon English standards and English approval. "Where then shall be our nationality?" he asks, reflecting upon the possible result of the triumph of steam navigation that it shall turn London into a centre of American literature. Yet he was himself the first to see the temporary advantage, as well as the dangers, of the transatlantic standpoint. A large share of his own immediate popularity had come from this accident of an international ground of observation, at the same time that it was the native flavor which gave his reproductions of European scenes and manners their distinctive charm. The touch and tone were of the New World; the canvas and colors of the Old. The photographic vividness was his own, and the spirit throughout that of a pleased observer. But despite his cosmopolitanism, Europe in reality serves him only as a background and illustration, and he always returns to what is native with the taste and feeling of the true American.

Indeed, Willis seems to me always charming when he deals with our own scenery and life. I know of no one so enthusiastically in love with what is na-

tional in our landscape as he, and no one so capable of communicating his enthusiasm to others. It was all newer and more inaccessible fifty years ago than it is now, but no difficulties of travel could daunt one with so genuine a delight as his in objects of natural wonder and beauty.

It is in his little journeys that Willis shows at his best; he is so much at home in the world, so confident in his bearing and so irresistibly happy. He is the very prince of travelers,—one of those privileged souls who find the ideal and the romantic in ordinary places and prosaic experience. To be sure, he will be likely to spice the splendor of every scene with a flavor of social attractions. One must not be surprised to find him spellbound before the wild beauty of forest, river, or falls, with a lady upon his arm; for he will assert that one kind of sentiment flows naturally and without detriment into another. This is partly genuine and partly an impulse of art, suggested by the fact, to which he is keenly alive, that appreciation of natural beauty had as yet only imperfectly awakened in this country. He knows the added value in a sketch which a distinctively human element lends to the more general qualities of description. Lover of landscape as he is, he yet never omits the living figure from his picture. But take him off his guard, when the professional harness no longer binds his humor, and nothing could be more simple, more unaffected, than his characterizations of natural scenery. One hesitates to call them descriptions, for they are more than that,—actual, living embodiments of a delight in nature which, unfortunately, few are fresh enough to carry into maturer years.

No one who was not at heart native to the soil could have done those *con amore* sketches of life along the Susquehanna, entering as Willis did into the wild, adventurous experience of the

lumbermen, who often risked their lives upon its waters. Then how vividly he makes one see his raftsmen of the Delaware, who outdid even his rival of the Susquehanna in abandon and general untamableness, whirling down the swollen river with the first March thaw in huge arks, built of trees felled the previous winter, and dodging the low branches of the forest as he steers his ungainly craft between the shores and eddies! Of all natural objects Willis most affects a river, and among his happiest efforts are his pictures of well-known American streams. The strain of his description catches their very movement, and blends at last with the ever-varying hue of their scenery.

One wonders if the original builder of the bridge from under which he wrote those famous letters ever dreamed of the flow of thought and fancy it was destined to span in those still, bright summer days he so happily describes. That gentle current of his discourse, now dallying with the delights of nature, now faintly stirred by that echo of the world's affairs which finds him out in his retirement, moves on as gentle and unbroken as the stream beneath. It almost seems as if one might hear the exclamation of the idle rustic who hangs upon the fence, "How you do spin it off!" or again that wondering query as to whether he could be writing to the "folks at hum," or only making out a lease. Certain it is that the facile pen found nowhere freer and more graceful movement than among these simple surroundings of native rural life.

We come with something of surprise upon this unlooked-for independence in a man of such easy and conspicuous citizenship. It is as if we had not suspected him of these rugged resources, and like him none the less for this ability to dwell apart without any loss of his customary poise. To be sure, Willis as a farmer seems incredible, yet the fact remains that so he was happiest and

most truly himself. He confesses that the life at Glenmary suits his disposition and better nature, and as a writer we nowhere find him at greater advantage than here. Writing has become a pure labor of love, and this spontaneous and outspoken quality of address has all the charm of an impulsive confidence. The pressure of compulsory toil has been laid aside, and now he communes with his readers in as happy specimens of literary good-fellowship as one can readily find. Clearly he is no mere drawing-room moth, no mere diner-out and setter of metropolitan fashions, but a man of native resources, whose ultimate capacity far transcends the common measurement of the street. He can laugh with Broadway, or at it, but is best contented away from it altogether. None better typify the great city's taste and refinement than he; none more positively insist upon its most exacting standards of etiquette. Nevertheless, one always has this relief of stumbling upon him in all the gay abandon of the Bridge, and of forgetting at will this part of *bon vivant* he has so successfully played.

It is not every one who is privileged to find the poetic side of farming, and when Willis is forced to return to the city one's sympathies are keenly touched at the loss of so much bucolic blessedness. In Letter XVIII. from under a Bridge — by the way, an admirable specimen of the general letter; ripe, readable, with a substance of its own, and yet as light and warm and breezy as that perfect day upon which it was penned — one sees how sportively it was possible for him to trifle with this outdoor life of toil. Surely rural *insouciance* never had a better chronicler. "I have sold some of my crops for the oddity of the sensation," he writes; "and I assure you it is very much like being paid for dancing when the ball is over. The barrel of buckwheat not only cost me nothing, but I have had my uses of it in the raising, and can no

more look upon it as *value* than upon a flower which I pluck to smell, and give away when it is faded. Why, consider the offices this very buckwheat has performed! There was the trust in Providence in the purchase of the seed, — a *sermon*. There was the exercise and health in plowing, harrowing, and sowing, — *prescription* and *pill*. There was the performance of the grain, its sprouting, its flowering, its earing, and its ripening, — a great deal more amusing than a *play*. Then there was the harvesting, threshing, fanning, and grinding, — a sort of pastoral collection, publication, and purgation by criticism. Now, suppose your clergyman, your physician, your favorite theatrical corps, your publisher, printer, and critic, threshed and sold in bags for six shillings a bushel! I assure you the cases are similar, except that the buckwheat makes probably the more savory cake."

His narration of his neighbor's method of keeping hogs out of his corn is inimitable. What could be finer than that last letter of them all, flung bravely out from the great pain of his parting with this haven of refuge from the world? — To the Unknown Purchaser and Next Occupant of Glenmary. With a touch of pathos, easily perceptible, though veiled beneath the terse English of as perfect a piece of *persiflage* as ever was written, Willis begs the privilege of making his will, and entrusting the trees and birds and squirrels he has watched and loved so long to the one who should own them in his stead. "Sir," he writes, "in selling you the dew and sunshine ordained to fall hereafter on this bright spot of earth, the waters on their way to this sparkling brook, the tints mixed for the flowers of that enameled meadow, and the songs bidden to be sung in coming summers by the feathery builders in Glenmary, I know not whether to wonder more at the omnipotence of money, or at my own impertinent audacity toward nature.

How you can *buy* the right to exclude at will every other creature made in God's image from sitting by this brook, treading on that carpet of flowers, or lying listening to the birds in the shade of these glorious trees,—how I can *sell* it you,—is a mystery not understood by the Indian, and dark, I must say, to me. 'Lord of the Soil' is a title which conveys your privileges but poorly. You are master of waters flowing at this moment, perhaps, in a river of Judea, or floating in clouds over some spicy island of the tropics, bound hither after many changes. There are lilies and violets ordered for you in millions, acres of sunshine in daily installments, and dew nightly in proportion. There are throats to be tuned with song, and wings to be painted with red and gold, blue and yellow; thousands of them, and all tributaries to you. Your corn is ordered to be sheathed in silk, and lifted high to the sun. Your grain is to be duly bearded and stemmed. There is perfume distilling for your clover, and juices for your grasses and fruits. Ice will be here for your wine, shade for your refreshment at noon, breezes and showers and snowflakes,—all in their season, and all 'deeded to you for forty dollars an acre! Gods! what a copyhold of property for a fallen world!'"

Happily for that dream, so rudely shattered, the step from Glenmary to Idlewild was natural and easy, and again the household gods were gathered about an altar of rural peace. Willis was to have his wish at last, and die amidst the stillness of green fields, although without Glenmary and her presence for whom the earlier estate had been named.

All in all, Willis must remain a not insignificant figure among the earlier influences of American literature. His work was largely formative, and many traces of his stimulating presence may still be marked in the later and more perfected tendencies of our time. The literary period upon which he had en-

tered was one of reaction from the stilted and self-conscious models of the past. He was in sympathy with this tendency, and fitted to welcome—a by no means unimportant service at that time—the new and unbefriended names of those then struggling up to the places of power they were to create as well as to fill. Entering generously, as he did, into the plans and prospects of every budding genius that came in his way, the prominence of his own position made it possible for him to bring out in others, as well as to exemplify in himself, the newer literary forces that were beginning to make themselves felt. Certain it is that Willis enjoys the credit of having done more than any other author for the introduction of well-known literary names. One does not willingly forget his encouragement of the obscure apprentice, Bayard Taylor, whom Willis and his partner, General Morris, afterward helped to start upon his travels, and who from the first profited by the former's frank, outspoken words of praise. Besides his patronage of a number of minor writers, like J. G. Holland, Fanny Forrester, and Grace Greenwood, his advance notices of such men as Whipple and Lowell display prophetic insight and professional unconsciousness. "His mind," he writes of Whipple, then a young business man of Boston, whose lecture on the habits and characteristics of literary men had begun to attract attention for its force and its freshness of view, "is of the cast and calibre of the writers for the English magazines of ten years ago, and I consider him a mine to be worked with great profit by the proprietors of the reviews. His kind is rare." Long before praise of Lowell had become the fashion, Willis fully recognized his genius and attempted an estimate of his poetic gift. He complains somewhere of being "tied to the tail" of Landor's immortality by the unfortunate complication of his name in the projected American edition of that author's works, and

it seems as if his generosity toward literary contemporaries might tie him to the tail of many other well-known reputations. If sometimes, as would naturally be the case, the ardor of his welcome and approval fails of later vindication, we need not forget the spirit which prompted it, nor the still more frequent accuracy of his insight.

It is, in fact, out of this very freshness of interest in public persons and events, this keenness of sympathy and zest of life, that much of his best work has come. Without intending it, he is all the time writing history. With the simple aim of amusing his readers, he unconsciously transcribes the social economy of his time. His notes and sketches are a revelation of the life, the men and the manners, of half a century ago. With a large, swift movement which we can call nothing but panoramic, he sweeps the trifles of the day into organic living relationships, letting us into the by-play of his neighbors' hopes, fears, illusions, in a surprisingly effective manner. He first introduces us into the social life of a New England college town like New Haven, in the days when the hot, impulsive blood of the South was striving to mingle with the cooler currents of Northern thought and feeling. We have then a passing flavor of elegant country leisure in a Knickerbocker mansion; or a dash at Niagara or Trenton, with a spice of the Thousand Islands or Nahant thrown in. But it is the Springs that Willis most lovingly describes, in the days when Lebanon and Ballston divided the honors with Saratoga, and shared with it a native population of only fourteen millions. Whatever the reality we are wont to find, his experience at the Spa is always fascinating. We heartily enter upon the journey, with all its plans and appointments of travel. The lumbering conveyances of that time, the long, tedious hours of forced companionship with strangers, enlivened by the chance acquaintance of beautiful wo-

men and men of eccentric genius, made possible a fund of adventure denied to our swifter modern methods of roaming. So slow, indeed, is our progress that we catch the tone of public sentiment as we pass. We feel the stirrings of that spirit of enterprise and improvement with which we have since become so familiar, and note the signs of local interest in the great centres of life from which we have come. We hear the name of some noted singer or actress whispered along the road, and share in the curiosity once felt in a now almost forgotten career. Then we have that racy summing up of the great city's life in *Ephemeris*, that bird's-eye view of the time, which will richly repay the study of some future historian. Without purporting to be deliberate work, it yet seems to blend unconsciously the fashion and amusements of the hour with thoughtful comment and serious discussion.

With all his genius for good living and easy access to the entertaining side of life, Willis never quite received due credit for earnestness. There is always a faint suspicion of the didactic about his dilettanteism. His practice of the virtues is homœopathic, his moral is always sugar-coated. Nevertheless, he cannot altogether escape the shadows that mingle even in metropolitan gayety, nor refrain from slight occasional lapses into preachment. But his seriousness seldom oppresses, and for the most part speedily passes into that jaunty Horatian manner of the man-about-town which he has made so famous. With equal unconsciousness he can sparkle in table repartee, or seize just that fine shade of after-dinner sadness which so naturally follows the contemplation of burnt-out ashes and empty shells. Whatever he touched shone. And if he sometimes forgot old-fashioned distinctions between glitter and steady gleaming, we must still gladly accept the degree of illumination that comes in our way. His abundant vitality dulls the edge of

much of our possible criticism. When all has been said, the surface of life is too proverbially still not to be gratefully affected by so breezy and stirring a

presence. He will long remain the most picturesque figure in our literature, with a gift second to none in the arts which gently stimulate, adorn, and please.

Edward F. Hayward.

THE EDDA AMONG THE ALGONQUIN INDIANS.

WHEN Mr. Longfellow declared that the Manobozho legends of the Chippeways formed an Indian Edda, he spoke as a poet, not as an ethnologist. In the same spirit they might with as much justice have been termed an Indian Iliad or Nibelungeulied. But in fact the expression was so inaccurate that even the usually far from careful Schoolcraft hastened to correct it, since in the beginning of his introduction to the Hiawatha Legends he declares, "Of all these foreign analogies of myth lore, the least tangible is that which has been suggested with the Scandinavian mythology. That mythology is of so marked and peculiar a character that it has not been distinctly traced out of the great circle of tribes of the Indo-Germanic family. Odin and his terrific pantheon of war-gods and social deities could only exist in the dreary latitudes of storms and fire which produce a Hecla and a Maelstrom. From such a source the Indian could have derived none of his vague symbols and mental idiosyncrasies, which have left him as he is found to-day, without a government and without a God."

And yet, strangely enough, there was in existence all the time in New England — and at Mr. Longfellow's very door, poetically speaking — an Indian Edda, and there was carefully preserved among the Penobscots and Passamaquoddies of Maine "a myth lore," "the analogies of which with the Scandinavian mythology" were very much closer than those of the Edda with the Kale-

vala, to which it is so nearly and so incontestably related. In fact, after the most careful perusal and study of every line of the stupendous Finnish epic, I find that where it has one incident or point of resemblance with the Edda, or with other Norse poems, the Indian legends of New England and New Brunswick have a score. Rasmus B. Anderson, in the notes to his translation of the Younger Edda, declares that as regards the origin of the Asa system, that is of the Norse mythology, it is chiefly composed of Finnish elements. But all that there is to be found of the Finn in the Edda is feeble and faint compared to what there is of the Edda in the legends of the Wabanaki Indians.

The Algonquin subdivision of the six or seven stocks of American Indians includes, as J. H. Trumbull has shown, forty principal tribes, speaking as many different dialects of what was once a common or root language. Of these the Wabanaki, or Abenaki, deriving their name from *Wa-be-yu*, *white* or *light*, are to us the nearest and most interesting. The word *light* is applied to them as living to the east. The St. Francis Indians, who call themselves specially the Abenaki, and who all speak French, translate their generic name as *point du jour*. They embrace in addition to the St. Francis tribe the Micmacs of New Brunswick; the Passamaquoddies, chiefly resident at Pleasant Point, or Sebawk near Eastport, Maine; and the Penobscots of Oldtown, in the same State. The last two tribes can converse to-

gether, but it is almost or quite impossible for them to understand Micmac. Yet all of them have in common a mythology and legends which as a whole are in every respect far superior to those of the Chippeways, or, so far as I know them, to those of any of our Western tribes.

I have collected directly from the Indians themselves more than one hundred of these legends. The Rev. S. T. Rand,¹ of Hantsport, New Brunswick, the original discoverer of Glooskap, — "the Hiawatha of the North," but a creation inconceivably superior to Hiawatha, — has very kindly lent to me eighty-five Micmac tales, forming a folio volume of one thousand pages. In addition to these I am indebted to Mrs. W. Wallace Brown for a small but extremely valuable collection of stories from the Indians living near Calais. I have also two curious Anglo-Indian manuscripts: one a collection of tales, with a treatise on Superstitions in Indian and English; the other a Story of Glooskap, a singular narrative of the adventures of the great hero of the North, composed in Indian-English of the obscurest kind. Mr. Jack, of Fredericton, N. B., has very kindly communicated to me legends and folk-lore, Malisete and Micmac, while I am specially obliged to Miss Abby Alger, of Boston, for aid of every kind, including a small collection of tales of the St. Francis tribe. Some idea of the immense extent of this literature may be inferred from the fact that, while I have duplicates of almost every story, I never received one which did not in some important respect amend the others. All of these tribes in their oral or wampum records tell of Glooskap, a superior heroic demigod. I say demigod, since there is no proof of the existence among our Indians of a belief

in a Great Spirit or in an infinite God before the coming of the whites. Glooskap was, however, more than a Hercules or a Manco Capac, for he created man and animals before teaching agriculture, hunting, and language. He was a truly grand hero; his life was never soiled with the disgraceful, puerile, and devilish caprices of the Manobozho, whose more creditable deeds were picked out and attributed by Mr. Longfellow to the Iroquois Hiawatha. A singular admixture of grandeur, benevolence, and quiet, pleasant humor characterize Glooskap, who of all beings of all mythologies most resembles Odin and Thor in the battlefield, and Pantagruel at home.

Glooskap was born of the Turtle *gens*, "since it is on the Turtle that all rests." He had a twin brother, Malsum the Wolf. Before birth the pair conferred as to how they would enter the world. Glooskap preferred to be born as others, but the Wolf in his wicked pride tore through his mother's armpit and killed her. In the Iroquois version of this tale, the two are called the Good Being and the Evil One. The Wolf is therefore the type of evil, or the destroyer.

Malsum asked Glooskap (who subsequently appears distinctly as the sun god) what would kill him. He replied that of all created things the bulrush alone could take his life. So Malsum tried to kill him with it; but the bulrush would take his life only *for an instant*. So, recovering, he slew the Wolf. The resemblance between the bulrush, cat-tail, or, as one version says, "a ball of soft down," and the mistletoe, the softest of all plants, which kills Balder in the Edda, is here apparent enough. The same tale is told, but in a broken and abbreviated form, among the Hiawatha Legends.

and in recording the Micmac and Malisete languages, as well as for his earnest work as a clergyman. He has now in MS. grammars and dictionaries of these tongues.

¹ The Rev. S. T. Rand, of Hantsport, New Brunswick, is a Baptist missionary to the Micmac Indians. This gentleman can write twelve languages. Great credit is due to him for his incredible industry as a scholar in collecting Indian lore,

Glooskap proceeded to create the dwarfs or fairies, and then man. He made him from an ash-tree. Man was in the ash-tree as a principle or as a being, but lifeless. First the dwarfs were created from the bark, and then mankind from the wood. Glooskap shot his magical life-giving arrows into the tree, and men came forth. In the Edda man existed as the ash; the elm was added as woman; but as in the Indian tale man was without consciousness till the three gods

"Found on Earth
Ask and Embla,
nearly powerless,
void of destiny.
Spirit they possessed not,
Sense they had not,
blood nor motive powers,
nor goodly color.
Spirit gave Odin,
Sense gave Hœnir,
Blood gave Lodur,
and goodly color."

(*Völuspa*, 17, 18.)

In the Edda, the first created on earth are two giants, born from their mother's armpit. Their father, who is an evil Jötun, has feet male and female. The next beings created are the dwarfs, and then man from the ash-tree. Every one of these details corresponds step by step with the Wabanaki mythology, except that in the latter it is Lox, the evil principle of fire, who has feet male and female. This Lox, the Indian devil, is no specific man or animal, but he is like Loki in every respect.

That the ash alone was the primitive tree of life or of man appears from the account of Yggdrasil in the next verse (*Völuspa*, 19). To hunt and draw his sled Glooskap took the Loons. But they were too often absent. So he had, like Odin, two attendant wolves, one black and one white. There can be no doubt of the accuracy of this statement, for the Indian is still living who actually met Glooskap a few years ago, "very far north," and ferried him over a bay. His black and white wolf dogs were at the landing before them, when all mysteri-

ously vanished. In the Edda two wolves also follow, one the sun, another (Manogarm) the moon.

In one legend Glooskap is described as directing and guiding the course of the seasons. He has always by him a being named Kool-pe-jo-tei, meaning in Micmac "rolled over by handspikes." He lies on the ground; he has not a bone in his body. He rests under the heaven all the year. He is rolled over with wooden handspikes in the spring and autumn. This was very clearly explained by the Indian narrator as referring to the course of the seasons. Glooskap's sledge is drawn by wolves. In the Elder Edda Odin is described as riding a wolf. Odin has, however, two pet wolves, Gere and Freke, whom, like Glooskap, he feeds from his own hands (Younger Edda, c. xiii.). To recapitulate, Odin and Glooskap have each two attendant wolves. They use wolves as steeds; those of Glooskap are black and white, corresponding to the day and night, or sun and moon wolves of the Edda, termed Skol and Hate.

Gylfe, the great sorcerer (Younger Edda, c. ii.), when he went to Asgard to see if the gods were really so mighty as he had heard, disguised himself as an old man. Glooskap, going with a similar intention to see the wicked giant magicians, who dwelt by North Conway, N. H., or in the Intervale, also went as an old man, but made himself so like the father of these monsters that the sons could not tell one from the other. If it should ever be definitely proved that there was a common source for the Wabanaki tales and the Norse, we shall find much that has been lost from the latter in the former. It has often seemed to me that these Indian traditions contained incidents wanting in their Norse counterparts.

Glooskap has a canoe which is, when he wishes it to be large, capable of carrying an army, but which also contracts to the smallest size. At times it is made

into an ordinary birch *akevédun*, but when not in use it is a rocky island, covered with trees. Odin, or Frey (Younger Edda, c. xiii.), has a ship, *Skidbladnir*, so large that all the Asas can find room in it, "but which, when not wanted for a voyage, may be folded by Frey like a napkin and carried in the pocket."

Glooskap has a belt which gives supernatural strength. This belt is often mentioned. Thor possesses the *meginjarder*, or belt of strength (Y. Edda, c. viii.), which doubles his might when he puts it on. The little old woman who typifies old age in the Indian tales puts on a similar magic girdle when she wrestles with the Micmac Hercules. This belt has passed into all fairy lore, but in the Wabanaki legends it is still distinctly mythical or heroic.

The gods in Valhalla feed on the boar *Sabrimnir*, which is inexhaustible. "It is boiled every day, and is whole again in the evening." (Y. Edda, c. xii.) Glooskap sets before his guests a small dish, in which there is very little food. But however hungry they may be, the dish is always full.

As all these coincidences cannot be given within the limits of an article like this, I would say that the tale of Idun and her apples does not contain a single incident which does not occur in unmistakably ancient form in the Wabanaki legends. The only part which I have believed came in from Canadian French or modern European influence is the apples themselves. There is an Indian tale of such magic apples (Micmac); but then the fruit did not grow of old in this country, and the story cannot therefore be pre-Columbian.

There is a very ancient Wabanaki legend, originally a poem, and which, like most of these narratives, has been transmitted for generations, word by word. The Rev. S. T. Rand has recorded his astonishment at finding that the Indians would always readily resume the narra-

tive which had been discontinued, at the very word where they had left off. I made the same discovery when I observed that my friend *Tomaqu'hah* would often pause to recover the word which led the sentence. I mention this because in this tale there are not only incidents but verbal passages almost identical with some in the Elder Edda. In it Glooskap went with his host *Kitpooseagunow* (Micmac), a mighty giant, to fish for whales. The guest carried the canoe to the water, and asked, "Who shall sit in the stern and paddle, and who will take the spear?" (that is, who will fish?). *Kitpooseagunow* said, "That will I." So Glooskap paddled, and his host soon caught a great whale. In the Edda (*Hymiskriða*, 25) Thor asks,

"Wilt thou do
half the work with me:
either the whales
homewards carry,
or the boat
fast bind?"

"Thor went,
grasped the prow
quickly with its hold-water,
lifted the boat
together with its oars
and scoop,
and bore them to the dwelling.

"The mighty Hymir
he alone
two whales drew up." (21.)

In both the Edda and the Indian tale stress is laid on the fact that the guest rowed. The Norse Hymir grudgingly admits that Thor does this well, but declares that he wishes to see further proof of his abilities. Then, going home, Hymir and Thor have a great mutual trial of strength and endurance; that is to see if Thor can break a cup against Hymir, the ice giant's icy head. The two Indian Titans try to see which can freeze the other to death. If we go to the direct meaning of the Norse myth, this after-contest amounts to the same thing in each case. In both the Norse and Indian myths, the heart or the head of an ice giant is represented as being

made of "ice harder than the hardest stone," to express the intense coldness of his nature. In each it is a contest with cold.

The Wabanaki as well as the Chipeways and others, call the Milky Way the spirits' road or the ghosts' highway. In the Edda, Bifrost the rainbow (Y. Edda, c. v.) is the bridge over which the gods pass; but Mr. Keary (Northern Mythology) has shown that in many old Norse and German tales the Milky Way is the spirits' path, while in the Vedas both rainbow and Via Lactea are described as roads or bridges for supernatural beings.

In Norse mythology, Jötunheim, inhabited by giants of ice and stone, lies far in the North Atlantic. Its stone giants dwell in Stony-town. They are all sorcerers. Hrungnir with the flint heart is their chief. In the Wabanaki tales the same North Atlantic has the same land of precisely the same inhabitants. Hence came "the stonish giants" of the Iroquois, which Mr. Schoolcraft avowed his inability to explain (Indian Tribes, vol. i.), but which are explained in minute and remarkable detail by the Wabanaki. Hrungnir with the flint heart is the counterpart of the cannibal giant Chenoo of the Micmacs, and Keewahqu' of the more southern Wabanaki, who has a heart of "ice, harder than the hardest stone." It is the principal business of Glooskap to fight these beings, which are identical with Jötuns and Trolls.

Once Glooskap sent a great sorcerer (*megümavěssū*) to this land of the Booöin. (Micmac, *pouwvow*, a sorcerer.) They made him run a race with one of them. But it was not a man, but the Northern Lights disguised as a man. Yet the giants were deceived, for he who visited them was the Lightning, and he conquered. In the Edda, Thiasse is made to race, on a precisely similar visit to the same people, with Thought (Hluge) disguised as a man. In the

Edda, Thor wrestles with a little old woman (Elle), the foster mother of the giant Ganglere. In the Micmac and the Passamaquoddy story of the Culloo, a man of miraculous strength, an Indian Hercules, wrestles with a little, feeble-looking old woman, who has previously defeated all the strong men of the world. He, it is true, overcomes her. But the point lies in this: that old age (Elle) is incarnate among the Indians as a little old woman. In the very wild Passamaquoddy tale of the Dance of Old Age, a young sorceress in an Indian waltz grows a year older at every turn, and at the hundredth falls dead as a small, shriveled, wrinkled old squaw.

When Glooskap's envoy visited the giant sorcerers, he was required by his host to kill a dragon as a task. The American Wabanaki had the dragon long ere the whites told them of it. It was a being like a monstrous wingless serpent, with horns and scales like shining copper, or a kind of brown-golden gleaming fish. The Micmacs call it *che-pitch-calm*, the Passamaquoddies *we-wil-l-mecqu'*. The Indian killed it by putting a log across its hole, and when it was half out chopped it in two. In the Edda, Sigurd, visiting Regin, was instigated by his host — also as a task — to kill the dragon Fafnir. He dug a pit, and when the monster crawled over it thrust his sword up and slew him. (Fafnismal, I.) The Norse dragon left a treasure which brought ruin to all who received it. The invaluable horns of the dragon (described as such in other legends) were brought to the host by the victor, but they proved to be his bane or death, for the dragon was his *téomul* (Micmac; in Passamaquoddy, *pou-he-gan*; in Norse, *ham*); that is, his tutelary beast or guardian angel. When this dies, the *protégé* also perishes. This narrative is as Norse in its general tone as in the details. Like most of the older tales, it has evidently been a poem. The

death of Fafnir also caused the death of Regin. In every important part the two stories are the same. I have only one entire long legend which is as yet all a real song. But nearly all have passages from which the gilding of metre (if I may so call it) or *euphony* has not entirely disappeared, or in which verses still remain.

The Edda tells us that the wind is caused by a giant clad in eagle's plumes, and when he flaps his wings the wind blows :—

"Hræsvelg he is called
Who sits at heaven's end,
A giant in eagle plumes,
from his wings comes
All the wind."

This is in every detail identical with the account of the Wabanaki, who say that the wind is raised by a giant, who is also an eagle, who sits at the extreme north on a high rock. In Passamaquoddy he is called *Wut-chow-sen*, or the Wind-Blower. With the Western tribes there is a thunder bird; but as in all the cases which I have met of coincidences between Indian and Norse myths, that of the Wabanaki is most like the latter. Once the wind blew so terribly that Glooskap tied the Wind-Blower's wings. Then there was no air for months; the sea grew stagnant. He untied one wing: then there was a wind, but since then there have been no tornadoes like those of the olden time. I have a vague recollection of a Northern myth in which Thor, or some strong god, conquers Hræsvelgar, but cannot speak with certainty of it. I have long and detailed accounts of this legend from both Micmac and Passamaquoddy Indians.

Glooskap left the world, promising to return, but did not. From an old squaw, who could not speak a word of English, Mrs. W. Wallace Brown recently obtained the following, to which I add a few details gathered from other sources :—

"Glooskap is alive. He lives in an

immense lodge. He is making arrows. One side of the lodge is now piled full of them. They are as close together as that:" here she put her fingers closely together. "When the lodge shall be full, then he will come out and make war, and all will be killed. Then he will come in his canoe; then he will meet the great wolf, and all the stone and ice and other giants, the sorcerers, the goblins and elves, and all will be burned up; the water will all boil away from the fire."

This is not from any Christian source. It is simply the account of Ragnarok, when Odin is to come and fight the Fenris wolf, or the destroying type of evil, and all be consumed. But the Indian woman, when closely questioned, drew a sharp distinction between the Wabanaki Day of Judgment and the account of it in the Bible. And after much experience of these legends and traditions, I cannot help believing or feeling that one acquires an almost unerring *flair* or faculty of perceiving in them what is Eskimo, what Norse, what Indian, and what is French Canadian fairy tale. Add to these a few of Æsop's fables, very strangely Indianized, and we have almost all there is in them. The Eskimo element, which is very important, is simply indubitable. The French Canadian stories are apparent enough, with their coaches and horses, kings and swords, gunpowder, God, and the devil.

The next character to be considered is Lox, the "Indian devil." The word Lox is not, I believe, Indian. This character includes the wolverine, badger, and raccoon, though strangely enough not the fox. Collectively he forms a character,—a man who is so much like Loki of the Edda that I have often been amazed at the likeness. There is not a Wabanaki Indian who would not recognize the latter as an old friend. Yet, although the incidents of the lives of Lox and Loki are so much alike, the

real resemblance lies in their characters, style of tricks, and language; in their mutual infinite blackguardism and impudence, and their greed for devilish mischief, for mere fun's sake.

Loki is fire, and Lox, as it appears from many instances, is a fire spirit; both are distinctly described as the fathers of the wolves. Lox dies by cold and water, but when dead is revived by heat. In the Edda, Loki is carried about and grievously punished by a giant in the form of an eagle. Lox is treated in the same way, for having played the following trick. Entering a house, he was rather coolly treated by a woman; the slight to his vanity was of the most trifling kind, but he revenged it by cutting her head off and putting it into the pot with the rest of the dinner to boil, to give the family a surprise on returning. All of this is related in one of Dasent's Norse tales. The head of the family was a Culloo, a kind of giant eagle or roc, and he punished Lox by carrying him up to the top of the sky and letting him drop.

In the Edda there is a scene between Thor and Harbard, the ferryman, in which Thor is sadly chaffed and abused. How it is that any critic could have mistaken Harbard for Odin, or for any one but Loki, is really incomprehensible. That the name could have been assumed does not occur to any one. In an Indian tale Lox satirizes and insults the crane — the ferryman — so effectually that the latter drowns him when pretending to pass him over. This legend has manifestly been a poem.

Lox is a fire spirit. Mr. Keary, in his work on the Norse Mythology, has asserted that in many old German and Norse legends fire is typified by thorns, prickles, nettles, stings, and the like. In one Indian tale, Lox, "the Indian devil," is thrown on a bed of thorns, falls into a mass of briars, steps into a wasp's or hornet's nest, and is rolled on sharp flints; while in another, in conse-

quence of eating itch berries, he scratches himself almost to death.

On one occasion, the Indian devil, after cruelly burning two old women in jest, dies of delight, and being then in the form of a raccoon is put into a pot to boil. The touch of scalding water gives him life again, and he springs out of the pot. But at the very instant of revival his sense of mischief awakens, and as he leaps from the kettle he gives it a kick; the hot water falls into the ashes; the ashes fly up and blind an old woman. Compare with this a passage in the Finnish Kalevala, the elder sister of the Edda. When, by evil magic, a stag or elk was created for mischief, the first thing the creature did on coming to life was to run at full speed. But it had hardly started ere it went by a Lapland hut, and as it ran it kicked over a kettle, so that the meat in it fell in the ashes, and the soup was dashed over the hearth. Surely this never came to the Indians through a French fairy tale. Once, when the Indian devil is drowned and is then revived by his brother, he says, "It seems to me that I have been asleep." In the Kalevala, likewise, the completely drowned Lemmekäinen, brought to life by his mother, makes the same remark. In a Samoyede tale a dead man's bones are picked up by a *half man*, with one leg and one arm. Of these *unipeds* I shall speak anon. He burns the bones; his wife sleeps on them; the dead man comes to life, and makes the same remark. As we go on it begins to seem as if there were some world-old Shamanic root for half the Norse tales, and all the Finnish, Samoyede, Eskimo, and Indian. No one has raised the veil of the mystery as yet, but it will be lifted.

In a Micmac story the Indian devil runs a race with a stone giant; that is, an immense rock. Loki is chased by the stone giant Thiasse, but as an eagle, both having wings. In another Indian legend an evil sorcerer, who is evidently

a form of the Indian devil, flies in a race with another man, who is, for the nonce, a hawk.

It came to Lox's mind to change himself to a woman, to make mischief. Loki did the same thing in Fensal. The Indian devil's trick got him into trouble, and he took refuge in a waterfall, where, through being over cunning, he perished. Loki's tricks of killing Balder, which are incidentally like the Indian as to the mistletoe, led to his being chased to *Franangurs fors*, "the bright and glistening cataract," where he was caught and came to his ruin. Finally, Loki in this waterfall turns himself into a salmon, and also catches a salmon and an otter before his capture. In another Indian story Lox the devil perishes just as he catches a salmon. And in another Passamaquoddy tale, an evil sorcerer, who is the veritable devil of a village and perfectly identified with Loki and Lox by certain sinful tricks, dies in consequence of catching an otter; this otter being, exactly like the otter of the Norse tale, not a mere animal, but a goblin, a human otter, or, as the story expressly declares, a *pou-he-gan* (Norse *ham*). In this same story two girls go to sleep in a cabin. A man's neck bone lies by the door. The younger, being told not to touch it, gives it a kick. All night long the bone abuses her. In a Norse tale an old woman brings home a human bone, and till morning it disturbs her by talking and howling. The Indian story is unquestionably a very old one.

A passage in the Edda which has been a stumbling-block to all commentators, of which Grimm could make nothing, and Benjamin Thorpe said, "I believe the difficulty is beyond help," is this:—

"Loki, scorched up
In his heart,
Found a woman's
Half-burnt thought-stone.
Loki became guileful
From that wicked woman;
Thence in the world
Are all giantesses come."

In Norse this is, "Loki of hiarta lyndi brendu fann hann halfs vithinn hugstein Kona." In the Indian tales, a man may become a misanthrope, and then a Chenoo, a being at once ghoul, cannibal, and sorcerer. Then he acquires incredible swiftness, and may grow up to be a giant at will. His heart now turns to ice, harder than any stone. But he still does not become utterly devilish until he overcomes in battle a female Chenoo, and swallows her heart. The Indians, when they kill a Chenoo, take great pains to burn the heart. Should they leave it half burned, another Chenoo would find and swallow this "thought-stone," and become twice as terrible as before. This story explains of itself that the heart, not the head, is supposed to be the seat of the thought or intellect. All of these details I found originally in the tale of the Chenoo: first, from the Micmac, by Rev. S. T. Rand; and again, in a much more detailed form, from the Passamaquoddy, told me by an Indian. In the latter, the heart is said to be a miniature human figure of the owner.

Loki is the father of the wolves, and Lox is represented as the same. On one occasion they give him a charm by which he can make three fires, — one for each night of a three days' journey. But in his impatience to be warm he burns them all out the first morning, and then freezes to death. What can this typify if not fire, — its raging impatience and the manner in which it dies by its own indulgence?

At another time Lox found many women making bags of fine fur. "You have a very slow way of doing that," he observed. "In our country the women manage it much more rapidly." "And how, then?" inquired the goodwives. "Thus," replied Lox; and taking a fine piece of fur he buried it beneath the ashes, and then heaped on coals, after which, with great style, he drew from under it all a very fine bag.

Having done this he ran out of town. Whereupon the women put all their furs under ashes and coals, but when they took them out, what remained was ruined. This is a fire trick, again.

It is true that the fire test is not infallible as an indication of the devil; for once Odin himself was obliged by his host Geirrod to sit eight days and nights between fires, roasting. The atrociously wicked sorcerer Porcupine obliged Glooskap in like manner to sit in a cave full of fire. But as he had far greater power of resistance, it was the host who perished, as he does, indeed, in the Norse tale, though not by fire. But the whole of this Indian legend sings like an Icelandic tale. In it the hero is obliged to pass on a roaring rapid through a sunless cave, in midnight blackness, till he emerges on a broad, quiet river in a lovely land. As this is repeated in different narratives of different heroes, it appears to be a regular ordeal or ceremony of initiation.

The Cold is a distinct personage in Northern Indian tales. But he is with the Wabanaki much more like the Pakkaren, or Cold incarnate of the Finns and of the Kalevala than that of the Western tribes. In the same epic there is a supernatural being who cuts down a tree at a single blow with an axe. Among the Passamaquoddies, Atwakenikess, the Spirit of the Woods, always does the same thing. When a tree is heard to fall afar in the wilderness the Indian says, "There is Atwakenikess!"

But it is not from the Indians alone that we learn their myths. Among the Wabanaki, as well as among the Eskimo, there are strange tales of half men, lengthwise. These were also known to the Eskimo of the European side; that is, to the Samoyedes and Lapps. The Norsemen seem to have regarded them as American. "In 1009 Karlsefne went around Cape Cod, and sailed along the coast, until off Boston he 'raised' the Blue Hills, when he returned to

the settlement in Rhode Island, appearing unwilling to venture up the coast of New Hampshire and Maine on account of the unipeds, or one-footed men fabled to live there."¹ Karlsefne, as it would seem from the story, picked up his information as to unipeds in Boston. It would be interesting to be able to prove that Boston had begun at so early a date to influence the religious opinions and philosophy of its visitors. One of Karlsefne's men was killed by a uniped, and they made up a song on it. Charlevoix assures us that the celebrated chief Donnacona told him that he had seen these one-legged people, and that an Eskimo girl brought to Labrador, or Canada, in 1717 declared they were well known in Greenland. While writing this paper, I have received from Mr. S. T. Rand a long story entitled *Esluman the Half Man*. The Abbé Morellet, in his work on the Eskimo, cites from the *Sagas* an account of a Norse sea-rover, a great hero, who, having been wrecked on the icy coast of Greenland, was attacked by two ravenous giantesses, but conquered them, and returned to tell the tale at home. It is said that two giantesses were the last of the race left in Scandinavia. (Vide Thorpe's *Northern Mythology*, vol. ii.) These monstrous women cannibals are the female *Kiawaqu'* or *Chenoo* of the Micmacs. They form the subject of many tales. They belong to the post-Jötuns.

Though the story of the Swan or Sea-Gull maiden, who, having laid her wings aside, was caught by a youth, is known all over Europe, it is for all that probably of Norse origin. The Northern races are more familiar with such birds than the men of the South. In the story the girl lives with her husband until finding one day her wings, she flies away with her children. This legend occurs not once, but many times, among the Wabanaki, and it did not come

¹ The Northmen in Maine. By Rev. B. F. De Costa. Albany, 1870.

to them through the Canadian French. It is imbedded as an essential part in their oldest myths. It begins the tale of Pulowech, which is evidently one of the earliest, most serious, and most thoroughly Indian of all the legends of New England and Canada.

I have gathered in conversation from several Indians, and I have it recorded in several written-out tales, that it is a very ancient belief that beings which correspond exactly to the Trolls of the Edda often attack brave men by night. If the latter can only prolong the fight till the sun shines on the fiend, it turns to stone or a dead tree immediately, and *all its strength and wisdom pass into the conqueror*. In the Edda (Alvissmal, 36), where a dwarf or Troll contends in argument with Thor, the wily hero prolongs the contest until daybreak, when the dwarf is petrified by the light.

"By great wiles thou hast,
I tell thee, been deluded;
Thou art above ground,
Dwarf, at dawn!
Already in the hall
The sun is shining!"

The same is said in the Helgakvida, where Atli tells the giantess Hrimgera, "It is now day; you have been detained to your destruction. It will be a laughable mark in the harbor, where you will stand as a stone image." At the corner of Friar's Bay, Campobello, is the ridiculously so called "Friar," a rock thirty feet high, which the Indians in one tradition say is a petrified woman. It is certainly both a petrified Troll and a harbor mark.

Dead men made to live again by sorcery are very common in Wabanaki, Eskimo, Finnish, and Samoyede tales. They occur in the Norse, but are by no means frequent. A study of Shamanism in all its phases from the Accadian or Turanian Babylonian, through the Tartar or Lapland, the Eskimo, and so on to the American Indian, must result in the conviction that there has been a regular "historical" transmission of

culture from a very ancient common source through all of these.

It is to be remarked that when the Wabanaki kill a bear they always beg his pardon, and in fact many other Indians address long speeches of apology or of excuse to the dead Bruin. When the Laplanders do the same they sing to him:—

"Kittulis pourra, kittulis iiskada!
Soubi jalla zaiti
Iii paha talki oggio
Ii paha talki pharonis!"

"We thank thee for coming hither,
That thou didst not harm us,
Nor break the clubs and spears
Wherewith we killed thee.
We pray thee do not raise tempests
Or do any other harm
To those who slew thee!"¹

But in the Kalevala an entire *runot* is devoted to the songs of apology and ceremonies incident to killing a bear. The French translator Le Duc loses himself in bewildered conjectures as to the meaning of it all. It is fully explained in three of my Passamaquoddy stories. The she-bear was the grandmother or foster-mother of both Glooskap and Manobozho. This was as sacred a relation as that of mother. The she-bear was as the mother of their god, and when her son leaves her she exacts that a bear shall never be slain without certain ceremonies or under certain conditions. There is a Norse story which is identical in minute detail with an Indian one of a girl marrying a white bear and of a boy reared by bears.

There is one Indian legend which is throughout so Norse, so full both of the Icelandic folk tale and the Edda, that if no other link of union existed between the Wabanaki and Europe this would almost establish it. It is the one already alluded to as a Micmac song, communicated by Mrs. W. Wallace Brown, of Calais. It is a tale of Three Strong Men. In it a starved-looking little elf

¹ History of Lapland. By John Scheffer. London, 1704.

eats the food of three men, and fights all day long with a man of incredible strength, the son of a white bear. In an entirely Norse tale, a very small elf fights a white bear all night long ere he is conquered. The wife of the hero invokes the Wind-Blower or Giant Eagle to send a wind. When her husband leaves her, she, fearing a rival sorceress, warns him that if, when he approaches his place of destination, a small whelp should lick his hand he will forget her. In the Edda, to dream of whelps is the most evil of all Atli's many bad dreams. (Gudrun, II. 41.) In the Atlamal in Groenlenzku (Edda), Högni is warned against going (Gudrun, 24), and he takes a potion which causes oblivion. Broken and bewildering as this is, there is at every step in both the Indian tale and this particular part of the Gudrun song something which recalls in one the other. We are told in the Norse that to dream of a white bear means a great storm; that is, a startling event. It rarely occurs in a Wabanaki tale that the white bear's skin is brought in unless there is at hand some startling magic transformation. I had observed this long before any connection between Indian and Norse stories suggested itself.

In the Edda, Odin takes Mimir's head, and prepares it by magic, so that it answers all his questions and gives him advice. In three Indian stories the head of a magician does the same thing, and, as in the Edda, it is constantly kept as an oracle. But in the Wabanaki it is eventually reunited to its body, and the man thus formed runs *amok*, killing every one he meets. It may be conjectured that in the old Norse tale, now lost, Mimir will, at the last day, regain his head, and fight madly. Without this the Edda is at present manifestly defective, since in it Mimir, the source of all Odin's wisdom, that is of all wisdom, has no share in the final revival.

There are not in the Chippeway or any other Indian tales known to me such in-

dications of culture as are found among the legends of the Wabanaki. Regarded as literature, the latter are marvelously accommodated to the European style and standard. There is a large-hearted, genial spirit of strength, health, and humor in them which is, one may say, Norse, and nothing else, — the spirit of Rabelais and of Shakespeare. Glooskap, the Lord of Men and Beasts, the sublime American Thor and Odin, who towers above Hiawatha and Manobozho like a colossus above pigmies, the master of the mighty mountains, has still a wonderfully tender heart. He has one ever-repeated joke, — his canoe, which he lends, always saying, "I have often lent it, and everybody has promised to bring it back, but I have always been obliged to go after it myself." It is his umbrella. He often sends certain friends to the land of the giant sorcerers. There they have terrible adventures; they slay giants and serpents. One invariable and dreadful trial awaits them at the last station, returning. A giant skunk, big as St. Paul's, standing on the shore, opens on them his battery. Of course the monster is triumphantly slain by the hero. But this skunk forms no part of the devices of the enemy. It is a little private trick of Glooskap's own, — a genial potent delusion, a joke.

It may naturally be inquired how it came to pass that there is so much in common to the Wabanaki and Norse. The latter were in Greenland for three centuries. They left there the ruins of fourscore churches and monasteries. In their time the Eskimo are believed to have ranged as far south as New York. The Wabanaki or Algonquin live to-day in Labrador. When I wrote recently to the Rev. S. T. Rand to know if the Micmacs ever visited the Eskimo, he did but go to his next Indian neighbor, a woman, who told him that her husband had passed seven winters with Eskimo, — four among the "tame," and three among the heathen. The Indians

do not appear anywhere or at any time to have told stories to the Iglesmani, — that is, English or Americans, — or to have listened to any of theirs. The ordinary American, as for instance Thoreau, listens to their tales only to ridicule them. He immediately proceeds to demonstrate to the Indian the "folly" of his belief; that is, his own moral supremacy. This was not the case with the French Canadians, who emptied out on the Indians in full faith all their *contes des fées*. With the Eskimo and half-pagan Norsemen there was an even greater sympathy. The Indian had his *téomul*, his *pou-he-gan*, his animal fate or spirit; the Norseman had his *ham*, or *fylgia*, which was precisely the same thing.

It has been objected to me that these Greenland Norsemen were all Christians. So are the Indians, every one good Catholics. Once there was one Sunday morning (I am assured that this is really true) a small church full of Christian Wabanaki Indians. They were all at prayers. The church was surrounded by their enemies, the Megwech or Mohawks. They were marched out to die. But there was among the Christians a *K'chee medéoulin*, a great sorcerer. He asked the Mohawk chief if he might, ere he was slain, walk thrice round the church. This is an old Norse magical formula. (Vide Thorpe.) The request was granted. He walked and sang. He invoked the tempest. It came, and the lightning killed all the wicked heathen Mohawks, who were at once scalped by the good Christian Micmacs. Doubtless the Norsemen were equally pious. It was only a few years before Karlsefne visited Boston that Thangbrand, the pirate bishop, converted so many to Christianity in Iceland by splitting with a cross the heads of the heathen who would not believe, — *pour encourager les autres*.

There has been as yet very little study of the Shamanic mythology, folk-

lore, and poetry of the early world. The commentators on the Edda should study more closely the races with the magic drum. There is some mighty mystery behind it all, as yet unsolved. I cannot admit of our Indian legends that popular tales are the same the world over. Were this apparent Norse element not in those of the Wabanaki, what remains would be French or Eskimo fairy stories, every one easy to recognize. I would add to this a conviction that the Chippewas drew their legends from the East. Thus, for instance, the Toad Woman of Schoolcraft and many others are imperfect and distorted, compared to the versions of the same stories as told in the East. The Iroquois Book of Rites, edited by H. Hale, and the early accounts of that race indicate that it was gifted with a high sense of justice, that it had men of great genius, that while savage it developed elements of culture such as we cannot at all understand as coexistent with barbarity. This appears to have been to a striking degree the case with the Algonquin or Wabanaki, whose culture, however, while not inferior to that of the Iroquois, was very different from it. It was a little more Eskimo, and very much more Norse. I have here given only the minority of the proofs of resemblance. The majority consists of the genial, hearty, and vigorous Norse feelings which inspire these wonderful and beautiful legends, and the ever-continued evidence that in some utterly strange way both drew their life from the same source.

The Lay of Grotti, or the Mill-Song of the Edda, which tells how the sea became salt, is also known to the Indians. As they give it with the same additions which appear in the common fairy tale, I do not cite this as proving that it came from old Norse narration. But it is remarkable that in all cases the Indian tales and incidents incline to the Eddaic, and that they have much more of it than of modern stories.

The best of these legends have utterly perished. What I have recovered has been from old squaws, from old men, or here and there a clever Indian. The great chroniclers are all dead. But I learn every day that the work of collection should have begun, especially in New England, at least a century ago.

I have recovered, thus far, twenty-seven legends or sagas relative to Glooskap, forming a connected series, and many more of Lox, the rabbit, etc. All of the old Indians can remember when these were sung, and declare that till within fifty years they were preserved with sacred care. I believe that the most ancient and important myths still exist among the Algonquin of the *far* north, and that our historical societies or the government would do well to employ a scholar to collect them. Such as I have been able to get together are now in press, and will soon appear in a volume entitled *The Algonquin Legends of New England*. Unfortunately, there is perhaps no subject of so little general interest to the American as the

Indian, — unless it be, indeed, the art of extirpating him. There was a time when every rock and river, hill and headland, had its legends, — legends stranger, wilder, and sweeter than those of the Rhine or Italy, — and we have suffered them to perish. Indians have made a fairy-land for me of certain places in New England; and there is not a square mile in the country which was not such to them. When the last Indian shall be in his grave, scholars will wonder at the indifference of the “learned” men of these times to such treasures as they have allowed to perish. What the world wants is not people to write about what others have gathered as to the Indians, but men to collect directly from them. We want, not theories, but material. *Après nous la théorie*. There are four hundred books on the gypsies, but in all not more than ten which tell us anything new or true about them. There will be speculators in abundance, and better than any now living, through all the ages, but then there will be no Indians.

Charles G. Leland.

THE THUNDER-CLOUD.

(MARYLAND, 1863.)

ALL hushed the farm-lands, with a listening air;
 Silent the straggling suburbs. In the warm,
 Paved street hoof-wakened echoes suddenly swarm.
 A turn, and lo! — still, black, before you there,
 As noiseless as a picture, in the square
 A thousand horse drawn up in marching form,
 And at their head, as sun-gleam to the storm,
 A fair-faced boy, with long, bright-streaming hair.
 Not a breath sounded nor a trooper stirred,
 And yet you saw how fierce would leap and flash
 The lightning of a thousand sabres, heard
 How all the elements would clang and clash,
 The thunder-riven valley quake and crash,
 When Custer turned his head and gave the word!

James T. McKay.

BUGS AND BEASTS BEFORE THE LAW.

It is said that Bartholomew Chassenée, a distinguished French jurist of the sixteenth century, made his reputation at the bar as counsel for some rats, which were put on trial before the ecclesiastical court of Autun on the charge of having feloniously eaten up and wantonly destroyed the barley of that province. On complaint formally presented by the magistracy, the official, or bishop's vicar, who exercised jurisdiction in such cases, cited the culprits to appear on a certain day, and appointed Chassenée to defend them. In view of the bad repute and notorious guilt of his clients, Chassenée was forced to employ all sorts of legal shifts and chicane, dilatory pleas and other technical objections, hoping thereby to find some loophole through which the accused might escape, or at least to defer and mitigate the sentence of the judge. He urged, in the first place, that inasmuch as the defendants were dispersed over a large tract of country, and dwelt in numerous villages, a single summons was insufficient to notify them all. He succeeded, therefore, in obtaining a second citation, to be published from the pulpits of all the parishes inhabited by the said rats. At the expiration of the considerable time which elapsed before this order could be carried into effect and the proclamation be duly made, he excused the default or non-appearance of his clients on the ground of the length and difficulty of the journey, and the serious perils which attended it owing to the unwearied vigilance of their mortal enemies, the cats, who watched all their movements, and with fell intent lay in wait for them at every corner and passage. On this point Chassenée addressed the court at some length, and showed that if a person be cited to a place to which he cannot come with safety he may exercise the right of ap-

peal and refuse to obey the writ, even though such an appeal be expressly precluded in the summons. In the report of the trial given by Berriat-Saint-Prix, on the authority of the celebrated President De Thou, the sentence pronounced by the official is not recorded. But whatever the result may have been, the ingenuity and acumen with which Chassenée conducted the defense, the legal learning which he brought to bear upon the case, and the eloquence of his plea enlisted the public interest, and established his fame as a criminal lawyer and a forensic orator.

Chassenée is said to have been employed in several cases of this kind, but no records of them seem to have been preserved. The whole subject, however, has been treated by him in a book entitled *Consilium primum, quod tractatus jure dici potest, propter multiplicem et reconditam doctrinam, ubi luculenter et accurate tractatur questio illa: De excommunicatione animalium insectorum*. This treatise, which is the first of sixty-nine *consilia*, embodying opinions on various legal questions touching the holding and transmission of property, loans, contracts, dowries, wills, and kindred topics, and which holds a peculiar place in the history of jurisprudence, was originally published in 1531, and reprinted in 1581, and again in 1588. The edition referred to in the present paper is that of 1581.

This curious volume originated, as it appears, in an application of the inhabitants of Beaune to the ecclesiastical tribunal of Autun for a decree of excommunication against certain insects called *huberes* or *hurebers*, probably a kind of locust or harvest-fly. The request was granted, and the noxious creatures were duly accursed. Chassenée now raises the query whether such a thing may be

rightfully and lawfully done, and how it should be effected. "The principal question," he says, "is whether one can by injunction cause such insects to withdraw from a place in which they are doing damage, or to abstain from doing damage under pain of anathema and perpetual malediction. And although in times past there has never been any doubt of this, yet I have thought that the subject should be examined, lest I should seem to fall into the vice censured by Cicero of regarding things which we do not know as if they were understood by us, and hence rashly giving them our assent." His method of investigation is not that of a philosophic thinker, but that of a lawyer, who quotes precedents and appeals to authorities. He scrupulously avoids all psychological speculation or metaphysical reasoning, and simply aims to show that animals have been tried, convicted, and sentenced by civil and ecclesiastical courts, and that the competence of these tribunals has been generally recognized.

This documentary evidence is drawn from a great variety of sources: the scriptures of the Old and New Testament, pagan poets and philosophers, patristic theologians and homilists and mediæval hagiologists, the laws of Moses, the prophecies of Daniel, and the Institutes of Justinian are alike laid under contribution. All is fish that comes to his net out of the deeps of his erudition, be it salmon or sea-urchin. He weighs testimony as a grocer weighs tea, by the pound avoirdupois. If twelve witnesses can be produced in favor of a statement, and only ten against it, his reason bows to the will of the majority, and accepts the proposition as proved. It must be said, however, to his credit, that he proceeds in this matter with strict and impartial rectitude, and never tries to pack the witness-box.

The examples he adduces afford striking illustrations of the gross credulity to which the strongly conservative, prece-

dent-mongering mind of the juriconsult is apt to fall an easy prey. The habit of seeking knowledge and guidance exclusively in the records and traditions of the past, in the so-called "wisdom of ages," renders him peculiarly liable to regard every act and utterance of the past as wise and authoritative. In proof of the power of anathemas, Chassenée refers to the cursing of the serpent in the Garden of Eden, David's malediction of the mountains of Gilboa, and the withered fig-tree of Bethany. The words of Jesus, "Every tree that bringeth not forth good fruit is hewn down and cast into the fire," he interprets as implying a punishment of the tree, and adds, "If, therefore, it is permitted to destroy an irrational thing because it does not produce fruit, much more is it permitted to curse it, since the greater penalty includes the less."

An English professor of divinity, Richard Chenevix Trench, justifies the withering of the fruitless fig-tree on the same ground. "It was punished not for being without fruit, but for proclaiming by the voice of those leaves that it had such; not for being barren, but for being false." According to this exegesis, it was the telling of a willful lie that "drew on it the curse." The guilty fig was also conscious of the crime for which it suffered: "almost as soon as the word of the Lord was spoken, a shuddering fear may have run through all the leaves of the tree which was thus stricken at the heart." As regards the culpability and punishableness of the object, the modern divine and the mediæval jurist occupy the same standpoint; only the latter, with a stricter judicial sense, insists that there shall be no infliction of punishment until the malefactor has been convicted by due process of law, and that he shall enjoy all the safeguards which legal forms and technicalities have thrown around him.

Coming down to more recent times,

Chassenée mentions several instances of the effectiveness of anathemas. Thus a priest excommunicated an orchard because its fruits tempted the children and kept them away from mass. The orchard remained barren until, at the solicitation of the Duchess of Burgundy, the excommunication was removed. In like manner the Bishop of Lausanne freed Lake Lemán from eels, which had become so numerous as seriously to interfere with boating and bathing. By the same agency an abbot changed the sweet white bread of a Count of Toulouse, who abetted heresy, into black, mouldy bread, so that he who would fain feed souls with corrupt spiritual food was forced to satisfy his bodily hunger with coarse and unsavory provender. Egbert, Bishop of Trier, anathematized the swallows which disturbed the devotions of the faithful by their chirping and chattering, and sacrilegiously defiled his vestments whilst officiating at the altar. He forbade them to enter the sacred edifice on pain of death; and it is still a popular superstition at Trier that if a swallow flies into the cathedral it immediately falls down and gives up the ghost. It is also related of St. Bernard that he excommunicated a countless swarm of flies which annoyed the worshippers in the abbey church of Foigny; and lo, on the morrow they were, like Sennacherib's host, "all dead corpses." The rationalist, whose chill and ruthless breath is ever blasting the tender buds of faith, would doubtless suggest that a sharp and sudden frost may have helped the malediction. The saint resorted to this severe and summary measure, says the monkish chronicler, because "no other remedy was at hand." Perhaps this may refer to the "deacons with fly-flaps," who, according to a contemporary writer, were appointed "to drive away the flies when the Pope celebrateth."

In his First Counsel Chassenée not only treats of methods of procedure and gives useful hints to the pettifogger in

the exercise of his tricky and tortuous profession, but he also discusses many legal principles touching the jurisdiction of courts, the functions of judges, and other characteristic questions of civil, criminal, and canonical law. Animals, he says, should be tried by ecclesiastical tribunals, except in cases where the penalty involves the shedding of blood. An ecclesiastical judge is not competent *in causa sanguinis*, but can impose only canonical punishments. This is why the church never condemned heretics to death, but, having determined that they should die, gave them over to the secular power for condemnation, usually under the hollow form of recommending them to mercy. Another point which strikes us very comically, but which had to be decided before the trial could proceed, was whether the accused were to be regarded as laity or as clergy. Chassenée thinks that there is no need of testing each individual case, but that animals should be looked upon as lay persons. This, he declares, should be the general presumption; but if any one wishes to affirm that they have *ordinem clericatus* and are entitled to benefit of clergy, the burden of proof rests upon him, and he is bound to show it. Possibly our jurispudent would have made an exception in favor of the beetle, which entomologists call *clerus*; it is certain, at any rate, that if a bug bearing this name had ever been brought to trial, the learning and acuteness displayed in arguing the point would have been astounding. We laugh at the subtleties and quiddities of mediæval theologians, and the silly questions they so seriously discussed. But this was the mental habit of the age, the result of scholastic training and scholastic methods, which tainted law no less than divinity.

Sometimes the obnoxious vermin were generously forewarned. Thus the grandvicars of Jean Rohin, Cardinal Bishop of Autun, having been informed that slugs were devastating several estates in his

diocese, on the 17th of August, 1487, ordered public processions to be made for three days in every parish, and enjoined upon the said slugs to quit the territory within this period under penalty of being accursed. On the 8th of September, 1488, a similar order was issued at Beaujeu. The curates were charged to make processions during the offices, and the slugs were warned three times to cease from vexing the people by corroding and consuming the herbs of the field and the vines, and to depart; "and if they do not heed this our command, we excommunicate them and smite them with our anathema." In 1516, the official of Troyes pronounced sentence on certain insects which laid waste the vines, and threatened them with anathema unless they should disappear within six days. Here it is expressly stated that a counselor was assigned to the accused, and a prosecutor was heard in behalf of the aggrieved inhabitants. As a means of rendering the anathema more effective, the people are also urged to be prompt and honest in the payment of tithes. Chassenée, too, indorses this view, and in proof of it refers to Malachi, where God promises to rebuke the devourer for man's sake, provided all the tithes are brought into the storehouse.

Felix Malleolus, in his *Tractatus de Exorcismis*, states that in the fourteenth century the peasants in the electorate of Mayence brought a complaint against some Spanish flies, which were accordingly cited to appear; but "in view of their small size and the fact that they had not yet come to their majority," the judge appointed for them a curator, who "defended them with great dignity;" and although he was unable to prevent the banishment of his wards, he obtained for them the use of a piece of land to which they were permitted peacefully to retire. How they were induced to go into this reservation and to remain there we are not informed. In 1519,

the commune of Stelvio, in Western Tyrol, instituted proceedings against the moles on account of damage done to the fields "by burrowing and throwing up the earth, so that neither grass nor green thing could grow." But "in order that the said moles may be able to show cause for their conduct by pleading their exigencies and distress," a procurator, Hans Grinebner by name, was charged with their defense, "to the end that they may have nothing to complain of in these proceedings." Schwarz Minig was the prosecuting attorney, and a long list of witnesses is given who testified that the injury done by these creatures to the crops rendered it quite impossible for tenants to pay their rents. The counsel for the defendants urged the many benefits conferred by his clients upon the community, and concluded by expressing the hope that, if they should be sentenced to depart, some other place of abode might be assigned to them, suitable for their sustenance and support. He demanded, furthermore, that they should be provided with a safe conduct securing them against harm or annoyance from dog, cat, or other foe. The judge recognized the reasonableness of this request, and mitigated the sentence of perpetual banishment by ordering that "a free safe conduct of fourteen days be granted to each of them, and an additional respite of fourteen days be allowed to those which are with young."

A Bernese curate, named Schmid, thus solemnly warned and threatened a kind of vermin called inger: "Thou irrational and imperfect creature the inger, of which there were none in Noah's ark, by the authority of my gracious lord the Bishop of Lausanne, in the name of the ever-lauded and most blessed Trinity, through the merits of our Saviour Jesus Christ, and in obedience to the Holy Apostolic Church, I command you, each and all, to depart, within six days, from all places in which

food for man springeth up and groweth." In case no heed was given to this injunction, the aforesaid inger were summoned to appear "on the sixth day after midday, at one o'clock, before his grace the Bishop of Losann gen Wivelsburg," and there to answer for their conduct. The advocate who defended them detected a technical error in the proceedings, which made it necessary to issue a second summons, wherein the accused are denounced as "ye accursed uncleanness of the inger, which shall not even be called animals." Finally, the inger persisting in their obduracy, "Benedict of Montferrand, Bishop of Losan, at the entreaty of the high and mighty lords of Berne," laid upon them his exterminatory curse and ban, "that nothing whatever of them remain save for the use and profit of man." The Bernese government ordered a report to be made of the results. But the episcopal anathema appears to have proved mere *brutum fulmen*; nothing more was heard of it, says Schilling, "owing to our sins."

In Protestant communities, the priest as exorcist has been superseded mostly by the professional conjurer, who in some parts of Europe is still employed to save the crops from devastation. A curious case of this kind is recorded in Görres Hist. Polit. Blätter for 1845. A Protestant gentleman in Westphalia, whose garden was being rapidly consumed by worms, after having tried various vermicidal remedies, resolved to have recourse to a conjurer. The wizard came and walked about among the vegetables, touching them with a wand and muttering enchantments. Some workmen, who were repairing the roof of a stable near by, made fun of this hocus-pocus, and began to throw pieces of lime at the conjurer. He requested them to desist, and finally said; "If you do not leave me in peace I will send all the worms up on the roof." This threat only increased the hilarity of the scoff-

ers, who continued to ridicule and disturb him in his incantations. Thereupon he went to the nearest hedge, cut a number of twigs, each about a finger in length, and placed them against the wall of the stable. Soon the vermin left the plants, and crawling in countless numbers over the twigs and up the wall took complete possession of the roof. In less than an hour the men were obliged to abandon their work, and stood in the court below covered with confusion and with cabbage-worms. The writer who relates this incident believes that it actually occurred, and ascribes it to "the force of human faith, the magnetic power of a firm will over nature." This, too, is the theory held by Paracelsus, who maintained that the effectiveness of a curse lay in the energy of the will, the wish being thereby transformed into a deed, just as anger directs the arm and actualizes itself in a blow. By "fervent desire" merely, without any physical effort or aggressive act, he thought it possible to wound a man's body, or to pierce it through as with a sword. He also declared that brutes were more easily exorcised or accursed than men, "for the spirit of man resists more than that of the brute." Similar notions were entertained nearly a century later by Jacob Boehme, who defines magic as "doing in the spirit of the will;" an idea which finds more recent and more scientific expression in Schopenhauer's doctrine of "the objectivation of the will." Indeed, Schopenhauer's postulation of the will as the sole energy and reality in the universe is only the philosophic statement of an assumption upon which magicians and medicine-men, enchanters, exorcists, and anathematizers have acted more or less, in all ages.

It is natural that a religion of individual initiative and personal responsibility like Protestantism should put less confidence in theurgic machinery and formularies of execration than a religion

like Catholicism, in which man's spiritual concerns are intrusted to a corporation, to be managed according to traditional and infallible methods. We have an illustration of this tendency in a decree published at Dresden, in 1559, by "Augustus, Duke of Saxony and Elector," wherein he commends the "Christian zeal" of the "worthy and pious parson Daniel Greysser" for having "put under ban the sparrows, on account of their unceasing, vexatious, and great clamor and scandalous unchastity during the sermon, to the hindrance of God's word and of Christian devotion." But the Dresden parson, unlike the Bishop of Trier, did not expect that his ban would cause the offending birds to avoid the church or to fall dead on entering it. He relied less on the directly coercive or withering action of the curse than on the human agencies which he might thereby set at work to accomplish his purpose. He put them out of the pale of public sympathy and protection, and gave them over as a prey to the spoiler. He enjoined upon the hunter and the fowler to lie in wait for them with guns and with snares; and the elector issued his decree in order to enforce this duty as imperative on all good Christians.

Not only were insects, reptiles, and small mammals, such as rats and mice, legally prosecuted and formally excommunicated, but judicial penalties, including capital punishment, were also inflicted upon the larger quadrupeds. In the *Report and Researches* on this subject, published by Berriat-Saint-Prix in the *Memoirs of the Royal Society of the Antiquaries of France*, numerous extracts from the original records of such proceedings are given, and also a list of the animals thus tried and executed, extending from the beginning of the twelfth

to the middle of the eighteenth century. The culprits are a miscellaneous crew, consisting chiefly of caterpillars, flies, locusts, leeches, snails, slugs, worms, weevils, rats, mice, moles, turtle-doves, pigs, bulls, cows, cocks, dogs, asses, mules, mares, and goats. Only those cases are reported in which the accused were found guilty. Three belong to the twelfth century, four to the fourteenth, twenty to the fifteenth, seventeen to the sixteenth, thirty-seven to the seventeenth, and one to the eighteenth century. It would be incorrect to infer from this list that no judicial punishments of animals occurred in the thirteenth century, or that the seventeenth century was particularly addicted to such practices. During some periods the registers of the courts were very imperfectly kept, and in many instances the archives were entirely destroyed.

Beasts were often condemned to be burned alive; and strangely enough, it was in the latter half of the seventeenth century, an age of comparative enlightenment, that this cruel penalty was most frequently inflicted. Occasionally a merciful judge adhered to the letter of the law by sentencing the culprit to be slightly singed, and then to be strangled before being burned. Sometimes they were condemned to be buried alive.¹ Such was the fate suffered by two pigs, in 1456, "on the vigil of the Holy Virgin" at Oppenheim on the Rhine, for killing a child. Animals were even put to the rack in order to extort confession. It is not to be supposed that the judge had the slightest expectation that any confession would be made; he wished simply to observe all forms prescribed by the law, and to set in motion the whole machinery of justice before pronouncing judgment. "The question," which in

¹ In the summer of 1796 a murrain broke out at Beutelsbach, in Würtemberg, and soon carried off many head of cattle. By the advice of a French veterinary doctor who was quartered there, the bull of the borough was buried alive at a cross-road in the presence of several hundred persons.

We are not informed whether this sacrifice proved a sufficiently "powerful medicine" to stay the epizootic disease; the noteworthy fact is that it was prescribed, not by an African fetic-h priest, but by an official of the French republic.

such cases would seem to be only a wanton and superfluous act of cruelty, was nevertheless an important element in determining the final decision, since the death sentence could be commuted into banishment provided the criminal had not confessed under torture. The use of the rack was therefore a means of escaping the gallows. Appeals were sometimes made to higher tribunals, and the judgments of the lower courts annulled or modified. In one instance a sow and a she-ass were condemned to be hanged: on appeal and after a new trial they were sentenced to be simply knocked on the head. In another instance an appeal led to the acquittal of the accused.

In 1266, at Fontenay-aux-Roses, near Paris, a pig convicted of having eaten a child was publicly burned by order of the monks of Sainte Geneviève. In 1386, the tribunal of Falaise sentenced a sow to be mangled and maimed in the head and leg, and then to be hanged, for having torn the face and arm of a child and caused its death. Here we have a strict application of the *lex talionis*. The sow was dressed in man's clothes and executed on the public square, near the city hall, at an expense to the state of ten sous and ten deniers, besides a pair of gloves to the hangman. The executioner was provided with new gloves in order that he might come from the discharge of his duty with clean hands, thus indicating that, as a minister of justice, he incurred no guilt in shedding blood. He was not a common butcher of swine, but a public functionary, a "master of high works" (*maître des hautes-œuvres*), as he was officially styled. In 1394, a pig was found guilty of "having killed and murdered a child in the parish of Roumaygne, in the county of Mortaing, for which deed the said pig was condemned to be drawn and hanged by Jehan Pettit, lieutenant of the bailiff." The bill presented by the deputy bailiff of Mantes and Meul-

lant, and dated March 15, 1403, contains the following items of expense incurred for the incarceration and execution of a sow:—

"Item, cost of keeping her in jail, six sols parisisis.

"Item, to the master of high works, who came from Paris to Meullant to perform the said execution by command and authority of our said master, the bailiff, and of the procurator of the king, fifty-four sols parisisis.

"Item, for a carriage to take her to justice, six sols parisisis.

"Item, for cords to bind and hale her, two sols eight deniers parisisis.

"Item, for gloves, two deniers parisisis."

This account was examined and approved by the auditor of the court, De Baudemont, who "in confirmation thereof affixed to it the seal of the Châtellany of Meullant, on the 24th day of March in the year 1403."

There is also extant an order issued by the magistracy of Gisors in 1405, commanding payment to be made to the carpenter who had erected the scaffold on which an ox had been executed "for its demerits." Brute and human criminals were confined in the same prison and subjected to the same treatment. Thus "Toustain Pincheon, keeper of the prisons of our lord the king in the town of Pont de Larche," acknowledges the receipt of "nineteen sous six deniers tournois for having found the king's bread for the prisoners detained, by reason of crime, in the said prison." The jailer gives the names of the persons in custody, and concludes the list with the "item" of "one pig, kept from the 24th of June, 1408, inclusive, till the 17th of July," when it was executed for "the crime of having murdered and killed a little child." For the pig's board he charges two deniers tournois a day, the same as for boarding a man. He also puts into the account "ten deniers tournois for a rope, found and delivered for

the purpose of tying the said pig that it might not escape."

A peculiar custom is referred to in the *procès-verbal* of the prosecution of an infanticidal porker, dated May 20, 1572. The murder was committed within the jurisdiction of the monastery of Moyen-Montier, where the case was tried and the accused was sentenced to be "hanged and strangled on a gibbet." The prisoner was then bound with a cord and conducted to a cross near the cemetery, where it was formally given over to an executioner from Nancy. "From time immemorial," we are told, "the justiciary of the Lord Abbot of Moyen-Montier has been accustomed to consign to the provost of Saint-Diez, near this cross, condemned criminals, wholly naked, that they may be executed; but inasmuch as this pig is a brute beast, he has delivered the same bound with a cord without prejudicing or in any wise impairing the right of the lord abbot to deliver condemned criminals wholly naked." The pig must not wear a rope, unless the right to do without it be expressly reserved, lest some human culprit, under similar circumstances, might claim to be entitled to raiment.

In the case of a mule condemned to be burned alive at Montpellier, in 1565, as the animal was vicious and kicky the executioner cut off its feet before consigning it to the flames. This mutilation was an arbitrary and extra-judicial act, dictated solely by considerations of personal convenience. Hangmen were often guilty of supererogatory cruelty in the exercise of their bloody functions. Writers on criminal jurisprudence repeatedly complain of this evil and call for reform. Thus Damhouder, in his *Rerum Criminalium Praxis*, urges magistrates to be more careful in selecting persons for this important office, and not to choose notorious violators of the law as vindicators of justice. Indeed, these hardened wretches sometimes took

the law into their own hands. Thus on the 9th of June, 1576, at Schweinfurt, in Franconia, a sow, which had bitten off the ear and torn the hand of a child, was given in custody to the hangman, who, without further authority, took it to the gallows green and there "hanged it publicly, to the disgrace and detriment of the city." For this impudent usurpation of judiciary powers, Jack Ketch was obliged to flee, and never dared return.

On the 10th of January, 1457, a sow was convicted of murder, committed on the person of an infant named Jéhan Martin, of Savigny, and sentenced to be hanged. Her six sucklings were also included in the indictment as accomplices; but "in default of any positive proof that they had assisted in mangling the deceased, they were restored to their owner, on condition that he should give bail for their appearance should further evidence be forthcoming to prove their complicity in their mother's crime." About a month later, "on the Friday after the feast of the Purification of the Virgin," the sucklings were again brought before the court; and as their owner, Jéhan Bailly, declined to be answerable for their future good conduct, they were declared forfeited to the noble damsel Katherine de Barnault, Lady of Savigny. Sometimes a fine was imposed upon the owner of the offending beast, as was the case with Jéhan Delalande and his wife, condemned on the 18th of April, 1499, by the abbey of Josaphat, near Chartres, to pay eighteen francs "on account of the murder of a child named Gillon, aged five years and a half or thereabouts, committed by a porker, aged three months or thereabouts." The porker was "hanged and executed by justice."

Nothing would be easier now to multiply examples of this kind. The records of mediæval courts and the chronicles of mediæval cloisters are full of them. That such cases usually came under the

jurisdiction of monasteries will not seem strange, when we remember that these religious establishments were great landholders, and at one time owned nearly one third of all real estate in France. The frequency with which pigs were adjudged to death was owing in great measure to the freedom with which they were permitted to run about the houses as well as to their immense number. They became a serious nuisance, not only as endangering the lives of children, but also as generating and disseminating diseases; so that many cities, like Grenoble in the sixteenth century, authorized the carnifex to seize and slay them whenever found at large. Sanitary measures of this kind were not common in the Middle Ages, but were an outgrowth of the Renaissance. It was with the revival of letters that men began again to love cleanliness and to appreciate its hygienic value. Little heed was paid to such things in the "good old times" of earlier date, when the test of holiness was the number of years a person went unwashed, and the growth of the soul in sanctity was estimated by the layers of filth on the body, as the age of the earth is determined by the strata which compose its crust.

But although pigs appear to have been the principal culprits, other quadrupeds were frequently called to answer for their crimes. The judiciary of the Cistercian abbey of Beaupré, in 1499, sent a bull to the gallows for having "killed with furiosity a lad of fourteen or fifteen years of age;" and in 1389 the Carthusians at Dijon caused a horse to be condemned to death for homicide. The magistrates of Bâle, in 1474, sentenced a cock to be burned at the stake for the heinous and unnatural crime of laying an egg. The *œuf coquatri* was supposed to be the product of a very old cock and to furnish the most active and effective ingredient of witch ointment. When hatched by a serpent or by the sun, it brought forth a

cockatrice, which would hide in the roof of a house, and, with its baneful breath and "death-darting eye," destroy all the inmates. Naturalists believed in this fable as late as the eighteenth century; and in 1710 the French savant Lapeyronie read a paper before the Académie des Sciences to prove that the eggs attributed to cocks owe their peculiar form to a disease of the hen.

Animals, also, bore their full part of persecution during the witchcraft delusion. Pigs suffered most in this respect, and were assumed to be peculiarly attractive to devils, and therefore particularly liable to diabolical possession, as is evident from the legion that went out of the tomb-haunting man and were permitted, at their own request, to enter into the Gadarene herd of swine. Indeed, the greatest theological authority of the Middle Ages, Thomas Aquinas, maintained that beasts are but embodiments of evil spirits. Chassenée quotes this opinion, and adds that in excommunicating animals the anathema "is aimed inferentially at the devil, who uses irrational creatures to our detriment." Still more recently, a French Jesuit, Père Bougeant, set forth the same view in a philosophical treatise.

It was during the latter half of the seventeenth century, when, as we have seen, criminal prosecutions of animals were especially frequent and the penalties inflicted extremely cruel, that Racine caricatured them in *Les Plaideurs*, where a dog is tried for stealing and eating a capon. Daudin solemnly takes his seat as judge, and declares his determination to "close his eyes to bribes and his ears to brigue." Petit Jean prosecutes the case, and *L'Intimé* appears for the defense. Both address the court in high-flown rhetoric, and display rare erudition in quoting authorities. The accused is condemned to the gallies. Thereupon the counsel for the defendant brings in the puppies, *pauvres enfants qu'on veut rendre orphelins*, and appeals

to the compassion and clemency of the judge. Daudin's feelings are touched; as a public officer, too, he is moved by the economical consideration that, if the children are deprived of their father, they must be kept in the foundling hospital at the expense of the state. To the contemporaries of Racine a scene like this had a significance which we fail to appreciate. To us it is simply farcical and not very funny; to them it was a mirror reflecting a characteristic feature of the time and ridiculing a grave judiciary abuse, as Cervantes had already represented in Don Quixote the *reductio ad absurdum* of chivalry.

Lex talionis is the oldest kind of law and the most deeply rooted in human nature. To the primitive man and the savage, tit for tat is an ethical axiom. No principle is held more firmly or acted upon more universally than that of literal equivalents, — the iron rule of doing unto others the wrongs which others have done unto you. Hebrew legislation demanded "life for life, eye for eye, tooth for tooth, hand for hand, foot for foot, burning for burning, wound for wound, stripe for stripe." In the covenant with Noah it was declared that human blood should be required "at the hand of man" and "at the hand of every beast;" and it was subsequently enacted that "if an ox gore a man or a woman that they die, then the ox shall be surely stoned, and his flesh shall not be eaten." To eat a creature which had become the peer of man in blood-guiltiness and in judicial punishment would savor of anthropophagy. The Kur'ân holds every beast and fowl accountable for the injuries done to each other, but reserves their punishment for the life to come. Among the Kukis, if a man falls from a tree and is killed, it is the sacred duty of the next of kin to fell the tree, and cut it up and scatter the chips abroad. The blood of the slain was not thought to be thoroughly avenged until the offending object had been effaced from

the earth. A survival of this notion was the custom of burning heretics and flinging their ashes to the four winds. The laws of Drakôn and Erechtheus required weapons and all other objects by which a person had lost his life to be publicly condemned and thrown beyond the Athenian boundaries. This was the sentence pronounced upon a sword which had killed a priest, the wielder of the same being unknown; and also upon the bust of the poet Theognis, which had fallen on a man and caused his death. Even in cases which might be regarded as homicide in self-defense no such ground of exculpation was admitted. Thus the statue which the Athenians erected in honor of the famous athlete, Nikôn of Thasos, was assailed by his envious foes and pushed from its pedestal. In falling it crushed one of its assailants; it was brought before the proper court, and sentenced to be cast into the sea.

In the Avesta, a mad dog is not permitted to plead insanity, but is "punished with the punishment of a conscious offense," by progressive mutilation, beginning with the ears and ending with the tail. This cruel and absurd enactment is wholly inconsistent with the kindly spirit shown in the Avesta towards all animals recognized as creatures of Ahuramazda, and especially with the legal protection vouchsafed to dogs. Indeed, a paragraph in the same chapter commands the Mazdayasnians, as regards such a dog, to "wait upon him and try to heal him, just as they would attend a righteous man."

A curious example of imputed crime and its penal consequences is seen in the custom of the Romans of celebrating the anniversary of the preservation of the Capitol from the Gauls, not only by paying honor to geese, whose cackling gave warning of the enemy's approach, but also by crucifying a dog, as a punishment for not having been more watchful on that occasion. This,

however, was really no more absurd than to visit the sins of the fathers on the children, as prescribed by many ancient law-givers, or to decree corruption of blood in persons attainted of treason, as in modern legislation. They are all applications of the barbarous principle which, in primitive society, made the tribe responsible for the acts of each of its members. According to an Anglo-Saxon law, abolished by King Knut, in case stolen property was found in the house of a thief, his wife and family, even to the child in the cradle, though it had never taken food, were punished as partakers of his guilt. Cicero approved of such penalties for political crimes as "severe but wise enactments, since the father is thereby bound to the interests of the state by the strongest of ties, namely, love for his children." When the prefects Tatian and Proculus fell into disgrace, Lycia, their native land, was stricken from the list of Roman provinces, and its inhabitants were disfranchised and declared incapable of holding any office under the imperial government. So, too, when Joshua discovered some of the spoils hidden in the tent of Achan, not only the thief himself, but also "his sons, and his daughters, and his oxen, and his asses, and his tent, and all that he had," were brought into the valley of Achor, and there stoned with stones and burned with fire. At a later period these holocausts of justice were suppressed among the Jews, and no man was put to death save for his own sin. Yet, at the request of the Gibeonites, whom it was desirable to conciliate, David did not scruple to deliver up to them seven of Saul's sons, to be hanged for the evil which their father had done in slaying these foes of Israel. It is as if Bismarck had sought the favor of the French by giving into their hands the descendants of Blücher, to be guillotined on the Place de la Concorde.

The horrible mutilations to which

criminals were formerly subjected resulted from an endeavor to administer strictly even-handed justice. What could be fairer than to punish perjury by cutting off the two fingers which the perjurer had held up in taking the oath? It was the popular belief that the fingers of an undetected perjurer would grow out of the grave, seeking retributive amputation, as a plant seeks the light, and that his ghost would never rest until this penalty was inflicted. The Carolina, or criminal code of Charles the Fifth, required that incendiaries should be burned alive; and an old law, cited by Döppler in his *Theatrum Poenarum*, condemned a man who dug up and removed a boundary-stone to be buried in the earth up to the neck, and to have his head plowed off with a new plow. Ivan Basilowitch, a Muscovite prince, ordered that an ambassador who did not uncover in his presence should have his hat nailed to his head; and it is a feeble survival of the same conception of fit punishment that makes the American farmer nail the hawk to his barn door.

That the feeling in which such enactments originated still lies scarcely skin-deep under our civilization is evident from the force and suddenness with which it comes to the surface under strong public excitement, as when Cincinnati rioters burned the court-house, because they were dissatisfied with the verdicts of the juries.

The childish disposition to punish irrational creatures and inanimate objects, which is common to the infancy of individuals and of races, has left a distinct trace of itself in that peculiar institution of English law known as deodand, and derived partly from early Jewish and partly from old German usages and traditions. "If a horse," says Blackstone, "or any other animal, of his own motion kill as well an infant as an adult, or if a cart run over him, they shall in either case be forfeited as

deodands." If a man, in driving a cart, tumbles to the ground and loses his life by the wheel passing over him, if a tree falls on a man and causes his death, or if a horse kicks his keeper and kills him, then the wheel, the tree, and the horse are deodands *pro rege*, and are to be sold for the benefit of the poor.

Blackstone's theories of the origin of deodands are exceedingly vague and unsatisfactory. His statement that they were intended to punish the owner of the forfeited property for his negligence, and also his assertion that they were "designed, in the blind days of popery, as an expiation for the souls of such as were snatched away by sudden death," are both incorrect. In most cases the owner was perfectly innocent, and very frequently was the victim of the accident. He suffered only incidentally from a penalty imposed for a wholly different purpose, just as a slaveholder endures loss when his human chattel commits murder and is hanged for it. The primal object was to atone for the taking of life in accordance with certain crude conceptions of retribution. In hierarchies the prominent idea was to appease the wrath of God, who otherwise might visit mankind with famine and pestilence and divers retaliatory scourges. For this reason the property of a suicide was deodand. Thus the wife and children of the deceased, the very persons who had already suffered most from his fatal act, were punished for it by being robbed of their rightful inheritance. Yet this was by no means the intention of the law-makers. Ancient legislators uniformly considered a *felo de se* as a criminal against society and the state, a kind of traitor. The man had enjoyed the support and pro-

tection of the civil and political body during his infancy and youth, and, by taking his own life, he shook off the responsibilities and shirked the duties devolving upon him as a member of the commonwealth. This is why self-murder was called felony, and involved forfeiture of goods. Calchas would not permit the body of Ajax, who died by his own hand, to be burned. The Athenians cut off the hand of a suicide and buried the guilty instrument of his death apart from the rest of his body. In some communities all persons over sixty years of age were free to kill themselves, if they wished to do so; and the magistrates of Marseilles, in ancient times, kept on hand a supply of poisons to be given to any citizen who, on due examination, was found to have good and sufficient reasons for committing suicide.

It is true, as Blackstone asserts, that the church claimed deodands as her due, and put the price of them into her coffers. But this fact does not explain their origin. They were an expression of the same feeling that led the public authorities to fill up a well in which a person had been drowned, not as a precautionary measure, but as a solemn act of expiation; or that condemned and confiscated a ship which, by lurching, had thrown a man overboard and caused his death.

Deodands were not abolished in England until the reign of Queen Victoria. With the exception of some vestiges of primitive legislation still lingering in maritime law, they are, in modern codes, one of the latest applications of a penal principle which in Athens expatriated stocks and stones, and in mediæval Europe excommunicated bugs and sent beasts to the stake and to the gallows.

E. P. Evans.

AN OLD NEW ENGLAND DIVINE.

EZRA STILES, the friend of Jefferson and Franklin, was one of the literary men of the Revolutionary period, who, debarred by the duties of his position from any active participation in the tumult, distress, and victory of those days, sat at his desk and jotted down, in forty volumes of manuscripts, his reflections on men and events, his economies and harmless vanities, his religious doubts and fears.

I remember the awe with which, in my childhood, two large green wooden chests were invested, lest the pious written exhortations contained therein should take bodily shape and frighten us into eternal silence, overcome by a sense of our hereditary and present guilt. Once there came a stern old Calvinist, who talked of sin and waylaid a timid child in a corner of the parlor where she had taken refuge. He extended his long, bony arms as prohibition against her escape, and, in sepulchral tones, exclaimed, "Thoughtless child, do you love God?" "Oh, the chest! the chest!" she screamed, and rushed past him up to the attic, and there paused, half expecting to see the lid of the coffer open, and the manuscripts, arrayed in flesh, come forth for the Judgment Day.

Years afterward Yale College became the depositary of thousands of those portentous closely inscribed pages. It already held President Stiles's Literary Diary, a curious, valuable medley of notes on incidents that occurred within his lifetime, written in a crabbed hand which American annalists still gladly decipher. The Diary, however, does not give such a picture of the daily thought of the man as can be obtained from the more personal papers which were retained in another ancestral chest. These show a life of minute literary activity; a man of strength and versatility,

candid and independent in action and thought, condescending in manner, ludicrously punctilious in details; a patriot in sentiment, a fond father and husband, and a just, liberal, and reverent teacher.

His father, Isaac Stiles, born in Hartford in 1697, is frankly described by his son as having had "a piercing black Eye, which at Times he filled with Flame and Vengeance. On occasion none could be more cheerful and merry in company, but when alone with his Family he was gloomy and perpetually repining. He read much, but digested almost nothing, and his Ideas, rich and valuable, were classed in no order, owing to his volatility of Genius. His preaching varied, though none could give a more animated description of Heaven and Hell."

In 1740 Mr. Whitefield "opened the Deluge of New Lightism on the churches." Isaac was an Old Light, and a violent opposer of the new doctrine, yet some twenty persons in his own parish were caught in the new heresy. "In the summer of 1741," writes Ezra, "the New Lighters visited my Father incessantly, and he conversed with them from Breakfast till 12 o'clock at night; that is, when one company was gone away, another came. Sometimes he reasoned with them coolly, but generally with heated zeal, for he was not calculated to convince Gainsayers with Gentleness. For four or five years he preached boldly against the Whitefieldian Excesses and the madness of Exhorters and Separate meetings, and though intemperately warm and zealous, yet he herein signally served the Camp of Christ." As these troubles closed, there came the days of Arminian difficulties. Isaac and his son Ezra freely read what were called the Arminian books, and, "in a general way, were much pleased with them," though Ezra

was confident, from his intimate personal acquaintance with the leaders, that "many of them believed in the Universal Depravity of Human Nature." Even then ministers apparently held to the wisdom of the non-utterance of all they thought. Isaac was called an Arminian, though, says his son, "he lived and died a firm believer even beyond what most of the Orthodox pretend to. The change of his Reputation was really due to the Hocus pocus of political New Lightism. The depreciation of paper money and Scantiness of Salary was truly the Source of the only difference of any consequence between my Father and his people during his whole ministry."

Ezra's mother was Ruth Wyllys, of Hartford, who was not lacking in those social graces and that noble bearing for which her ancestors and descendants even to the present generation are noted. In a vellum-covered book belonging to his grandfather, which contains Isaac's and Ezra's quaint estimates of their family relations, the latter describes his mother as "ingenious to a great degree in Needlework and several other things of a mechanik Nature, in painting and cutting Flowers and Escutcheons on Paper. She had an insinuating social and affable Turn to make herself agreeable to rich and poor, and was exemplarily religious, sincere, devout, and pious."

The boy who thus writes of his mother from hearsay, for she died at his birth, was prepared to enter college at twelve, but, on account of his age, waited till he was fourteen. He graduated with honor, and delivered the "cliosophic" oration, a collegiate term for the Address on Arts and Sciences. He became a tutor at Yale; and, in connection with some of his friends, and with the aid of an apparatus sent by Dr. Franklin, he performed some of the first electrical experiments ever made in New England. He long wavered between the bar and the pulpit, in his choice of

a profession. Religious doubts assailed him, and though "early prepossessed against diaries as hypocritical," it is from his Birthday Reflections that we gather much knowledge of his state of mind.

At the age of forty he thus reviews his life: "From the time I was seven years old I have generally maintained daily secret prayer to the Most High God, A. M., P. M., besides ejaculatory intervening addresses. The burden of my prayers has consisted of Adoration of his glorious Majesty. If predestined to misery, that misery would be less the less I sinned; so I vigorously resolved to refrain from sin, if not to obtain heaven, at least to mitigate the torments of damnation. I have earnestly sought to obtain a clear belief of the Being and Attributes of God. A slight conversation with a young gentleman caused me to doubt whether the whole of the Scriptures were not a delusion, nor could I unbosom myself to any for relief. I had begun to preach 1749, and, my doubts increasing till 52, I determined to lay aside preaching, and actually adopted the study of the law, and took the atty's oath in 53. At the same Time I most assiduously applied myself to the study of the Evidences of Revelation till I became satisfied that the Scriptures were genuine. In 52 I sustained a vigorous application to take Episcopal orders, with views held up to me of one day becoming a bishop myself, but I knew Diocesan Episcopacy was not instituted by Christ and his disciples. I journeyed to New York, Boston, and Philadelphia to see different churches, and at last became happily established in the Religion in which I propose, by the Grace of God, to live and die. During the Rise, Height, and Decline of my Scepticism I was so highly delighted with Pope's Essay on Man that I got the first Epistle and large parts of the other Epistles by heart, and repeated portions of it frequently by myself in my chamber, and when I

walked and rode abroad. I read and admired Cicero's works, Young's Night Thoughts, which I read through twice, Shaftesbury's Characteristics, Butler's Analogy, Bolingbroke, Hume, Newton, &c." His skepticism was manly and intelligent, and closely resembled the honest hesitation of many in our own day, who are not perplexed by the doctrines of the damned, but by far greater and more sweeping doubts.

In 1775 he was ordained a minister at Newport, his father Isaac preaching the sermon, with something of David's joyful emotion at the coronation of his son Solomon. He speaks of him as "the Person whose solemn separation to the service of the Sanctuary is now before us;" bids him "hold Bigotry in abhorrence and behave respectfully toward the several Denominations of professing Christians who don't happen to view things in just the same Light that we do, for Bigotry is the Poison and Bane of social Virtue." He tells the church to be friendly to his son, "for the Work, take it in all the Compass, more than any other Kind of Labor tends to exhaust the radical Moisture, waste and drink up the animal Spirits, dry the Bones, Consume the Flesh and Body, break the vital Cord, and deprive Men of the Residue of their Years. Properly support him, for Ministers cannot live upon the air nor command that Stones be made Bread for the Work."

Ezra Stiles married Elizabeth, daughter of Colonel John Hubbard, who made it her life-work to relieve her husband of domestic care. Mr. Stiles, in return, dutifully informed his father-in-law of all the various births and sicknesses in the family; but what modern wife would allow her husband to write thus to an aged parent:—

NEWPORT, May 31, 1773.

HONOURED SIR, — This acknowledges your kind Letter to my Wife. It was very agreeable to find under the Decay of Nature such a specimen of the

Continuance and Strength of your Mental Powers, and that you enjoy the Comforts of Religion amidst your Infirmities of the Outward Tabernacle. We all unite in our Duty to you and to Mother.

Yr dutiful son, EZRA STILES.

He closes another letter with the words, "Melancholy news from Boston, some of the fruits of Military government. A general civil war will take place in the colonies before two generations are passed."

When his wife died, he wrote of her that "she was an Honour to her Sex, and it will be an honour to posterity to have descended from a Woman of such Merit and Excellence."

His "Way of Life" at Newport was very orderly. The day began and closed with family and secret prayers and Bible reading in Greek or Hebrew. Then he walked abroad and visited his flock before and after dinner, and in the intervals studied and wrote innumerable Latin letters and diaries. Nothing more plainly shows his valuation of a godly life than his words in a letter to a friend on receiving the degree of D. D. from the University at Edinburgh: "What is the honor of being registered in those archives to that of having our names written in the Lamb's Book of Life?"

When forty-two years old he reflects: "I have made little progress in the divine life, though I have endeavored daily to surrender myself up to God, but an annihilation of myself and entire submission to the infinitely holy will of God is not [yet] thoroughly effected. The most of last winter I spent in compiling the Ecclesiastical History of New England and English America. The Summer and Fall have been perhaps too much consumed in making observations upon the Transits of Venus and Mercury and the Comet and numerous mathematical calculations upon them. God has mercifully spared to me my wife. May she be long continued a Blessing

to me and my Family. I have all along continued to read a chapter in course in the Hebrew Bible. For my amusement I have translated into English from the original Arabic. I have altered my sentiments as to the Time when to begin the 2300 Evenings and Mornings and the 1290 Days in Daniel."

"Ætat 45. My whole life is filled up with the experience of the Divine Care and Beneficence. My children were taken with the Measles and carried happily through them. In August it pleased God to send the small-pox into town, but it has pleased Him to preserve me and my family hitherto."

Bitter days of heresy and revolution came to trouble him, and the record runs:—

"Ætat 46. A Year of singular Trials. Last spring I became acquainted with a Rabbi and gained much Knowledge. I wrote him several letters in Hebrew, one of 22 pages on the Divinity of the Messiah. Being absent on a journey, a London silk weaver preached in my pulpit to great amazing acceptance. On my return I found his character doubtful, and greatly discountenanced him. He holds universal salvation; as a faithful Shepherd I have opposed him openly. I expected to have disgusted most of my families, but perhaps a dozen are irreconcilably offended. I had thought when I entered the Ministry that a Minister with prudence and condescension could secure the affections of his people, but I am convinced that God has holy Ends in view in letting loose the Adversary. I cannot recollect any material imprudence in my own conduct; nor was it charged upon me. It is a dark day with me. I commit myself and my flock to God, and desire to walk humbly, yet testify the truth undauntedly."

The next year he writes, "The State of my Flock is more composed and comfortable, though it has not quite recovered from the shock it received. My son Ezra is now 15½. I have initiated

him into some acquaintance with the Oriental languages. He has translated 100 psalms in the Hebrew psalter and learned some Chaldee, Syriac, and Arabic. By reading myself the Targums of Onkelos and Jonathan and in the Syriac N. T. and in the Zohar I have gained great Lights in Divinity."

When the evacuation of Newport took place he stayed in town, and with his "orphan family spent a dreary Winter amidst Poverty and Distress." Finding the Parliament resolved to prosecute the war, he removed to Dighton in March. From that place he went to Portsmouth as minister, and there in 1777 received his call to the presidency of Yale College. He replied that a general free acquiescence with other openings of Providence would have great weight in determining his acceptance. He employed every precaution to find out what the public and Providence thought; he asked counsel of the ministers of his association, of judicious and Christian friends, and of God,—feeling for his own part that as he had "a whole eternity in which to rest, why should he not now gird up his loins and assume the laborious office?" He spent days in fasting and prayer, but finally he writes, "I am convinced that another door of usefulness has been opened to me. Providence has so ordered things that I scarcely have an option as to secular Motives." He goes to New Haven, believing that his "election is agreeable to the Ministry, the General Assembly, the State, and to God, and deeply impressed with the responsibility of taking charge of a college which was primarily designed as a school of the prophets to train up pastors for the churches;" for as he had become "less a Newtonian and more a Christian," preaching was to him a serious duty. As a pastor he had "always disliked public censures, and thought most matters could be settled in a private way without hazarding brotherly love."

His Reflections tell us that such was the liberality of his Portsmouth congregation that they more than paid all his debts; and he adds, "I was enabled to relieve the uneasiness of my conscience by the Liberation and Manumission of my Negro Servant. Like Onesimus, by the grace of God I had made him a Christian. He was the best of Servants. It was only my conviction of the Injustice and Barbarity of the African Slave trade in which I had imported him from Guinea, in 1757, in exchange for a hogshead of whiskey, that determined my conduct." In spite of the negro's liberation, he followed Mr. Stiles of his own choice, and died in the service of the family.

At Yale, President Stiles was received with "Demonstrations of Honour and Affection." His first official act on arriving, June 20th, was the offering of evening prayers in the chapel, when the students were ordered to submit to him. On the following Saturday he began an exposition of the Savoy Confession of Faith, which practice he maintained till his death. On July 8th he was formally inducted into office, amid many Latin orations and addresses. The Savoy Confession never prevented him from employing scientific rather than religious knowledge as a quietus to fear; for if a thunderstorm arose during class recitations, it gave opportunity for an explanation of the theory of electricity. The famous Dark Day he viewed as a phenomenon, "accounting for it by the laws of nature without having recourse to anything miraculous or ominous, and improving the occasion as a Christian by leading the thoughts of others up to the Author of Nature." His natural love for science had been increased by his intercourse with the French officers at Newport, who had also developed his inclination for good dinners.

His life at Yale was crowded with work. Besides filling the office of president, he occupied the chairs of divinity,

ecclesiastical history, philosophy, and astronomy. Twice a week he had a class in extemporaneous and forensic disputation, gave three theological discourses on Saturdays, and taught the Seniors metaphysics, ethics, history, and civil policy. He would never receive a direct or indirect gift from the students, and if gratuities were sent by the parents he credited them with it in the quarter's bills. He helped the poor collegians, — always giving away a tenth of his income, — visited them when sick, and was particularly successful in bringing together different temperaments. One year some thirty or forty scholars, living in town, held morning and afternoon prayers by themselves, which the president often encouraged by his presence. The college church grew in membership, and when eighteen members of other classes joined the Seniors as professing Christians there was holy joy over the wonderful work of grace.

At the age of fifty-seven he learnt French, because it might be of value to him in connection with Yale; and for family reasons he began the culture of the silkworm. Mindful of heavenly affairs also, when he wrote to Dr. Franklin for his portrait for the university he requested him "to state his opinion concerning Jesus of Nazareth."

Let his Birthday Reflections again tell his own story: —

"Ætat 51. God was pleased to carry me and all my family successfully through inoculation for the small-pox; a mercy which will ever demand a grateful remembrance and indelible gratitude."

His fifty-third birthday fell on Sunday. He says, "It being Lord's Day, and the service of the college chapel devolving upon me, I have no leisure for the reflections proper at this time. The college has been studious, orderly, and also religious. In the important and momentous conflict for public Liberty, our Bow has abode in strength the year

past, by the strength of the hands of the Mighty God of Jacob. . . .

"1781. * We had a public and splendid Commencement in September, altho' with fear and trembling, as the English had lately burned New London and threatened us; there hath been no public Commencement since 74. We have had no tumults in the college. I take great pains to look carefully into the interior state of the college and to converse with the students, *seorsum* (apart), both scientifically and religiously. I am principally concerned lest I should instil some errors into the numerous youth, for we have 224 undergraduates.

"Ætat 57. I have been very happy in college affairs, and the University has been nearly in as good an Estate as to Literature, Religion, Peace, and good Order as could be reasonably expected.

"Ætat 58. My moral state much as for several years past, great mixtures of sin and imperfection with some enjoyment of God. I have been very happy in college affairs. My whole life is such an incessant labour that I have scarcely time to be religious. I hope I have not disoblged an extensive and numerous acquaintance."

His self-restraint in speaking of his own griefs and joys is noticeable: his eldest son dies, and he feels a "most pungent and tender distress in this event." Kezia dies, and he says, "I was renewedly called to mourning. Old Age is now come upon me. I enter on my 60th year."

When sixty-three he married his daughter Polly to the Rev. Abiel Holmes, and "parted with them both for the distant and dangerous climate of Georgia." This son-in-law, the father of Dr. O. W. Holmes, wrote a dignified biography of Dr. Stiles, and appended to it a full account of the origin and growth of Yale.

The last birthday words are of the beloved college, concerning which only

once had Dr. Stiles been obliged to record that he had had "any severity of discipline to administer which gave him sensible distress."

"Ætat 64. God has enabled me to purchase a house to leave to a bereaved Family when God shall take me to Himself. All my children about me at my Table in Health. The General Assembly added Lieutenant Governor and six Senior Assistants to the Corporation of Yale College, with a donation of about \$30,000, appropriating £2500 for building a new college, the rest to lie for funds for Instructors. This will make my Presidency less burdensome and more comfortable. I have had 15 years of great Difficulty and weighty cares."

He worked for five more years, and then, after an illness of a few days and "a passing dread of appearing before Infinite Purity," he bade good-by to his friends, and sent the college his prayers for its happiness and success under a better president than he believed himself to have been.

President Stiles's last years had been as busy as his earlier ones. He had assisted in forming an antislavery society, and with fourteen others had signed its constitution, and he had published his history of the Three Judges of Charles I., who had fled to America. He was always indignant that the Episcopal minister annually preached in commemoration of the martyrdom of Charles I. "If observed at all," he said, "it ought to be celebrated as an anniversary thanksgiving that one nation on earth had so much fortitude and public justice as to make a royal tyrant bow to the sovereignty of the people." He wrote most stately letters of inquiry to Sir William Jones about the Jewish colony at Cochin China, and a letter of seventy pages quarto to the Asiatic Society at Calcutta; hoping thereby "to recover the original principles of first-derived knowledge." The chronology of the

Pentateuch, information about the ten tribes, whom he believed still existed, and the discovery of the original Hebrew copy of the Bible were subjects of constant anxiety to him. Though naturally delicate in health, he indulged in "antelucane studies," and, with paper and pencil always in his pocket, noted down points of observation and knowledge.

His industry was truly amazing. His Literary Diary of conversation or reading comprises fifteen quarto volumes, each volume consisting of over three hundred pages. When Franklin gave him Fahrenheit's thermometer, he made observations with it from 1763 till within two days of his death, which are contained in six quarto volumes. At forty years of age he began to learn Hebrew and Syriac, and in one year translated the Psalms, Genesis, and Exodus, read considerable Arabic, and dipped into the Persian, Coptic, and other Oriental languages. He was eager to obtain a map of the Russian empire, published at St. Petersburg, showing the junction of the two continents, — a wonderful fact to him, if true. He wrote a Latin letter to the Jesuit college in Mexico and to the Greek bishop in Syria, asking about the Samaritan Pentateuch. These inquiries in no way affected his zeal as a Congregationalist (the title of Dissenter he refused, for he was "under no obligation to return to the mother English church, though in South Britain he would have gloried in the name"); nor did they lessen his foresight, as when, after the capture of Montreal, he wrote, "It is probable that in time there will be formed a Provincial Confederacy and a Common Council standing on free provincial suffrage, and this may in time terminate in an imperial diet, when the imperial dominion will subsist as it ought in Election." Under all his sturdiness shines his liberality. "Thanks to God," he says, "in every denomination in the church universal I can read of partic-

ular persons and churches and some clusters of churches eminent for piety as well as soundness in the faith. With all these my soul unites and harmonizes."

Combined with all these great qualities of mind there was a curious vanity, which showed itself in the minute directions that he gave for his portrait. He is represented in a teaching attitude, one hand on his breast, the other holding a Bible. Behind him are conspicuous certain learned books; around him are various emblems, among others that of the intellectual world. In a central glory are the letters JHIVH, surrounded with three white spots, also representing worlds. The three ascending hair lines refer to the Trinity. The motto is, All Happy in God; "for as there are only two worlds known to have revolted, they count as infinitesimal compared with other dominions." Such emblems, he judged, would serve as descriptive of his mind, even if the portrait did not correspond with his face.

Most quaintly does this vanity appear in his Family Constitutions. Years after he abandons them, and writes on the last sheet, "All this is vanity; I intend to destroy most of these papers when I have reviewed them. All I would for my posterity of a secular nature is that they keep a Family Register of Births, Marriages, and Deaths for an example of the Diffusion of Blood and Growth of the Family. To all whom I recommend the Christian religion according to the Congregational Way. Aug. 29, 1772. Ezra Stiles."

Yet so fully, at one time, did he believe in his plan that he made a feoffment of about forty acres to his "son Ezra and his heirs for the fulfillment of this purpose." He wished "to unite and cement his offspring by transfusing to distant generations certain common and influential principles, that it may increase in number and grow up to distinguished private, social, and public

virtue." The income of the estate left for this purpose is to be devoted to the purchase of family medals with appropriate devices; also to the maintenance of family records and to the benefit of the poor of the family, and of those who have read the Bible or made scientific discoveries. During his wife's lifetime, she is to be president; after that, the eldest male or female. At the regular meetings every four years, the Family shall walk to church on Sunday in procession. All those connected by marriage shall vote at these times, except those born of Indians or negroes, who may not even be enrolled, though illegitimate white children shall rank as voters. In a special book is to be entered "a true but short record of any singularly wicked conduct of the offspring, such as murder, treason, theft, ill-treatment of wives. Swearers are to be entered as such." Every one on marrying shall be furnished with a copy of all these ancestral institutions. Dates shall be registered as "in such a year J. C. or Familia Condita, or in such a year of 1, 2, &c. Stylesian Olympiad."

He desires it to be a custom among the family, that a member on marrying should plant half an acre of black mulberry-trees for each child as it is born. He thus continues: "If any Issue should be brought up in Politeness it may not be beneath them to retire into the Country and have a genteel and comfortable subsistence with but little labor, for one man can tend worms eno' in 6 weeks to gain £200. Avoid riches. In general I would recommend for the family Farming and the Employments of the rural Life. Delight not to reside in populous towns and debauched cities, where there is danger of degenerating, or at least of the Diminution of the Increase of Species. Let all the Family be well taught in reading English and in the necessary rudiments of arithmetic — and perhaps a little mathematics, eno' to know the contents of Land and

keep domestic accounts; but always be Friends and Encouragers of the Sciences and the College. As a Family, avoid politics. Never solicit lucrative offices at the price of embroiling the family. Let landed estate be sufficient for Subsistence and depend not on offices for a living; then if called to office unsolicited, Providence bids you act.

"Seek very little acquaintance; there are but few of mankind worth being acquainted with. One of the greatest Inconveniences accompanying public acts of Beneficence is being too much known.

"Let the Family marry young, both for securing their chastity and accelerating Increase. Never adopt the polite principle of tarrying till you can maintain a Family in Splendor, but foresee that you can live by your Occupation, then marry. And in marriage consult the Emendation of the Species. Choose more than $\frac{3}{4}$ of the Marriages out of the Family, and choose of a large, healthy, and robust Breed both for Husbands and Wives. Avoid Families noted for their love of Drink. . . . If I should have ten children, $\frac{1}{2}$ of them should marry and become parents, and at a medium each of the Family, who should have children, should bring up 5 at a medium for marriage and maturity, and as the sexes are nearly equal, there would be by the 10th generation 18,000,000 souls; and as New England will never exceed 20,000,000 of people my descendants will be connected by blood with almost all N. E. Ultimately when J. C. descends from heaven, I hope he will find the Family prepared for some distinguished Notice and Felicity, from himself, Jesus, if they have been a Means of preparing others for his grand appearance."

All this planning, which it must be remembered he later condemned, seems hardly compatible with his sturdy maintenance of Congregationalism. As he was its eager champion he consequently had his enemies, and mentions the frus-

tration of their malicious designs as an illustration of a kindly interposing Providence. "My sermon on the Christian Union disobliged them by showing their numbers in N. E. a trifle compared with the Dissenters, and they ascribed to me all the violence committed here Aug., 1765, in which I had not the least part, and sent to London an accusation and capital charge against me; but a merciful God by the repeal of the Stamp Act brought about the deliverance of me and my country." The sermon referred to is one of an hundred and twenty-eight pages, forty of which, fortunately for his hearers, were not delivered in preaching.

Turning from this earnest defense of Congregationalism, we see another curious side of the president's character in his bold play with logic. He seems to have amused himself with formulating propositions "which ought never to be made by Man, although provable by Reasoning to strict demonstration." Some of them are as follows:—

"God is the intentional efficient Author of Sin.

"Sin is Good. Vice is Virtue. Moral Evil is a Holy Good.

"It is the duty of the Damned to rejoice in their own Damnation.

"It is of the Essence of Holiness and true Submission to God to be willing to be damned.

"Regeneration may as well be effected when you are asleep as awake.

"Self, the highest Principle proved by Christian Rule, do to others as ye would have them do to you.

"Positions now given up, 1741:—

"The Bible to an unconverted Man is no better than an old Almanack.

"The Generality of the Ministers in N. E. unconverted."

Quite as amusing and instructive as these records are the items of daily expenditure. These were kept in uncovered paper books, three inches wide by five long, and run somewhat as follows: "To Lemons, charity, 9 gold buttons,

my leather breeches; To keeping Cousin Peggy one week, Shaving, Postage of letters, 1 Gal. Wine; Hhd. rum for Guinea (in exchange for slave); To ticket in Phil. Lottery, 3d class 2170. Sold $\frac{1}{2}$ above ticket, $1\frac{1}{2}$ lb. figs, Pair of furred Pumps, Scarf, Gloves, Ring. 1759, Nov. 4. Bought for Father Negro Boy Slave, Prince, aged 14 or 15, price 90 dollars, paid." Among other items is the "wedding fee from Mr. Holmes, £8." Presents from the ladies include "1 quire paper, Lambskin Jacket, 3 bottles Matheglin, 4 Bands," etc.

One memorandum book is devoted to receipts of salary, which was paid in installments from fifteen to twenty times a year, the rate of exchange being constantly redetermined. President Stiles states that in "1759 Old Tenor was £ sterling as 24 to 1. £6 Old Tenor was equal to \$1.00 in specie." Another little book has all the baby weights, measures, and growths.

The almanacs contain on blank leaves curious data. One of the earliest is, "Went to see the Stocking Frame Knitting. The Newport Congregation at their meeting to-day voted me £12 for Sabbath preaching and £30 for Horse Hire and Journey."

Again, "June 13, 1744. About 8 o'clock in the morning, the same day King George's Proclamation of War against France was proclaimed in New Haven, Ruth Stiles was born in the Afternoon." This little girl, who inherited all her father's piety, was the mother of Rev. Ezra Stiles Gannett. Through her it almost seems as if the grandfather's favorite texts had been transmitted to the grandson. In 1787 President Stiles preached the ordination sermon for Rev. Henry Channing at New London, and in 1824 Dr. Gannett was ordained as colleague to Dr. William Ellery Channing, nephew of Henry Channing.

In 1754 President Stiles wrote in his almanac, "Went to Boston and was

waked with the melodious Ring of Bells in Dr. Cutler's, alias North, alias Christ Church. Went to Cambridge to Commencement. S. Quiney Sal. Orator. M. Saltonstall Val. Orator. Took Degree A. M. Dined with Mr. Prof. Winthrop. The next day Dined (with) at Dr. Wigglesworth's. Waited on President, returned thanks for degree. In Eve. waited on Mrs. Edwards in Boston and heard her play on Spinnet. Borrowed 2 dollars."

Again, "Counted and find 44 Bottles Claret and 77 Bottles Cyder in cellar. We have drank $5\frac{1}{2}$ doz. Cyder in two months.

"Inoculation in April, 1761. Dr. Adam Thompson of Maryland published in Gazette himself as Author of New Inoculation. Dec. 1769, a physician at Williamsburg thinks himself the author, as do many others. I, Ezra Stiles, think Dr. Muirson the first, and before 1750.

"1761, August. The Comedians opened a Playhouse in Newport and acted for the first Time.

"1762, Jan. 27. Two Whales came into Narragansett Bay within the Dumbell's.

"1762, Feb. There are now 4 Prisoners for Capital crime, in Newport Gaol. Sherman for Burglary. 2 Indians for Murder, and the Negro the same.

"July 5. Begun to make cocoons. By 20th all the cocoons took down and had wound 5 Run Silk.

"Aug. 23, 1769. Sally had 103 fits last 24 hours. Infamous Governor Bernard embarked Aug. 1 and sailed for London. Vale."

On another page is given the total of the sermons preached by himself from the year 1756 to 1774 as 1157; the text was often in Greek or Hebrew characters. Those were the days of long prayers. In this connection he cites the example of Dr. Cheever, of Chelsea, but whether as warning or encouragement is doubtful: "When Mr.

Cheever was very aged, above 80, he was wont to forget himself, especially in family prayers, continuing in it for hours. Once he began family prayer at 10 o'clock at night, and continued praying and standing till day next morning, a long winter's night; his wife was obliged to force him to desist and sit down."

The almanac for 1769 gives the time of the arrival of the various posts, as, "The Post from the Southward, which comes along the sea coast, arrives on Sat. Eve. The bag is closed at the post office on Monday at one o'clock forenoon: the post puts up at Mr. Sylvester's at the sign of the Black and White Horse. Between Boston and Salem a chaise passes and repasses 3 times a week, and puts up at Mrs. Bean's, King St."

In March of that year "occurred the first Moravian Wedding in Newport and New England."

Under date of February 22, 1770, he says, "Young Snider, ætat 11, in Boston murdered by Eben Richardson, an informer in the Custom House.

"Feb. 26. Buried from Liberty Tree, preceded by 500 Boys followed by about 2000 persons of all Ranks.

"The first Martyr of American Liberty."

Again, "Jan. 15, 1770. Brethren and sisters of the Church met at my house for religious Exercise.

"Jan. 20. We have seven cords Wood.

"1771, Feb. Negro meeting at my house. Catechised 20 Boys, 30 Girls.

"June Gen. Assembly granted a charter to my church. Religious meeting of married people of my congregation at Judge Pitman's."

With this last entry the old chest ceases to bear witness to his actions. Almanacs, Expense Books, Birthday Reflections, Propositions, Family Constitutions, — through them all runs the undercurrent of his life, the glory of God; a glory to be heightened by each

new scientific discovery, by each fresh bibliographical item, or by sad or joyful family events. Jehovah, Congregationalism, the College, were his triad of interests. To them he gave the service of his years, helped by his broad and fearless mind to use profitably every department of knowledge, his sense of humor enlivening his studies and duties,

perhaps even his morbid self-consciousness. His personal manuscripts present a picture, almost home-like in its details, of the punctilious, scholarly, upright life of a New England divine, and help us to realize how important a part thought and pedagogy played in those days which we are accustomed to regard as filled chiefly with patriotic virtues.

Kate Gannett Wells.



THE ANATOMIZING OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

III.

SHAKESPEARE worked his wonders in the old way. He invented nothing; he created nothing but character. The greatest of dramatists, he contributed to the drama nothing but himself; the greatest of poets, he gave to poetry not even a new rhythm or a new stanza. He ran not only on the old road, but in the old ruts. Like others born to fame, he did his early work in imitation and in emulation of his immediate predecessors and older contemporaries; unlike most of those who, although inferior to him, were of the superior grade in art, he did not, after the rapid development of his power, contrive for himself new forms, nor did his genius lead him into new methods. The structure of his dramas is simply that of his time, which seems to have been determined by an unexpressed consensus of all the principal playwrights who between the years 1590 and 1613 (the date of his last work) were, like him, earning their bread by writing for the London theatres. In this respect his later dramas show no advance upon his earlier. Indeed, his latest works, *Timon of Athens*, *Cymbeline*, *The Winter's Tale*, and *Henry VIII.*, are inferior in constructive art to those of his middle period, and are not only inferior, but marked by a return to the

formless structure of the loose, ill-proportioned, unsymmetrical, and purposeless dramatized tales and acted stories that filled the stage in his earlier theatrical life. His thought became grander and stronger, his style more splendid as well as subtler and more delicate; his conception of character was certainly not weaker nor less vivid when he imagined *Cleopatra* and *Imogen* than it had ever been; but he seems to have been absolutely without a purpose or an ideal in his art, and almost as ready to do a theatrical job after he had written *Macbeth*, *King Lear*, *Hamlet*, and *Othello* as he was before he had written *Romeo and Juliet*. In all literature, where is there another work so formless, so huddled and heterogeneous, so chaotic, as *Cymbeline*? In all literature, where is the woman whom even her creator would dare to place by the side of *Imogen*?

This lack of originality in form, this absence of high art-purpose, is, however, no evidence in derogation of the creative force or the individual newness of his genius. Endeavor for originality is no more than ambition of fame evidence of natural endowment in art, literary or other. Rather, indeed, are they both indications of innate weakness than of innate power. They have oftener been the motives of the feeble than of the

strong. Distrust the poet, the painter, the musician, who has determined to be original, who means to give the world something new. Above all, distrust him whose avowed purpose is to elevate his art. Him trust, hope in him, who is urged by inborn impulse to utter that which springs within him, and which in utterance takes form, he knows not how, he asks not why nor wherefore. He who seeks to elevate his art is an egoist, who of the two, he and art, thinks himself the greater. Beethoven, not most inspired, but most individual, self-asserting, and peculiar, if not most original and creative, of the masters of his art, remained not only during his most active and energized period, but during the period of his grandest and most original conceptions, within the forms which dominated the art when he entered it. The strongest and most characteristic works of the latter part of his second period, when he was in the unimpaired plenitude of power, do not vary in form from those which he produced when he had but just left the inadequate tutelage of Haydn, and was emulous of Mozart. The eighth symphony (op. 93) is as "regular" in form not only as the first or the second (op. 21 and 36), but as either of the string trios, which are among his very earliest work (op. 9). And indeed the third of this set (in C minor) is not only in its harmony and movement of parts, but in its treatment of themes, one of his most characteristic works; yet as to its form it might have been written by Haydn;¹ but this is also true of later works. A theory and a purpose never quickened creative power, never aided conception of the beautiful, which alone produce

that which lives. Every one of the few phrases of Gluck's music that live in the world's memory (for example, *Che furo* and the Choruses in Iphigenia, and the like) might have been written quite as well if he had had no theory. *They* are born of delight in the beautiful, not of a theory.

Shakespeare was led astray into no vagaries of originality, but went on pouring out the wealth and beauty of his thought through the old channels,—channels cut not by this man or by that, but worn gradually by the course of natural forces. Whether he had impulses toward originality we do not know; but I am inclined to the belief that he had not, and that in this respect, as in some others, he was not only careless, but even thoughtless, about his art. What engaged him chiefly seems to have been the feeling and the thought suggested by dramatic situation; and this he expressed just as it came into his mind at the moment (of which there is evidence, as we shall see), not only without elaboration of any kind, but with little or no concern as to the correctness or the logical consistency of his language. It was the significance of his words and of his phrases in the whole that he looked at; and he was content if these conveyed his meaning vividly and forcibly. His success is a perpetual rebuke to the whole tribe of purists and precisians in language, grammarians, rhetoricians, and insists upon "authority" and the law of best usage and what not; and it defies the efforts of all language classifiers and labelers. His recklessness in this respect led him not unfrequently to clothe the children of his brain in tattered and grotesque array. But his

¹ These trios those of my fellow amateurs who may not know them (and I have found many such) will thank me for bringing to their attention. They are among Beethoven's most delightful minor works; and that in C minor carries weight enough in some passages for a symphony. They would be better known to amateurs if there were more amateur players of the viola, an instrument for

which, in private quartette-playing, a professional musician must usually be engaged. It deserves more attention from amateurs of the higher music, to the enjoyment of which it will introduce them at an expenditure of time and practice which is small to that demanded by the violin or the violoncello: and amateur viola-players are in great demand.

daring and his genius for expression, working together, enabled him, with rare — comparatively rare — exceptions, to triumph over difficulties which cramp the utterance of the devotees of decorum. It is the weight and worth of the thoughts thus put forth in ragged splendor, the gold of which these extravagant paper promises are the sign, upon which the appreciative reader of Shakespeare fixes his attention.

Nevertheless, although Shakespeare is sententious, although his lines are beauty made fruitful by strength, and are pregnant with truth and wisdom, there is in him a notable absence of all endeavor to be sententious. He never shows that conscious effort to be equal to the occasion which is apparent, for example, in *Faust*, and which is wholly absent in the *Iliad*, the *Odyssey*, and the *Divina Comédia*. His inclination to play with language, and his facility in doing it, lead him sometimes into infelicitous antithetical conceits, which are the great blemishes of his writing, and at others into a shower of figures which makes us feel as if we were beaten about the brains with tropes and stoned with epithets. These, however, are exceptional extravagances; and in his better moods, when he is most radiant, he shines with an unconscious light, and without that labored brilliancy and sententiousness which makes the reading of Taine, and sometimes of Carlyle, as wearisome and exhausting as if we shared their fruitful but audible pangs of travail.

There is no doubt that much of Shakespeare's power and more of his allurements lie in what has been recognized as his universal sympathy. He does not hold himself aloof from men. As we know him in his writings, he, the strongest, can feel with the weakest; he who can breathe the highest and purest moral atmosphere does not look down upon those in the lowest and foulest. As a writer he was no respecter of persons; and therefore the whole world is his.

But we may be no less sure that in great measure this sympathy was a sympathy of indifference. As a man he may have had inclining to good; as an artist he had no revulsion from evil. His touch lingers as fondly upon reprobate Falstaff, who shares the fruits of his followers' thievery, as it does upon Cassio, the most completely admirable and lovable of his men. He sympathized as thoroughly with Cleopatra as with Imogen. He does not seem to shrink even from that most contemptible of all his creatures, Parolles. He did not believe enough in the underlying principles of damnation to make an *auto da fé* of sinners.

Hence we must exempt him from personal responsibility for the utterance of his creatures. It is never safe to assume that "Shakespeare has said" thus or so. He merely puts into the mouths of his personages what it seemed to him fitting that they should say in the circumstances in which they are placed. It is not he who, after describing a virtuous and lovable woman, says that she is only fit "to suckle fools and chronicle small beer;" it is that sneering reprobate Iago. Nevertheless, we feel that he had a certain fellowship, if not with the speaker, with the callous cynicism which found utterance in the speech. There is only this one fault (if it really be a fault) that censoriousness can find with Shakespeare's treatment of character: that by representing it thus without favor or disfavor, according to nature, he wins some sympathy from us with even the lowest forms of humanity, and presents us very few personages — perhaps only Imogen, Hermione, Antonio, and Cassio — who are in all things to be approved. Shakespeare's dramatic morality was world-wide; as wide as the firmament, and as deep as the waters underneath the firmament.

It is to this complete, unquestioning sympathy with his personages — all of

them — and to his matchless genius for expression that we owe that introduction of living character into literature which took place in his dramas. Even in Dante we really find little of the complexity and subtlety of organic human nature. We see his figures looming awfully through misty gloom or misty glory; we hear their sins and sorrows grandly told. In Shakespeare they sin and sorrow and joy before our eyes. Hence it is that, although the course of his dramas, and not only his personages but their characters, are found in the old tales, the *novelli*, the chronicles, and the old plays, — like Falstaff “of intolerable entrails,” — which he worked up, or worked over, for his stage, they become in his hands the ministers of immortal wisdom and immortal joy. To illustrate this briefly, — with, to me, disappointing brevity: although in the old story of *Romeus and Juliet* Romeo finds Juliet at her window, leaning her cheek upon her hand, as in the play, it is only Shakespeare who makes the enamored youth exclaim, —

“O, that I were a glove upon that hand,
That I might touch that cheek!”

Although in the old story, as in the play, the Nurse praises Paris, and counsels Juliet to marry him, she being already Romeo’s wife, it is only Shakespeare who makes the young wife turn her eyes upon the retreating beldam, and utter those two words, “Ancient damnation,” that so tell us what the Nurse is and what Juliet. The Cleopatra of Shakespeare is the Cleopatra of Plutarch; — in character, no more, no less; but it is only from Shakespeare that we know that

“Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety.”

It is only in Shakespeare that the vanquished queen, not forgetful of her rival in the midst of her despair, says, —

“If knife, drugs, serpents, have
Edge, sting, or operation, I am safe.
Your wife Octavia, with her modest eyes

And still conclusion, shall acquire no honour
Demuring upon me.”

Twinkling specks plucked out of Shakespeare’s dazzling dome of glory, these instances yet show how it was that he changed death into life and darkness into light.

To be Shakespeare, what was it? — to be this man, before whose usual daily vision the world lay open like a map spread out; who saw men’s secret motives and secret impulses as we see gleams of light in darkness; to whose inner eye all that is beautiful and all that is bad in this beautiful, bad world was as plainly manifest as to his bodily eye were the flowers and the mire about his feet; and who, peasant-born and theatre-bred, was, in Vergil’s phrase, so happy as to know the causes of things, and so fortunate as to gain comfortable livelihood and unlooked-for wealth by telling what he saw and knew in words that charmed his hearers then, and since then have been discovered to be treasures of joy and wisdom, enriching all humanity? What manner of man was it that did this? What, in his very self, was this miracle of men? For I take it that Shakespeare was the most nearly miraculous manifestation of the all-forming power that the earth has ever seen. We know very little of him; but if we are hero-worshippers, and he is our hero, that little is too much. There was in the man Shakespeare, as I see him, much to admire and something to like, but nothing to worship. I once asked a friend, whose instincts and perceptions I had learned to respect, without always finding them conclusive, for an opinion upon Shakespeare as a person. The reply was, “I have none, — never have formed one; but,” after a pause, “I suppose he was rather a coarse, vulgar fellow.” To my astonished look of inquiry, the answer came, “How could he have been otherwise, born in the very lowest condition of rustic life, bred among ruffling players, whose very

profession was then a reproach and a condition of vagabondage? What he wrote is no sign of what he was."

What surprised me in this hastily uttered opinion was, not so much the opinion itself as its independence, and the application, even in the freedom of friendly intercourse, of such a phrase as "coarse, vulgar fellow" to William Shakespeare. Nevertheless, although I could not accept it, or accord with it, I could not but see that for it there was much reason. That a man of Shakespeare's origin and Shakespeare's life in the reigns of Elizabeth and James should have been personally coarse and vulgar, conforms to all the probabilities. That Ben Jonson was coarse and vulgar according to our present standard of manners is hardly doubtful; and if he, why not Shakespeare? Of the two, Jonson was certainly much the better educated, probably the better bred, and had seen largely more of the world. Yet we may be sure that Shakespeare was, if not in character, in his external personality, notably the superior man, much more in appearance and in manner "a gentleman." Not, indeed, because of the incomparable superiority of his writing to Jonson's; for in this respect the opinion which I have cited is beyond all question sound. Between what a man is and what he writes there is no necessary likeness, no connection of cause and effect. Intellectual perceptions of the finest quality united to the power of expressing them fitly and impressively do by no means imply a corresponding personality in morals or in manners. Goldsmith, we know, "wrote like an angel and talked like poor Poll;" and not only so, but that he sometimes acted like Poll's rival, the monkey. The author of the *Vicar of Wakefield*, of *The Citizen of the World*, and of *She Stoops to Conquer* had not only the most charming style in which modern English has ever been written, but a knowledge of the world which was the

result of a singular and almost unequaled union of purity and sagacity. He was, of all the writers of genius known to our literature, the freest from any taint of intellectual vulgarity. His views of life, as presented in his writings, are distinguished by soundness, simplicity, and a good taste which gives them an air of elegance more genuine than Addison's. And yet all that we know of him — and we know much — points him out as a man who, in his personal bearing, was chiefly notable for the absence of tact, of good taste, and of good breeding. He was lovable, and he was loved, but in spite of his awkwardness, his blunders, his vanity, his egoism, his imprudence, and his bad manners.

In our own day an eminent writer in Europe is an obtrusive example of this incongruity. I have never seen him; but a New York lady, who had found great delight in his writings because of their purity and elevation of tone, and a certain atmosphere of serene elegance that breathes through them, and chiefly because of his equally lofty and charming ideal of womanhood, told me that, having brought it about that he should call on her, she was shocked at the appearance of a man ignoble in every way: slovenly in dress, unclean in person, coarse in manners, and altogether so uncouth, sordid, and repulsive that she rid herself of his company as soon as she could do so with civility, and sat down in sorrow to mourn over her shattered ideal.

That Shakespeare's personality was of a very different order from this man's and from Goldsmith's, we may safely infer from even the little that has come down to us in relation to him. The tradition that he was "a handsome, well-shaped man" is confirmed by his effigy in Stratford church, although that shows him middle-aged, fat-faced, and portly. But what he was in manners and in bearing we know chiefly from a trait in

his character which presents him in a light which must make him appear to those who judge by Thackeray's (literary) standard somewhat unamiable and not entitled to reverence; hardly to admiration. His social tastes and likings led him to seek the society and the friendship of those above him in social position; and his person and manner were such that in this respect, as in most others, he attained his desire. No sooner did he begin to achieve distinction as a writer and to thrive in purse, than this son of a Warwickshire peasant began also to set up to be a gentleman and the associate of gentlemen. This in the England of Queen Elizabeth was something very different from what it would be in the England of Victoria; it implied a very much greater presumption. But that Shakespeare had a certain warrant for his presumption is shown by his speedy success.

Our first knowledge of his London life shows him to us in 1592, — only six years after his flight from the sordid obscurity of Stratford, to find an inferior place in a profession then regarded as one of disreputable vagabondage, — in favor with people of high social position. Greene's attack upon him (and Greene, although a very "deboshed fish," was a scholar and a man of talent), as "an upstart crow," a bombaster of blank verse, and a pretender to the honors that belonged to others, showed how he was rising. It was one of those shafts of malice and envy which little souls launch at their superiors who have attained a certain eminence, but one not so high that there is no hope of injuring them by poisoned stings. This, however, touched Shakespeare merely in his literary, or rather his play-writing, function, and is evidence only of his rising reputation as a writer. It gave offense, however, to Shakespeare's friends; and from an apology published for it by Chettle, Greene's editor (Greene was dead), we learn that among those

were persons "of worship;" that is, men of recognized social rank as "gentlemen." Chettle says, too, that he himself had seen Shakespeare's "demeanor no lesse civil than he exclent in the qualitie he professes." It was about this time, also, that the young playwright dedicated his first literary work, *Venus and Adonis*, to the Earl of Southampton, using language which, although discreet and reserved, — notable, indeed, for dignity and good taste, — showed that he was on easy terms with his patron; as easy as at that time could obtain between a player-poet and a peer.

What tact, what social craft, what personal fitness, what clear fixedness of purpose, there must have been in the Stratford exile, to bring about so early such relations with such men! To attain this position, and to have the means to support it, was the sole object of his life, the one great end of his labor. From the way in which he is spoken of and the manner in which he is approached by his old Stratford countrymen, we gather that he had a certain dignity and reserve of manner which — after he had become prosperous; not before — were tolerated and recognized as becoming. He was plainly a man who knew and practiced the art of "getting on" socially, which, although it is rarely consistent with independence of character and a high moral tone, is, like lowliness, "young ambition's ladder."

Shakespeare was manifestly one of those men who, by a union of prudence and pleasant manner and thrift, are well fitted to attain social success. He was a prosperous man, and in his person, his manners, and his bearing "a gentleman." It went hardly with him however, that he was not really a gentleman according to the standard of his time and country; that he could not, like his own Justice Shallow, "write *armigero* in any bill, warrant, quittance, or obligation." He set himself to work diligently to remedy this defect in the

article of his gentry. We have not direct testimony as to the fact, but there is not the slightest moral doubt of it. He, however, did not wish to be made a gentleman in his own person, and to be pointed out by his fellow actors as not only a literary but a social upstart. Too crafty for that, his endeavor was to have his father, the poor old bailiff-hunted Stratford peasant, made a gentleman of coat armor; the consequence of which would have been that he, William Shakespeare, would have been a gentleman by birth. Money did such things then as it has done since; and the Herald's College went so far as to design and prick out arms for John Shakespeare, accompanied by a draft of a patent containing utterly false assertions as to his origin and that of his wife, which could have had but one source. Here, however, Shakespeare failed. The arms were not confirmed. But as they belonged to no one else, the rich actor and Stratford tithe-owner assumed them and the status which they implied. It must have been a proud day for the author of *King Lear* and *Hamlet* when he saw himself described in a law document as "William Shakespeare, of Stratford-on-Avon in the county of Warwick, Gentleman."

This is not, from the Thackeray (literary) point of view, a very admirable attitude in which to contemplate him whose fame is the greatest in all literature. But Shakespeare being personally the man he was, having the tastes, the character, and the means to sustain the position that he sought, and the customs and habits of his time being what they were, it would be a hard, harsh judgment which condemned him without reserve for this proceeding. For then to be by birth a gentleman of coat armor brought a consideration of a kind which is grateful to the taste and the feelings of any man of gentlemanly habits of mind and life (which Shakespeare certainly had), and which was attainable

in no other way. Let those who have never done a "snobbish" thing cast the first stone at his memory. My hand shall not launch the missile; but as I am seeking and setting forth facts, this one must be recorded and held up in its true light.

Again, what manner of man was Shakespeare in his inner life—morally? How can we tell? What do we know of the inner life, the real moral entity, of men with whom for years we have had personal relations? How often do we find that we have misjudged them, wronged them grievously! Not all of us are noble and tender enough to be capable of remorse. If we were, how many of us would in this way know its sting! And upon this man, of whom we know so little and at whom we must look back through the obscuring remoteness of nearly three centuries, how shall we dare to sit in judgment! Yet we are not without some means of knowing pretty surely, although within a narrow range, what kind of man this Shakespeare was.

It has been assumed by many of his admiring critics, commentators, anatomists, that, having been a great poet, he must therefore have been a good man. This is a view likely to have general welcome. Laudation of the great is always welcome to the worshipers of greatness. Many men, perhaps most men, seem to feel that they themselves become admirable by praising that which is praiseworthy. They see their own faces in the brightness that they look upon. Again we have the old story which Shakespeare himself told by the lips of the snarling cynic Jaques,—of giving the sum of more to him which hath too much. Because a man has many things, therefore shall he have all. Because he has little, let us take from him some of that little. Has he nothing? Let him be damned to eternal poverty and eternal friendlessness. We all know the monstrous magnification of Mr. Charles Knight's

biography of Shakespeare, in which a few meagre facts were expanded and impudently until they could bear up an huge octavo volume, in which all Elizabethan England was made a great intellectual and social system revolving around Shakespeare, — a man of whom comparatively few of those in-figuring personages knew anything, and those few only that he was a successful playwright and a pleasant, well-mannered man; a book whose leaves are all rose-tinted, whose language is all eulogy.

But it is not necessary to come down so far as the middle of the nineteenth century to find personal praise of Shakespeare. Upton, who wrote a century before Knight, and whose little volume shows that he was not only one of the most learned but one of the most perceptive and discreet of Shakespeare's critics, will have it that he is an "undoubted example" of the truth of Ben Jonson's view of this question. Now Jonson declared that "if men will impartially, and not a-squint, looke toward the offices and function of a poet, they will easily conclude to themselves the impossibility of any one's being a good poet without first being a good man," — a most shameless piece of self-eulogy; for that Ben was sure that he was not only a good poet, but a great poet, who that knows him can doubt a moment? But Jonson could be generous when he set out to be so; and he says, in his eulogy prefixed to the folio of 1623, —

"Looke how the fathers face
Lives in his issue, even so the race
Of Shakespeares mind and manners brightly
shines

In his well torned and true filed lines :
In each of which he seemes to shake a lance,
As brandish't at the eyes of Ignorance."

But eulogies in verse of recently departed merit, or demerit, may profitably be scanned with doubt and discrimination by those who would know the truth in regard to their subjects. If Shakespeare's mind and manners were, in Jonson's opinion, to be judged by the man-

ner in which he turned and filed his lines, an appeal from Jonson drunk with the flow of eulogy to Jonson sober on the bench of criticism would make sad havoc with the character of the "sweet Swan of Avon," as we shall see hereafter. As to carefulness and elaboration in writing, Jonson was Shakespeare's severest censor. Nor is it credible for a moment that Jonson believed what he said (referring to Shakespeare's *armes parlantes*, or punning arms) when he declared that the spear-shaker shook his lines in the eyes of ignorance. No one knew better than Jonson that the dramas of the uneducated Shakespeare, filled as they are with wisdom and the evidences of a power of assimilating knowledge which is unequaled and, without hyperbole, marvelous, are in many passages only splendid monuments to their writer's ignorance, — ignorance of that of which Jonson would have regarded a knowledge as almost elemental in an educated man.

It is much more to the purpose of showing that Shakespeare was loyal, amiable, and good-natured when Jonson says, in his Discoveries, "I loved the man, and do honour his memory, on this side idolatry, as much as any. He was indeed honest, and of an open and free nature." Here "honest" means much more than merely truthful and trustworthy. It does mean loyal, ingenuous, *generosus*; and this testimony is the most important and significant that we have to the admirable and lovable side of Shakespeare's personal character. All the more is it so when the rough, gruff, and even quarrelsome and envious nature of the eulogist is considered.

Shakespeare, it would seem, had in a notable degree the attaching quality; which is sometimes found united with great intellectual power, but which quite as often is found, and at least in an equal degree, in those who are far from being distinguished either for wisdom

or for knowledge. Nor, indeed, is this quality always or necessarily accompanied by truthfulness, or purity, or honesty, or kindness, or moral goodness of any kind. Bad men, selfish men, often have it: men of the highest moral excellence, men who are unselfish even to self-sacrifice, are often wholly without its charm. It seems to be the result of a union of manner and tact, and to be quite as often as not the result of purpose, of determination and skill in the art of "making friends." Its most common methods and indications are a delicate way of flattering the vanity and serving—generally in small matters—the interests of those around us. Shakespeare himself knew this, as he appears to have known by intuition everything about man's moral nature; and his greatest villain, the blackest-hearted human fiend in imaginative literature,—it is needless to name Iago,—has it in a greater degree than any other personage that appears in his dramas. Nor was Iago, in seeming (and in social relations, if not in personal, seeming is reality), without the other qualities which Jonson found in Shakespeare. Until the catastrophe of the great tragedy is close at hand, we have the testimony of every person involved in it that Iago was indeed honest and of an open and free nature. To the noble Moor he was to the very end "honest, honest Iago;" and Cassio believed unto the last that Iago loved him.

Let me not be misunderstood or misrepresented. That Shakespeare was no such hypocrite and fiend as Iago was needs not be said. All that we have to remember is that, according to the very showing of the great master of the human heart, the light-giving sun of worldly wisdom, Jonson's testimony does not prove that he might not have been so,—does not even prove that upon sufficient provocation and good occasion he might not have put such hypocrisy and fiendishness in practice. Jonson's testimony

tells us merely what Jonson thought. It does, however, make it highly improbable that Shakespeare was untrustworthy or unscrupulously selfish; it does make it certain that he appeared to those who were in constant and intimate association with him a man of an honest, frank, lovable nature.

A careful consideration of what we know about Shakespeare the man leads to the conclusion that he was one of those who play to win;—always, the game of life or any other game. Success, the getting and keeping of his own, were the ends he kept constantly in view. To this he brought an unequaled knowledge of men and things, and an ability in affairs which (considering the limited field of his action in this respect) seems to have been not inferior to his other personal gifts. He presents to us the strange and admirable union of a good manager and a great poet, an economist and a writer of fiction, a player and a man of thrift. Like many other men,—can we not say like most other men?—vastly his inferiors, he had two natures: Shakespeare the poet was one man; Shakespeare outside the realm of poetry was another man. The two orbits in which his dual nature revolved did not overlap; they did not even touch. Unlike and far above all the rest of the world in some things, in this he was like many of the humblest of his worshippers.

Now it is sadly sure that success in life, the success which consists chiefly in rising from poverty to wealth, is, with very rare exceptions, the accompaniment and the consequence of a certain hardness of nature. Successful men are those who make hard bargains with the world, and hardly hold to them. If to this quality they add tact, the power of managing, the power of personally pleasing those with whom they are brought in contact; and if, moreover, they have brilliant talents, their success attains the point of splendor. All these

qualities seem to have been Shakespeare's; all this success he certainly did attain.

The notion that a good poet must be a good man may be dismissed without further consideration, notwithstanding the respectability of the names by which it is supported. Indeed, all general rules of moral judgment, all opinions of men formed upon classification, are futile and untrustworthy. A man is an individual, and must be judged by himself. The interesting question remains, Was this great poet a good man? We don't know. We only know that he was civil in his demeanor; that his conduct united with his great mental gifts to win him, standing in the lowest social position, the favor of those who were in the highest; that Ben Jonson loved him (his recognition of the merit of *Every Man in his Humour* brought Ben into notice) and thought him honest and of a free and open nature; that, being only an actor and a playwright, he rose rapidly from absolute poverty to very considerable wealth; that to please the coarse tastes of a considerable part of the public, by pleasing which he prospered, he who when he spoke judicially denounced indecency as bad in morals and bad in art made his plays more copiously, more grossly, and more ingeniously indecent than any others known to modern literature; that he sued one of his Stratford townsmen for £1 15s. 10d, and another for £6, and getting judgment against the latter, and not being able to arrest him, he proceeded against his surety; that he did not save his father from similar prosecution on the part of his creditors, but that he did buy from the Herald's College a coat-of-arms for that father, and a patent of gentry full of falsehood, of which he, at least, was cognizant; and that when William Combe, the squire of Welcombe, projected the inclosure of a large part of the common-fields at Stratford-on-Avon, and there was great opposition in the interests of

such men as Shakespeare's father and the poor agricultural laborers, he, notwithstanding entreaty, stood by the rich, grasping squire.

We may be sure that Shakespeare's life was, according to the manners and morals of the time, decorous, — considering his profession, notably decorous; that his manners were ingratiating; and that above all things else he was prudent: that after his first bitter experience at Stratford of the consequences of youthful imprudence the guiding rule of his life was, "*Nullum numen abest, si sit prudentia*;"¹ that he was at the least prudently just; that he was prudently kind in his actions, and perhaps more; that it probably was agreeable to him to be more than prudently courteous; that he manifested imprudently no personal resentments or dislikes; and that he brought, with notable discretion, all his great faculties and all his intuitive knowledge of the world not only to his task of play-writing, but to the advancement of his fortunes and the elevation of his social position.

The condition of life in which he found himself was one from which his taste revolted. He loathed his profession, acting, and looked upon his occupation, play-writing, only as a means of getting money. This he tells us himself in two of those sonnets (the 110th and 111th) which he circulated among his private friends. The passages are well known to all students of his life and writings, but they will bear repetition here. They are mingled with others which refer to that bewildering personal story which seems to be told in those fascinating verses. As to his profession, he says in the second of these sonnets, —

"O, for my sake do you with Fortune chide,
The guilty goddess of my harmful deeds,
That did not better for my life provide
Than public means which public manners
breeds.

¹ If prudence be present, no divinity is absent.

Thence comes it that my name receives a brand,
And almost thence my nature is subdu'd
To what it works in, like the dyer's hand."

Most sad, most touching; in expression almost beyond just admiration. Was bitterness of soul, was the anguish of a man who eats his own heart in secret, ever told with so much of abasement and so much of reserve? Knowing himself to be so far by nature above most of the grand people he saw around him, he felt every hour how much, in their eyes and in position, he was beneath them! And then his means were public. He could not conceal from others the stigma of his caste: he must parade it daily, and daily suffer from its contamination. Then as to his play-writing he says in the other sonnet, —

"Alas, 't is true; I have gone here and there
And made myself a motley to the view,
God'd mine own thoughts, sold cheap what is
most dear,
Made old offences of affections new ;

Most true it is that I have look'd on truth
Askance and strangely."

Sad, sad again: this revelation not only of his consciousness that he was deliberately coining his soul into money, but that for money's sake he *had* "looked on truth askance and strangely;" that for money's sake he *had* morally been reckless of his own rede; that in his counsel he could say *meliora probo*, but in his action *deteriora sequor*; and this not from waywardness, or wantonness, or heat of blood, but in the way of "business," — which, by the way, as the common shield of all abomination has become the most loathsome word in the English language. But Shakespeare being the man he was, his position was one of constant suffering and sore perplexity, and his only relief from it was by the attainment of wealth. We need not shut our eyes to the truth as we confess that it becomes very few of us to judge him harshly.

Richard Grant White.

WHERE IT LISTETH.

THERE is, on a certain sylvan estate of my thought, a little area where only the anemone grows, year after year holding the ground in undisturbed tenure. Whenever the wind blows, though never so rudely, bloom runs rife over the anemone bank; then I mark a swift unfolding and buoyant stirring of petals on which the sun shone and the rain dropped gentle persuasion in vain. I gather at random a handful of these blossoms, well pleased if any lover of the wild-garden recognize a familiar species.

I remember a kinship we have with the wind: *Anima*, the wind; also the breath or life of man. Sometimes, on a listless summer day, a sudden gust sweeps the dust of the road into vertical form, bears it along for a few seconds,

then mysteriously disperses it. When this happens, it seems to me that I have seen a vague type or semblance of humanity, — dust and spirit imperfectly compounded by some unimaginable ambition in the earthy atoms goaded into momentary, troubled activity.

Air in motion, says the old standing definition. The sailor, who surely should know best, recognizes twelve phases of the wind, of which the first in the series is called "faint air," the last "storm." Science informs us as to the traveling records made by each: the hurricane's speed ranges from eighty to one hundred miles an hour, while even gentle air, whose rate is but seven miles an hour, more than keeps up with your average roadster.

Elizabethan Davies, whose verse has touch both of the savant and the transcendentalist, inquires, —

"Lastly, where keep the Winds their revelry,
Their violent turnings, and wild whirling hays,
But in the Air's translucent gallery?
Where she herself is turned a hundred ways
While with those maskers wantonly she plays."

We may thank what we call "poetic license" for the permission it gives us to make the vowel long in the word "wind:" this pronunciation admirably preserves the prime idea of the sinuous and subtle force exerted by the wandering air. Homer mentions a river, called Ocean, encircling the earth. The true Ocean River, — what is it but the mad stream of the winds forever beating the terrestrial shore? Homer's epithets descriptive of the sea instantly come into the mind: the wind, too, is an earth-shaker, is many-sounding; full of sea tones, hungry-voiced as the sea itself. Here its current may be running with halcyon smoothness, spreading out in a gentle lake or pool of despond; elsewhere, at the same moment, it courses in rapids, spins cyclones, and buffets the heavens with its huge billows. It may almost be said to have its tides, like the sea; to encroach upon one coast, eroding it by stealthy pinches, while it temporarily builds up another. This upper ocean stream moulds as it will the under watery plain, and its crafty deity completely overrules the bulky Neptune.

Upon sand and snow the wind leaves an imprint of its wave-like motion, with record of the direction in which it traveled. This invisible swift stream furrows the level snow, and carves a drift as a river does its banks. I almost forget that the wind is not palpable to the eye, so evident is the motion which it everywhere imparts. As a medium of expression, a deep meadow in the month of June will do. Once walking along the edge of such a field, I experienced a slight giddiness, as though I had been looking down on water from a ship's

deck. As the fresh breeze swept over the luxuriant meadow, the long swell and endless succession of waves seemed to me excellent counterfeit of the sea's surging; even spray was not lacking, for such I counted the gray bloom of the grass marking the crest of each wave. The birds that flew over the field, or dipped under its blossom-spray, by an easy hyperbole of vision became seabirds, and something in their free, abandoned flight gave the fancy countenance. When I hear the wind in the tops of great trees, my first impression is that if I look up I shall see its strong current drawing through them, and, far above their leafy periphery, the broken crests and white caps of the airy sea, — flecks of light, detached cloud driving on or past some shrouded island or main shore, cloud also, but denser, and slower in its drifting. As a child, I thought the stars and the wind were associated; the higher the wind, the brighter shone the stars. Still, on a breezy night, I find it easy to imagine that their brilliance comes and goes with the wind, like so many bickering flames of torch or candle.

As a description of the long flow and reflux of the wind, the air's voice with the circumflex accent, I know of no combination of words surpassing in beauty this passage from Hyperion: —

"As when, upon a tranced summer night,
Those green-robed senators of mighty woods,
Tall oaks, branch-charmed by the earnest stars,
Dream, and so dream all night without a stir,
Save from one gradual solitary gust
Which comes upon the silence, and dies off,
As if the ebbing air had but one wave."

This is the breathing of enchanted solitude, but immeasurable desolation finds a voice in these lines from *Morte d'Arthur*: —

"An agony
Of lamentation, like a wind, that shrills
All night in a waste land where no one comes,
Or hath come, since the making of the world."

The tumult of sound, half heroic prophesying, half mournful reminiscence, that runs through the forest roof at the be-

ginning of a storm is heard in the following:—

"A wind arose and rush'd upon the South,
And shook the songs, the whispers, and the
shrieks
Of the wild woods together."

Something stormy in the soul rises to applaud the storm without, and cheer on the combatants, with a "Blow, blow, thou winter wind," or a "Blow, wind, and crack your cheeks! rage! blow!" As I listen, on a December night, to this traveler from the uttermost west,—whose wing, for aught I know, carries siftings from the old snow of Mount Hood or St. Helen,—I am put in mind, now of the claps and shocks of great sea waves, of the panting breath of wild herds driven by prairie fire, of the whizzing of legion arrows; but softly! now, by a magical decrescendo, the sound is reported to my ear as merely a mighty rustling of silken garments,—audible proof of invisible *éclat* at this state levee of the elements. I know how the trees thrill with excitement, swaying to and fro and nodding deliriously, as though the tunes of Amphion were even now tickling their sense for music and dancing. Especially I figure the ecstasy of the pine and the hemlock, whose rocking motion suggests that of a skiff moored in unquiet waters: they would perhaps like to snap their rooty cables, and go reeling away on the vast wind-sea! If there is anything in heredity, the pine-tree must have an instinct for maritime life; so, I fancy, it foresees and sings a time when it shall become the "mast of some tall ammiral."

Each wind has its own weather significance quite constant in value. "When ye see a cloud rise out of the west, straightway ye say, There cometh a shower; and so it is. And when ye see the south wind blow, ye say, There will be heat; and it cometh to pass,"—prognostics that still hold good. The world around, the east wind is known as a malicious dispenser both of physical

and spiritual ill. Beyond question, he would be hailed as the benefactor of his race who should invent some method of hermetically sealing the east wind; yet, could this be done, immediately some one of the other three would undertake the discharge of its suppressed neighbor's duties. It is said that at Buenos Ayres the wind from the north is the most dreaded. During its continuance, citizens who are compelled to be out-of-doors wear split beans upon their temples to relieve the headache which it causes, and a special increase of crime is noted.

Why does the world's literature teem with fond reference to the south and the south wind's amenity? The poets are all in the northern hemisphere! Had there been bards in Patagonia and New Zealand, it is safe to say that the balmy north wind would have wandered through the gardens of their rhetoric, or the nipping and eager south wind would have scathed their flowers. Who is quite able to fancy that the weather of the South Pole is every whit as frosty as that of the North?

Formerly the winds were thought to be amenable to the will of magicians, or of other mortals superhumanly favored. Not to go back so far as *Æolus* Hippotades and his gifts to Ulysses, we may find in the Anatomy of Melancholy an interesting account of a certain king of Sweden, who had an "enchanted cap, by virtue of which, and some magical murmur or whispering terms, he could command spirits, trouble the air, and make the wind stand which way he would; insomuch that when there was any great wind or storm the common people were wont to say the king now had on his conjuring cap." Once the credulous vanity of man could be persuaded that the elements were agitated at the approach of calamity to himself. On the 19th of May, 1663, Sir Samuel Pepys made the following entry in his immortal diary: "Waked with a very

high wind, and said to my wife, 'I pray God I hear not the death of any great person, this wind is so high!' fearing that the queen might be dead. So up and by coach to St. James's, and hear that Sir W. Compton died yesterday." It would be edifying to know something more about the wind-gauge used by old Pepys in making his necrological calculations; for instance, the exact volume of disturbed air corresponding with the demise of a person in any given rank of the nobility. Presumably, an English yeoman might have died, and not so much as a zephyr have troubled the good old chronicler's slumbers with intelligence of the fact.

The *idle* wind? How so sure that it is idle? Though it pipes in the key-hole and sighs in the boughs of the roof-tree, that is not its main employ. The brown-studying mortal, who hums or whistles a tune while engaged with the solution of some vast mechanical or ideal problem, I should not call idle. Because I am unadvised of its affairs, shall I presume to call the west wind a vagrant?

Though I lack the conjuring cap, as also knowledge of the whispering terms by means of which I could make the wind stand according to my pleasure, perhaps I can induce it to do me a good turn. Given a small crevice between the two sashes of a window; a couple of wedges (of pine let them be); a waxed thread of silk stretched between them in the crevice, through which the stream of the wind glides, as water in a race to serve some skillful enterprise of man: and now I have a musical instrument, simpler in its construction, and yet not unlike that from which "the God of winds drew sounds of deep delight," to charm the dwellers of Castle Indolence. It is pleasing to know that the last of the minstrels still lives, and may be won to come and play at your casement, if you will but provide a harp for his use. As soon as the thread is stretched in the

crevice, and the wind comes upon it, I seem to listen to the smooth continuation of an old-time or old-eternity music which I have not heard before, only because my ear lacked the true sense of hearing. The wind bloweth where it listeth; and these sounds, breathed through a trivial instrument, are always coming and going between earth and heaven, free, elemental, mysterious, born of a spirit unsearchable. Yet they seem to admit of human interpretation, and I hear in them both requiem and jubilate, the canticle of comforted sorrow and the voice of hope. Sometimes, with the ebbing of the wind, a cadence just fails of completion,—like a bright gossamer, that, running through the sunshine, presently dips into shade and becomes invisible. But the inner ear keeps a vibration, and imagination fills up the interval until the wind returns. Then I prove that

"Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
Are sweeter."

This harp of the wind is also, by turns, flute and shrill fife, silver bells and the "horns of elfland faintly blowing." Occasionally it emits a strain of exquisite purity, resembling the highest and clearest of violin tones prolonged under the bow of a master. The minstrel strikes many varying notes of the music of nature,—the faint tinkling of a small brook, the far-away cheer of migrating birds, the summer-afternoon droning of bees in the hive, and even the guttural tremolo of frogs heard in the distance. Under a sudden violent stress of the wind the strings of the harp (for I sometimes add a second string) shriek with dissonant agony. Each discordant sound, I imagine, is but the strayed and mismated fragment of some harmonious whole, of which nothing now remains except this solitary wandering clamor. All these remnants of wrecked musical unities, perhaps forced together by secret compulsion, seem bewailing in unknown tongues their per-

petual alienation from harmony. Of such character might all discord be said to be.

Following the slim thread of this Æolian rivulet I find the way to sleep. My dreams are mingled and tempered sweetly by the bland spirit of the harp, that through the dark, oblivious hours plays on, unweaving all evil spells of the night.

"Be not afeard; the isle is full of noises,
Sound, and sweet airs that give delight and
hurt not.
Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments
Will hum about mine ears; and sometimes
voices,
That, if I then had waked after long sleep,
Will make me sleep again."

To which may be added the pleasant consideration that I "have my music for nothing."

Edith M. Thomas.

LODGE'S HISTORICAL STUDIES.¹

THESE Studies are a collection of the Essays heretofore contributed by Mr. Lodge to sundry reviews and magazines. Their permanent value and interest are amply sufficient to make this re-publication desirable. For example, the paper on Timothy Pickering is a wonderful piece of character-drawing. Some masterly touches, scattered generously through its forty pages, depict to the life, with infinitely more vividness than all the four great volumes of the Upham biography, the stern, unflinching, narrow, opinionated, uncompromising, honest, indefatigable, stubborn, intense statesman, the characteristic product of the mature youth of the old Puritan province. To appreciate this striking portrait is to make a long stride towards the comprehension of the singular and strongly marked people who grew into something like an individual race in New England. Pickering was a better exemplification of them than John Adams, who is so often spoken of as the typical Puritan and New Englander of that day; for Pickering was limited and colonial, and therein closely resembled his fellow citizens, whereas Adams had a breadth and liberality which few of them had then ac-

quired. Gloomy, almost repellent, as those bygone generations seem in comparison with the gayer tints of modern times, Hawthorne has long since taught us that our forefathers were picturesque. But no other writer has ever been able to draw the picture, and Hawthorne dealt mistily with fabled beings. Now, however, comes Mr. Lodge, and, sketching for us sundry real people, shows not only that he has caught the spirit, life, and character of the cisatlantic Puritan, but that he can, by a happy power of description, get these upon paper before us with the combined truthfulness of the photograph and of the painting.

In this connection, also, should be mentioned the article happily entitled *A Puritan Pepys*, wherein are reviewed the three large octavos of the famous Sewall Diary. This is altogether the pleasantest bit of reading in the book. Gleaning in fields full of stubble, Mr. Lodge has yet gathered a delightful sheaf, and presents it to us so fragrant with the antique atmosphere that while we read we seem to be living two hundred years ago. We at once sympathize with and are diverted by that strange, hard, earnest life, wherein, after long wintry hours of prayer and sermons, the God-fearing flock partook of the sacra-

¹ *Studies in History.* By HENRY CABOT LODGE. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1884.

mental morsels, frozen so that they rattled on the plate. The paper is in Mr. Lodge's best vein; he deals faithfully with a grave topic, yet constantly illuminates it with a humor that enlivens without falsifying the picture of a community in which "the great and really the sole regular diversion was found in going to funerals." Sewall himself, the worthy and pious magistrate, as Mr. Lodge says, "regarded his offspring chiefly as conspicuous and instructive examples of original sin;" yet nothing could be more charmingly human than his amorous temperament, or more exquisitely amusing than his persevering efforts to escape the miseries of single life. His first wife lived with him forty-four years. Five months after her death he was courting Mrs. Winthrop, who received him so coldly that he "turned to Mrs. Dennison, whose husband's will he had lately probated." But trouble about the settlements turned him from this quest, though "his bowels yearned to" the lady, and though she actually visited him and begged him to carry the matter through. But he would not, and married the widow Tilley. Her, too, he buried in less than a year, and then returned again to Mrs. Winthrop. He kissed her and held her hand, persuading her to allow him to draw off her glove by seductively arguing that "'t was great odds between handling a dead goat and a living lady." But since he could not be induced either to keep a coach or to wear a wig, Mrs. Winthrop would not have him; neither would Mrs. Ruggles; and he was at last made happy by Mrs. Gibbs, who married and finally buried him. In this same paper occurs an admirable sketch of the old-time prayer: "The wider range of subjects is the most striking feature of the practice, and it is this quality which is so highly characteristic and instructive. . . . Every topic of interest, personal and public; the thousand and one purely temporal mat-

ters, which to-day are discussed in the newspapers or around the dinner table; the affairs of the state and of foreign nations, all alike met with due attention in the prayer of the Puritan."

The contrast between these bygone days and our own time will be made to stand out boldly if, after reading the Puritan Pepys, we turn to the last two articles, Colonialism in the United States, and French Opinions of the United States, 1840-1881. These are historico-social essays, so to speak, dealing chiefly with the habits of life and thought of our people in the present and the next preceding generation; witty, picturesque, full of wisdom and good sense, with sound and courageous criticism of certain of our now prevalent ways and manners.

The real reason, however, why this collection deserves a place in a well-chosen library lies not in the good sense or cleverness of the articles taken singly, — although they were originally written without connected design, — but in the fact that a large proportion of them, all which are of substantial value, are strung upon one thread. It is not as "studies in history" generally, but as studies in the history of the United States, that they merit preservation. The volume would have lost little by the omission of *The Puritans* and the *Restoration*, a paper somewhat brilliant and in the style of Macaulay, but which any clever essayist in England or in this country might easily have written. The same remark is true of *The Early Days of Fox*, and in a less degree of the paper on William Cobbett, though the latter has of course in parts a close bearing on American history. But if Mr. Lodge had nothing better than these to offer, his papers, good as they are, might have slept in peace with their comrades on the pages where first they fell. It is in dealing with the history of the United States, and especially of New England, that Mr. Lodge does work

which has not yet been equaled by any writer. A few others have acquired a knowledge as extensive as his, but no other has manifested such a capacity for observing the connections between remote facts; for forming sound generalizations; for conceiving and producing in accurate relationship all the parts of a broad picture; for sketching typical individuals; for appreciating the traits, sentiments, and motives of the several American communities; and for tracing the changes without losing the continuity running through the modes of thought of successive generations.

In expressions of judgment Mr. Lodge is a trifle too dogmatic, announcing his opinions with the air of a chief justice of a court of last resort, whereas in fact there is no such tribunal in the domain of history. Fortunately, however, he is always conscientious, and in the main is fair, moderate, and dispassionate. He is a thorough-going Federalist, of course. Probably he is so by original nature; but certainly, with his education and training, his personal and hereditary affiliations, he could not fail to sympathize with the most intellectual political party which ever existed in this or any other country,—a party, too, in the second ranks of which his great-grandfather occupied a somewhat prominent position. He is less than just in dealing with Jefferson. All true Federalists always have undervalued Jefferson's real ability in every respect except as regards his adroitness as a politician; and they have been even more unjust in their strictures upon his moral character and his honesty. Jefferson was far greater, broader, sounder, and vastly more honorable than has been yet admitted by Mr. Lodge or any writer of his school. But on the other hand, perhaps by way of striking a fair average, Mr. Lodge offsets his disparagement of Jefferson by almost equally undeserved praise of Gallatin,—a man who never climbed above mediocrity

in statesmanship, of meagre resources, scant courage, and with no principles so fixed that a little pressure would not induce him to replace them with others of precisely the opposite purport. If one wishes to be liberal in praising opponents, let him at least select those who furnish some fair basis for admiration, and show magnanimity by speaking well of the heroes who have hurt his friends rather than by building pedestals for the little fellows who never hit a hard blow. Occasional allusions to John Adams, also, in the volume, show only his faults; and though this is in part due to the connection, the blunders of that great man playing a prominent part in the crisis under discussion, yet in the absence of a kind or modifying word the general impression left is unpleasant, derogatory, and imperfect. Pickering, on the other hand, is complimented somewhat over-highly when he is ranked beside Adams and Hamilton as a rival "third leader" of the Federalists.

Mr. Lodge, though a young man, has already written much, and it is to be expected and hoped that he will write much more. His manner, therefore, as well as his matter, demands consideration, and his style as a writer is, in a way, of public interest. He has many good points: his English is pure; his pages are free from those inelegancies which Englishmen call "Americanisms," and equally so from those other inelegancies, not less disagreeable though hitherto less talked about, which Americans should pluck up courage to brand by their well-deserved name of "Anglicisms." He has the advantage of earnestness of manner, of vigor, often of animation; he has a good vocabulary, and chooses his descriptive words very well; but he has the very serious fault of constructing a large proportion of his sentences very ill. They are involved; they appear to have been rapidly written, and not to have been re-shaped with the aim of giving access to their mean-

ing by a steady logical evolution, expanding through a clear advance from the first to the last word. The continuity is broken by interjectional bits, misplaced in the sentence. He constantly is obliged to help his reader to his meaning by the poor aid of punctuation. It is singular that this lack of lucidity in arrangement should disfigure his style, since the general framework of his essays and the construction of his paragraphs manifest a careful regard for clearness, logical sequence, and precision of thought. If this criticism seems too minute, it at least involves a subtle compliment; it would not be applied to men from whom we expect less and who can give us less than can rightfully be demanded at the hands of Mr. Lodge.

Of the book as a whole it may be truly said that not a dozen living Americans could produce its peer. Moreover, it is patriotic work. It is impossible not to observe with gratification the growing tendency of American writers to deal with American topics, and of American readers to find pleasure in such subjects. In the article on Colonialism

in the United States Mr. Lodge is more generous than just when he praises Motley and Prescott as members of a new national school. They were not; they had abundance of American material at their disposal, and had they been free from colonialism they would have turned to this and embellished the annals of the American Provinces or of the United States rather than those of the Netherlands, Spain, Peru, or even Mexico. The same difference would have marked the demands of readers, had not they also suffered from the same taint. But that foolish prejudice against our own history is now happily moribund, if not altogether dead, and each such essay as we have in this volume is another stitch for the shroud. It is most encouraging to see that American historians to-day like to study and to write the history of their own land, and that American readers will not only buy, but will read and discuss, such volumes, with an eagerness and interest which the like material could by no means have awakened even a score of years ago.

A MODERN PROPHET.

MR. FORD MADDOX BROWN, in a large picture entitled *Work*, which he exhibited in London about twenty years ago, introduced two figures, whom he thus described in the entertaining catalogue which accompanied his exhibition: "These are the brain-workers, who, seeming to be idle, work, and are the cause of well-ordained work and happiness in others. Sages, such as in ancient Greece, published their opinions in the market square. Perhaps one of these may already, before he or others know it, have moulded a nation to his pattern, converted a hitherto combative

race to obstinate passivity; with a word may have centupled the tide of emigration, with another have quenched the political passions of both factions,—may have reversed men's notions upon criminals, upon slavery, upon many things, and still be walking about little known to some. The other, in friendly communion with the philosopher, smiling, perhaps, at some of his wild sallies and cynical thrusts (for Socrates at times strangely disturbs the seriousness of his auditory by the mercilessness of his jokes—against vice and foolishness), is intended for a kindred and yet very dis-

similar spirit : a clergyman, such as the Church of England offers examples of, — a priest without guile, a gentleman without pride, much in communion with the working classes, ‘honoring all men,’ ‘never weary in well-doing;’ scholar, author, philosopher, and teacher, too, in his way, but not above practical efforts, if even for a small amount in good, deeply penetrated as he is with the axiom that each unit of humanity feels as much as all the rest combined, and impulsive and hopeful in nature, so that the remedy suggests itself to him concurrently with the evil.”

The former of these two characters, who in the picture stand watching some navvies at work, was Thomas Carlyle; the latter, Frederick Denison Maurice. The painter, with that insight which belongs to his art, associated two men who were, in point of fact, not very closely connected in society, yet who are likely to be mentioned in the same breath by any one hereafter who takes into account the individual spiritual forces of modern England. It has been the fashion to call Carlyle a new John the Baptist, and it has been cleverly said that he led Englishmen into the desert and left them there. If one chooses to push the comparison farther, and to say that he who is least in the kingdom of heaven is greater than John the Baptist, he will find in Maurice an exemplar of the prophets who belong distinctly to the new dispensation. Indeed, an enthusiastic disciple has declared that the great distinction of Maurice was that he rediscovered the gospel of the kingdom of heaven. Herr Brentano, the professor of political economy at Strasburg, was of the opinion that Maurice “was evidently marked out by his whole nature to exercise the influence of an apostle.” It is a more exact description of his function in modern English history to call him, as we do, a prophet.

In using this term we bear in mind that conception of prophecy which Mau-

rice himself did so much in his writings to reclaim. The difference between the large idea of prophecy which prevailed in his mind and that restricted notion which makes Mr. Vennor or Zadkiel the chief of the prophets was the difference of a single letter. The popular view of a prophet is of one who *fore tells*; that of Mr. Maurice, of the English theologians of the seventeenth century, and therefore of the translators of the Bible, was of one who *for-tells*. The prophet, in their conception, is one who speaks for God; and the great function of the Jewish prophets was not to furnish predictions which should at some future time come true and astonish skeptics, but to declare that mind of God which rests in eternal righteousness and expresses itself through the workings of human will. That prophecy should have its predictive side is a consequence of the immutable properties of the divine nature and the freedom of the human. The word of God must have its final expression in man’s conduct; but it is not a thaumaturgic word, and the process by which it accomplishes its ends is a process in time.

It is the first condition of true prophecy that the prophet himself should be conscious of his vocation, and therefore of the God who uses him for a mouthpiece. Out of this consciousness of an immanent God springs that double sense of profound humility and unfaltering courage. The prophet is not a passive instrument, a pipe for God’s fingers to sound what stops he pleases; and yet the highest expression of prophetic power is accompanied by the most perfect subjection of the will. Now Maurice was at once the most humble of men and the most confident in the delivery of his message from God to man. The whole course of his life reveals him as utterly indifferent to his own fame, social position, or personal advantage; as wholly occupied with the great truths of God of which he was the recipient.

Woe is me, he seems always to be declaring, if I preach not the gospel; but, unlike some who take up the same strain, it was not the gospel of woe which he felt constrained to preach.

What, then, was the message which this modern prophet delivered to men? It is discovered in every page of the books which he published, and is still further illustrated in a variety of forms in the *Life*, based upon his correspondence, which his son, Colonel Maurice, has recently issued.¹ "His whole conception of preaching," says his biographer, "was the setting forth of Christ as the manifestation of the divine character; as the revelation, unveiling, or making known to man the actual righteousness and love of God. This was the gospel or good news which he believed that he had to preach. He believed that in proportion as men in private life or in history came to have a higher ideal of any kind, that ideal was in itself a more perfect knowledge of the nature of God, arrived at through the manifestation of the Son, the Word, in life or history." "I know I was formed," says Maurice himself, "in the image of God. I believe if I could behold God I should reflect his image. But I cannot behold him. God, I am told, is a spirit, and I am of the earth, earthy. I cannot, and would not if I could, abandon my belief that he is a lofty spiritual being; I cannot throw aside my own earthliness. Now this seems to me the most important practical question in the world. I cannot put up with a dream in place of God. He is a spirit, but he is a reality; a true being in the highest sense. As such I must behold him, or not at all. To behold him, therefore, in that way in which they could alone understand him, in which they could converse with him, namely, as a man, was, I see more and

more clearly, the longing desire of every patriarch, prophet, and priest, from Adam downward. It was the desire of Moses, of Job, of David, of Solomon, of Isaiah; they were practical men, and they wanted a practical revelation,—a revelation which they could understand and grapple. God, they knew, must be forever the unsearchable, the mysterious. They would not for worlds he should be anything else; for it was the glory of Judaism that their God was not a visible, intelligible idol, but an incomprehensible spirit. Yet they longed to behold him, and to behold him so that they could understand him."

This concentration of his belief in God rather than about God, and the intensity of his conviction that God was revealed in the incarnation, made Maurice a prophet, and explains the whole course of his life. It explains his personal character, for the habit of direct intercourse with his Deliverer afforded a test of conduct far more potent than any code of ethics, however lofty. It explains his attitude toward the church, the Bible, and, above all, toward the men and women about him. It was impossible for him to regard his personal relation to God as an exclusive one. The very intensity of his belief in God as the Father and in Christ as the head of man made him have a passionate longing for a unity in the visible relations of men to one another which should correspond to the eternal unity which subsisted in the divine order. Hence his extreme sensitiveness to any course which would identify him with party in church or state constantly isolated him from men with whom he worked most cheerfully. It led him into an almost morbid suppression of himself, lest he should seem to be a leader. "I am a cold-blooded animal," he writes to Mr. Ludlow, who had reproved him in his

¹ *The Life of Frederick Denison Maurice, chiefly told in his own Letters.* Edited by his son, FREDERICK MAURICE. With portraits. In two

volumes. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1884.

hasty way for checking the ardor of an associate; "very incapable, I know, of entering into the enthusiasm of better men, and often likely to discourage them greatly. The consciousness of this often keeps me aloof from them, as I feel I am doing them harm. But I have sometimes thought that I might be of use in warning those for whom I feel a deep and strong interest against a tendency which I feel in myself, and which I have seen producing most melancholy effects. I mean a tendency to be quick-sighted in detecting all errors in the schemes of other men, and to set up their own in opposition to them. Oh, the bitter scorn which I have seen Newmanites indulging at the schemes of Evangelicals! — scorn in which I have been well inclined to join; and now the frost which has come on themselves, their incapacity of all healthy action! I could get the goodwill of you all very soon by flattering that habit of mind, and I am very often tempted to do it. But God will not let me, and therefore he will not let me ever be the leader or sub-leader of any school or party in this land. For the only condition of the existence of such a school or party is the denunciation and execration of every other. I find myself becoming more and more solitary. I see that I am wide as the poles from Hare about the baptismal question. He wishes to make every one comfortable in the church; and I want no one to be comfortable in it, so cross-grained am I. Yet I seek for unity in my own wild way." "I have laid a great many addled eggs in my time," he said once to his son, "but I think I see a connection through the whole of my life that I have only lately begun to realize; the desire for unity and the search after unity, both in the nation and the church, has haunted me all my days."

The ideal which a man sets before him is the measure of his life, if that ideal is never shattered by the man's own loss of faith. In Maurice's case, this

search for unity was carried on to the end, in spite of apparently overwhelming odds. His early days were spent in a religious society which was falling to pieces about him. His father's family went through a process of disintegration of faith which is dramatic in its singular rapidity and completeness. The figure of the Rev. Michael Maurice, deserted in succession by all the members of his household, is a most pathetic one. Yet all this experience lay at the basis of Frederick Maurice's passionate devotion to his ideal. It was out of this chaos that there arose in his mind a conception of order which never failed him. It centred in God, and found its expression in those terms, the Word of God, the Family, the Nation, the Church, which were to be constantly charged with a meaning in his writings and speech that made them a stumbling-block to men who were ready enough to use shibboleths as expressions of their creed. Scarcely had Maurice found his foothold in that large place, from which he never was moved, before he was brought into contact with a church which appeared to be breaking up into schools and parties, and with a society which was avowedly atheistic, as well as one more dangerously pharisaic. These conditions never shook his faith in unity, and his prophetic function was to declare a church and a nation which were witnesses to God. "If ever I do any good work," he writes, "and earn any of the hatred which the godly in Christ Jesus received and have a right to, it must be in the way I have indicated: by proclaiming society and humanity to be divine realities *as they stand*, not as they may become, and by calling upon the priests, kings, prophets, of the world to answer for their sin in having made them unreal by separating them from the living and eternal God, who has established them in Christ for his glory. This is what I call digging; this is what I oppose to building. And the more I read the Epistle to the Corin-

thians, the more I am convinced that this was St. Paul's work, the one by which he hoped to undermine and to unite the members of the Apollos, Cephas, Pauline, and Christian (for those who said 'We are of Christ' were the worst canters and dividers of all) schools. Christ the actual foundation of the universe, not Christ a Messiah to those who received him and shaped him according to some notion of theirs; the head of a body, not the teacher of a religion, was the Christ of St. Paul. And such a Christ I desire to preach, and to live in, and die in."

It is not surprising that Maurice, attempting, in his happy phrase, to undermine and unite all parties, found himself outside of all and attacked by all. He would not have been a prophet if he had not been driven into the wilderness more than once. That did not stop his prophesying, and every time that he was thus expelled multitudes followed him. His biographer, in speaking of the burst of recognition which Maurice's services received after his death, says, "It was said to me, by more than one man, at the time, that the spontaneity and universality of the feeling was so marked that there did not seem to them to have been anything like it in England since the Duke of Wellington's death." Similar outbursts came during Maurice's lifetime,—on the occasion of his expulsion from his theological professorship in King's College, for example; but for the most part he was misrepresented and reviled by the religious press. For it was against the bitter exclusiveness and arrogance which found their worst expression in these journals that Maurice waged an untiring warfare. The truth which he maintained was sharper than a two-edged sword, and made many divisions. He would not have been a prophet, again, if he had not possessed a fiery indignation against all who shut up God in any one of the cages of human insolence, or who would make traffic of

divine things. Colonel Maurice cites a striking instance of this indignation. His father was present at a club when the question under discussion was the subscription of the clergy.

"In the course of it a member of Parliament, a strict adherent of the religion of the hour, had been emphatically insisting upon the necessity of tightly tying down the clergy to their belief in the current dogmas of the day, and of his particular school; assuming throughout that just the creed of him and his friends was that which had always and everywhere been held by all. Pointing out the shocks which this form of faith had been of late receiving from many quarters, and suggesting a doubt whether the clergy were really giving their money's worth of subserviency for the money paid to them, he had said, 'Sometimes one would like to know what the clergy do believe nowadays!'

"Every sentence had added fuel to the passionate indignation with which my father listened. It seemed to him just that claim to bind the clergy at the chariot wheels of public opinion against which he believed that the creeds, the articles, the fixed stipends of the clergy, the order of bishops as fathers in God, were so many protests. It seemed just that convenient getting rid of all belief in a living God, and safely disposing of him under a series of propositions, to be repeated at so much an hour, which he looked upon as the denial of the day. His growing excitement became so manifest that a note was passed up to Mr. Kempe by one of those sitting by, begging Mr. Kempe to call next on Mr. Maurice. My father rose, as all those who saw him say, 'on fire.' 'Mr. — asks what the clergy believe in nowadays. I believe in God the Father Almighty,' continuing the Apostles' Creed. Then he went on passionately to declare that because he so believed he was bound by his orders to protest against all appeals to money, to the praise of

men, to the bargaining of the market, to the current run of popular feeling, as so many direct denials of truth, so many attempts to set up idols in place of the teaching of the living God. From all sides I have heard men say that it was one of the most striking things they had ever witnessed. Every one felt as if the place was in a blaze. No one else felt in any condition to speak, and the discussion abruptly ended."

"There were times," says his biographer elsewhere, "when he could make his words sting like a lash and burn like a hot iron. The very nature of his appeal, always to a man's own conscience, to his sense of right within the scope in which the man himself clearly discerned what was right and what was wrong, the full recognition of ability when he complained that it was being abused, the utter absence of any desire to dictate in details or to require any conformity to his own opinions, seemed, as it were, when he spoke indignantly, to carry the man addressed, then and there, 'unhousel'd, disappointed, unanel'd,' before the tribunal with which rests 'the ultimate and highest decision upon men's deeds, to which all the unjustly condemned at human tribunals appeal, and which weighs not the deed only, but motives, temptations, and ignorances, and all the complex conditions of the deed.' There were some to whom he so spoke who never forgave him. The marvelous thing, considering the depth to which he sometimes cut, is that there were so few.

"Whenever something that he looked upon as morally wrong or mean excited his wrath, he began in a most violent manner to rub together the palms of his two hands. The fits of doing so would often come on quite suddenly, as a result of his reflections on some action, as frequently as not of the religious world, or of so-called religious people. He appeared at such moments to be entirely absorbed in his own reflections, and ut-

terly unconscious of the terrible effect which the fierce look of his face and the wild rubbing of his hands produced upon an innocent bystander. A lady, who often saw him thus, says that she always expected sparks to fly from his hands, and to see him bodily on fire. Certainly the effect was very tremendous, and by no means pleasant."

This indignation appears more than once in Maurice's correspondence, but the prevailing impression upon the reader's mind is rather of the singular charity which he showed to all men, by virtue of which he frequently disconcerted those who were in opposition to him. For he would accept what his opponent said, place himself on the same side, and begin to argue the whole matter from a standpoint apparently inimical to himself. An amusing story of his gentleness and of his determination to recognize the good is told apropos of his inability to manage a number of wild colts in the lecture room of King's College. A boy was disturbing the lecture. Maurice looked up, and after watching him for a few moments said, "I do not know why that gentleman is doing what he is, but I am sure it is for some great and wise purpose; and if he will come here and explain to us all what it is, we shall be delighted to hear him." This shows a habit of mind which even in sarcasm falls into its natural form of speech.

The actual contribution which Maurice made to the development of philosophic or theologic thought does not consist in any treatise which may serve as an armory for polemic uses. He wrote a great many books, but they were all, with possibly one exception, tracts of greater or less length, written to serve an immediate purpose; his books were always a means to an end, never an end in themselves. The great power which he exercised over the minds of men was in his varied application of a few simple, profound truths.

His distinction, for example, of the idea of eternal from that of everlasting, while not original with him, was in his hands a candle with which he lighted many dark passages. His controversy with Mansel showed him inferior to his antagonist in logical fence; but what with Mansel was a philosophic position was with Maurice a terribly practical truth, and he was constantly expressing it, not in terms of philosophy, but in terms of history, politics, and ethics. It was the illuminating power of truth which Maurice knew how to use. Many a student of his writings has gone to them for an exegesis of some passage of the Bible, and come away with a revelation which put to shame his small measures of textual truth. It is a favorite advice of commentators, Study the context; but Maurice's context was likely enough a piece of current English history, or an extract from Plato. No theologian of recent days has so broken down middle walls of partition in the minds of men.

It has rarely been given to men to see a few large truths so vividly as Maurice saw them, and at the same time to apply them to conduct and study with such vehement energy. Nevertheless, the very width of his vision may have led him to overlook a very present and near truth. In his anxiety to divest the idea of eternity of any time element, he missed, we think, that instinctive, or if not instinctive, then highly educated, conception of another world as a future world. He was right when he called back men from the postponement of moral consequences to a consideration of them in their essential properties, but he made too little of that reinforcement of the idea of eternity which comes through the sense of futu-

rity. That sense is so imbedded in the consciousness as to revolt at last against the exclusive terms of Maurice's definitions. After all, the predictive function of the prophet belongs to him, even if it be subordinate, and that Maurice should have disregarded its operation in his own case is all the more singular, since hope was so emphatically the keynote of his gospel.

Colonel Maurice tells us that his father maintained that no man's life should be written until he has been dead twenty years. Maurice died ten years ago, but for American readers the half score is as good as a score. We are sufficiently removed from the smoke of the battle in which so much of his life was spent to be able to view the combat with serenity, and the figure of this remarkable man becomes one of the most conspicuous in the scene. He was not a leader of a party; he was a leader of men. Some one remarked a short time since that there were now only two out-and-out Maurice disciples in London. The remark might easily be accepted as truth. Maurice himself would be eager to dissuade the two from fancying that he carried any banner under which they could be marshaled. It is equally true, and more important, that Maurice's thought has influenced a vast number of minds in England and America, not in theology alone, but in the interpretation of history and politics. The inspirer of Tennyson, Kingsley, Hughes, Ludlow, to name no others, was and remains a power. The life which presents him, under the manly guidance of his son, to multitudes on both sides of the Atlantic, who never saw him, will unquestionably reinforce his influence, for it will associate his teachings with a large, distinct, and luminous personality.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

I HAVE been denied through life the satisfaction of some of my reasonable wishes for things I should greatly have enjoyed, could I have had them. I count among my smaller solaces for these deprivations the pleasure I have always taken in the companionship of my dogs. The best individuals of this species give proof of so much of what, if we were speaking of persons, we should call "heart" and "character" that I find it hard not to believe in a future and higher existence for the dear beasts. I feel sure that their intelligence is capable of more development than most people suppose. I do not care for the two-penny "tricks" that dogs are so often taught to perform, and have never tried to draw out my dogs' latent talents in this direction; but I have noticed with regard to my own and other persons' dogs that their general intelligence is educated or not according to the manner in which they are treated. Behave habitually toward a dog as though you expected him to conduct himself as a sensible creature, of good-breeding and discretion, and ten to one he will arrive at an understanding of your mind about him, and endeavor to meet your expectations. Treat him, on the other hand, as a mere helpless lady's pet, and he becomes a toy, a canine nonentity. Tease him, or bully him, and he turns a cringing coward. I have a fancy that dogs sometimes come to partake of the dispositions of the people they live with. One instance, at least, occurs to me immediately of a dog whose traits are noticeably similar to those of his owners. Many persons profess a fondness for dogs whose actions toward them prove to me that they do not really know what it is to care for the animals in the way of a genuine dog-lover. I shall not forget how grateful I found the sympathy of

an elderly lady, a friend of our family, who on the occasion of the tragic death of our beautiful shepherd dog wrote us a letter of heartfelt condolence. *She* knew what the loss meant to us.

I heard a true story, not long ago, of a lady, fond of dogs and accustomed to them, who went to visit a friend, the owner of a splendid but most formidable animal, — a mastiff, if I remember rightly. The visitor did not happen to meet with the dog till she suddenly came upon him in a doorway she was about to pass through. It chanced somehow that she did not see him, and, stepping hastily, she unfortunately trod upon his foot or his tail. The huge fellow instantly laid hold of her; but before the dog's master, a short distance off, could hasten to the rescue the lady had looked down, exclaiming quick as thought, "Oh, I beg your pardon!" whereupon the mastiff as quickly let go his grasp. It is plain that this lady had a proper respect for the feelings of dogs in general, prompting to an habitual kindly treatment of them, and instinct led her to apologize at once for the inadvertent injury, as she would have done to a person.

I confess that it is difficult for me to think really well of those who are averse or even indifferent to dogs; there is something lacking in the moral constitution of such persons, I am convinced. When I think of the way in which my dog lives with me; of the value he sets upon my society, so that liberty to range abroad with his canine acquaintance counts for nothing in comparison with the pleasure of a short walk with me; of the confidence he has in me, and the impulse to tell me in his fashion all he can of his inner sentiments, troubles, and satisfactions, I find in this something that not only pleases but touches me very much.

Scott, we know, considered the companionship of his dogs indispensable to his comfort; Dr. John Brown has given us life-like descriptions of his own pets, as well as of fine old Rab; and Blackmore, the novelist, shows the right genuine appreciation of these dear dumb friends. There is a dog in Christowell of which he says, "No lady in the land has eyes more lucid, loving, eloquent; and even if she had, they would be as nothing without the tan spots over them."

The before-mentioned shepherd dog we once owned had eyes large, soft, and brown, containing such a depth of pathetic expression as made us believers in the doctrine of the preëxistence and transmigration of souls.

— I once saw an absent-minded countryman get into his wagon, gather up the reins, and urge his team forward, no progressive movement resulting. He was about to lay on the whip, when he made the discovery that his horses were still tied. Looking rather foolish, he dismounted, and removed the difficulty caused by haste and carelessness. This circumstance might have passed without my giving it a second thought, had it not happened that just then I was prepared to furnish from my own experience a parallel passage. That very morning I had determined to spend a day of unusual industry, and so dispatch a certain piece of work which for some time had weighed upon my conscience, and which I was very impatient to see concluded. Like the absent-minded traveler, I set out, drawing a taut rein (resolution) and cracking a hard-braided whip (necessity), bent only upon getting over a good stretch of ground before the day ended. Fatuous driver! how soon, and deservedly, I came up short! I had neglected to loose my fine steeds: fancy, feeling, humor, and relish of work were still ridiculously tethered, and I every moment growing more wroth at the delay. On reflecting, it became

clear to me that no work is superlatively well done without the mind and heart consentient, in free play and metesome good health. Your begrudged task, like those persons who receive unwilling charity, commonly turns and rends you. You may be persuaded that you have only to "put duty before pleasure" in your consideration, and all will go well. But this invidious discrimination, it is reported, is not sanctioned by the council of graces and virtues, who announce that, duty and pleasure being of equal rank, to give the one or the other preference can only be offensive to the court; hence they should be suffered to walk side by side in our regard. The judicious heed some such rule as the following: Do in life what you like to do; or, if this be impossible, take care to like what you have to do. If you would know the good music there is in this unpromising score, mind the expression mark. The wrinkles we have gathered, this surprise of unlovely age come upon us, — may they not be due quite as much to the chill disaffection and half-heartedness with which we have gone about our affairs as to the actual toil or disaster which fell to our lot?

— In the year 1000 the continent of America was discovered by the Norsemen, who gave to it the name of Vinland the Good. The narrative of the different voyages thither is preserved in two separate versions: one emanating from the north of Iceland, the other from the west. Both accounts correspond in essential points, but are different in many of their details; and each has apparently been derived, independently of the other, from oral tradition, which, for several centuries before they were written down, was the means of transmitting them from generation to generation. The northern version is preserved in the Flatey-book, a manuscript written between 1387 and 1395, a century before the discovery of Amer-

ica by Columbus. The western version is contained in two manuscripts, which are even older: the *Hauks-book*, written in the first half of the fourteenth century, and a manuscript of about the same age, Number 557 in the University Library at Copenhagen. The western version is in every way the better; in detail it is particularly rich, and introduces episodes entirely lacking in the ruder version of the north. Among these incidental narratives one is especially interesting, both from its subject and from the vividness with which its principal character is drawn: it is the story of Thorhall, the earliest American poet.

The first discoverer of America according to the western version of the *Saga*, and the real discoverer according to both, was Leif, the son of Eirik the Red. Eirik was a Norwegian, who went to Iceland with his father when the latter had been banished for homicide. In the year 982, having, in his turn, been exiled for three years for the same offense, Eirik went from Iceland to Greenland, where he remained during the period of his banishment. When this had expired he returned to Iceland, but, having induced others to join him, he again went to Greenland, where he settled at a place called Brattahlid. From Greenland Leif, in 998, made a voyage to Norway. The date is distinctly given in the *Flatey-book*, which says, "When sixteen winters had passed from the time that Eirik the Red went to Greenland, then went Leif, the son of Eirik, out from Greenland to Norway." Upon his arrival in Norway, Leif went immediately to the court of the Norwegian king, Olaf Tryggvason, and met with a cordial reception. He returned that same year to Greenland, but the following year he went again and remained during the winter. In the spring of 1000, after consenting, in accordance with the desire of the king, to undertake the introduction of Christianity into

Greenland, he set sail from Norway. He met, however, with extremely rough weather, and for a long time was driven before the wind and lost his bearings. He finally found himself in sight of a coast which he did not recognize. Wheat was growing wild; there were grape-vines in plenty, and maple-trees. He brought away with him specimens of these; among them pieces of maple wood so large that they were afterward used in house-building. Leif reached Greenland in safety, and spread abroad the news of his discovery. A year or two later an expedition was organized to rediscover the country found by Leif. It consisted of one ship, with a crew of twenty men, commanded by Thorsteinn, the brother of Leif; but stormy weather was encountered, and, after drifting here and there, they were glad to put back to Greenland, without having accomplished their object. Several years went by before another attempt was made. In the autumn of 1006 two trading ships came from Iceland, each with a crew of forty men: the one commanded by Karlsefni and Snorri, and the other by two brothers, Bjarni and Thorhall, all Icelanders. Eirik the Red entertained the crews of both ships during the winter, and in the succeeding spring it was decided to undertake again an expedition to Vinland. In addition to the two Icelandic vessels a third, commanded by Thorvald, a son-in-law of Eirik, was fitted out, and, with one hundred and sixty men all told, they set sail together in the summer. Many of the men were accompanied by their wives, and that it was their intention to form a permanent settlement is seen from the fact that cattle were also taken. Two days out from Bjarney (an unknown island to the west of Greenland), with a north wind, they found a coast covered with large flat stones. To this land, evidently some part of the Labrador coast, the Norsemen gave the name of Helluland, the Land of Flat Stones. Again they

put to sea, and again, after two days with a north wind, they found land, this time covered with forest. To it they gave the name Markland, or Woodland, and an island off the coast, where they found a bear, they called Bear Isle. Two days from Markland they once more saw land, and doubling a cape, with the land on the starboard, they sailed along the coast, which they found a succession of barren stretches of sand. To this coast they gave the name of the Marvel Strands. It is, perhaps, to be identified with Nova Scotia. Beyond the strands the land was cut up by bays, and, anchoring in one of them, a Scotch man and woman, whom Karlsefni had on board as thralls, were sent to the south, with instructions to return at the end of three days and report what they had seen. At the end of the appointed time the messengers came back with bunches of grapes and ears of wheat, which they had found growing wild. They again set sail toward the south, and ran up into a fiord, at the mouth of which was an island, which they called Stream Isle, from the currents which swept around it. Upon the island so many birds nested that one could scarcely step without crushing the eggs. On the shores of the fiord, called by them Stream Fiord, they decided to settle, and unloaded their ships. "There were mountains there," says the Saga, "and it was fair round about to see." Where Stream Fiord really was is scarcely to be determined from the meagre details furnished by the Saga. It may have been on the coast of Maine or of Massachusetts.

In the account of the setting out of the expedition the only one of the party whose personality is described at all in detail is one Thorhall, who bore the additional title of "the huntsman." Thorhall had been for a long time in the service of Eirik as huntsman and house-steward. "He was a man," says the Saga, "of great stature, dark and uncanny. He was rather old, morose in

disposition, melancholy, usually taciturn, double-dealing, foul-speaking, and ready to take the wrong side. He had associated himself little with the true faith since it came to Greenland. Thorhall was not very popular, although Eirik had long taken his advice. He was upon the ship with Thorvald, because he was well acquainted with the uninhabited parts of Greenland." Thorhall has evidently fared worse at the hands of the Saga-teller than he deserves, and the reason is doubtless that he had refused to accept Christianity with the rest. That he was trustworthy is shown by the confidence reposed in him by Eirik, and by the fact that he was afterward entrusted with the command of a ship to go on an exploring expedition. In the description of him here given there is little to conform to one's ideal of a poet.

After the Norsemen had settled for the winter at Stream Fiord, they did nothing but explore the land. They found plenty of grass for their cattle, but a hard winter came on, for which they had made no provision, and food became scarce, and both hunting and fishing failed. Hoping to better their condition, they went over to the island opposite the fiord, with the expectation of there finding food of some kind; but they met with little success, although the cattle fared well. "Afterward," continues the Saga, "they called upon God to send them something for food; but the answer came not so quickly as they wished." At this juncture Thorhall suddenly disappeared, and men were out three days looking for him. On the fourth day Karlsefni and Bjarni found him on a crag. He was gazing up into the air; eyes and mouth and nostrils were stretched wide open; he scratched and pinched himself, and recited something whose purport they could not catch. When they asked him why he was there, he replied, curtly, that it was no concern of theirs; that they need not

be astonished, and that he had lived so long that there was no necessity for them to give him advice. They, however, induced him to return with them. A short time after, a whale of an unknown species drifted ashore, and the men cut it up and cooked it for food; but all except Thorhall were made ill by it. He evidently considered the whale a gift of the gods, for he exclaimed, "Is it not so that the Red-Bearded is mightier than your Christ? This I now have for the poem which I made about my patron, Thor. Seldom has he failed me." When his comrades heard this, however, they cast the whale meat away in horror, and, in the quaint words of the Saga, "turned for help to God's mercy." Their prayer seems to have been answered, for there was henceforth no lack of food until spring. On all sides they obtained plenty to eat: on the mainland by hunting, and on the sea by fishing.

After the winter was ended it was decided to continue their journey. Thorhall was to go north, and endeavor in that way to find Viuland, which, it seems, they considered not yet to have been discovered. Karlsefni, on the contrary, was to go further south, as it was thought that the further they went in that direction the more land they would find. Thorhall, accordingly, prepared to set out with a crew of nine men. One day when he was engaged in carrying water from the land to the ship, he stopped to drink, and recited this verse, which he doubtless composed on the spot:—

"Quoth they when hither I came,
Wielders they of the clashing weapons,

¹ The requirements of the versification are that every couplet shall contain one set of alliteration and two sets of assonance. The alliterative set consists of the threefold use as initial either of the same consonant or of any vowel. The alliterative sound must occur but once in the first member of the couplet, and twice in the second member; the only requirement as to position being that the first word of the second line of the couplet must begin with it. Assonance consists in the repetition of a vowel or diphthong before the same consonant or consonantal combination. In the first set

Here could I find drink of the best.
(Foul to speak of my folk little beseems me.)
Yet the god of the helmet becomes
Bearer of water-butts here.
It is true I creep to the spring
Than wine o'er my beard has e'er trickled."

They afterward put to sea, but before they hoisted the sail Thorhall again recited a verse:—

"Let us fare back again where
Live our own lands-men;
Let the sea falcons knowing
Seek the ship courses broad;
While, fear-shy, yet here bide
Warriors cooking the whale-steak,
Men they who lands here find
Mete to them on the Marvel Strands."¹

They then separated from Karlsefni, and sailed along the Marvel Strands; but a storm carried them out into the Atlantic toward Ireland, where Thorhall lost his life.

Thorhall's two verses are the first recorded poetry composed on American soil. Though they were not written down for several centuries after they were spoken, there is no reason to doubt their genuineness, or the fidelity of the tradition which transmitted them. They are curiosities of literature rather than valuable elements, but both for their age and their connection deservedly lay claim to recognition.

— It was a curious and delicate piece of work, exquisitely moulded and finished: the material was neither satin nor velvet, but some unpriced luxurious stuff, suitable for a goddess' wear; its color was a rosy pink, perhaps of the same tint that glowed in the cheek of its owner; it had ribbon-like lace strings, and a grotesque ornament representing the large head and bulging eyes of

of assonance the assonant sound occurs in any word, but only once in the first member of the couplet, and in the first word of the second member. In the second set the assonant sound occurs in the last word of the couplet and in any preceding word of the line, excepting, of course, the first. It is not quite true, as Hallam asserts, that "the assonance is peculiar to the Spaniard." It is still used in modern Icelandic poetry. The translation retains the alliteration, but does not attempt the assonance.

a beetle. How this dainty slipper, or moccasin (some say slipper, some moccasin), came there by the path in the dark, cool woods was the first question of the saunterer to whom luck gave the prize. The slipper may have been either a "right" or a "left;" it had no mate, — at least none was to be seen in that place; it was not lying on the ground, like something worn out and carelessly flung away, but was rather coquettishly perched on the top of a slender green wand, which now and then swayed slightly, as though to at-

tract attention to so much beauty. Possibly the divinity to whom this elegant foot-gear belonged would soon be passing and would reclaim her own. Close examination discovered a hole in the toe, and still closer prying revealed the probable mischief-worker, a small bee or fly, leisurely wandering about the white-lined interior. Doubtless a drop of ambrosia, which he might have for the finding, was hidden somewhere in the depth of this slipper, — lady's slipper, moccasin-flower, *Cypripedium*!

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

Travel, Geography, and Nature. Mr. Edward Walford, who was one of the editors of *Old and New London*, has now begun the issue of *Greater London*, a work projected on the same plan. (Casell.) His method is to give anecdotal and antiquarian accounts of the district which lies outside of London proper, yet really belongs to what De Quincey used to call the nation of London. The work is abundantly illustrated, and when completed will furnish a treasury of historical information upon the greatest centre of the modern world. This is one of the books which should be placed on the lowest shelf in the library, so that young people can browse in it. — *Round the World*, by Andrew Carnegie (Scribners), follows the same author's lively and agreeably egotistical *An American Four-in-Hand in Britain*. Mr. Carnegie took the proper course, and went westward round the world. His unflinching cheerfulness and his shrewdness make him a good traveling companion for those who do not ask very much more. Indeed, one might go farther and fare much worse, for Mr. Carnegie's observations, which are made with great readiness, are often such as commend themselves to a more thorough-going student. — *Over the Border, Acadia, the Home of Evangeline* (Osgood), is by an author who writes for a company of eight who make an excursion to Nova Scotia. They are primed with the necessary historical knowledge and with the text of *Evangeline*. The story is pleasantly told, if one does not exact too much, and there are some interesting heliotype prints in disagreeable tints. Eliza B. Chase is a name printed on the cover, but not on the title-page, and the reader not unreasonably guesses it to stand for the author. — *Summer*, from the *Journal of Henry D. Thoreau*, edited by H. G. O. Blake (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), is in continuation of the selections previously made by Mr.

Blake, and published as *Spring* in Massachusetts. Like all of Thoreau's work, it offers itself for further selection by the individual reader. Thoreau suffers far less than Hawthorne by this kind of posthumous publication; or rather — for Hawthorne does not suffer — there is less sense of the matter being raw material. Thoreau's confessed books never had any constructive art. They were all a series of notes, and the reader is thus well satisfied with each successive selection, even though Thoreau himself did not make it. An excellent map of Concord gives Thoreau's haunts, and will be equally serviceable for other of Thoreau's writings. — *At Home in Italy*, by Mrs. E. D. R. Bianciardi (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), is a very readable report, by an American lady who is domesticated in Italy, of those matters which her friends and neighbors would be likely to ask her about, if they could question her. Mrs. Bianciardi is a good traveler, also, and writes of Italian scenery, history, and life as one who has both the native gift of observation and the advantage of residence. — *Henry Irving's Impressions of America*, narrated in a series of sketches, chronicles, and conversations, by Joseph Hatton. (Osgood.) Here is the interviewer taken to one's bosom and carried about wherever one goes. The idea makes one at first shudder, but if one's interviewer was a friend before he was an interviewer the idea becomes a trifle less appalling. Think of the courage of the interviewer, however, and of his rare devotion to his calling, when he follows it at the extreme risk of sacrificing friendship! The book is outside of literature, but it is an entertaining medley, and will give those who heard and saw Irving something of the feeling that they have heard and seen him and shaken hands with him. — *The American Horsewoman*, by Mrs. Elizabeth Karr (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), is a handbook for the use of ladies.

It is direct in its statements, goes into minute details, even to the buttons on one's habit, and altogether is the most sensible book which has appeared on this subject. It can hardly stimulate horsemanship, but it can free it from some of the vague terrors which it has had for American women. One excellence of the book is in its strict adaptation to the needs of women in America. — *Day-Dawn in Dark Places*, a story of wanderings and work in Bechwanaland, by Rev. John Mackenzie (Cassell), is a book of travels and missionary experience. The period embraced is from 1858 to 1882, and the writer is a plain, honest writer, who tells his story simply and without pretense. — Mr. W. D. Howells gives us a charming little volume in his *Three Villages*. (Osgood & Co.) The villages in question are Lexington, Shirley, and Gnadenhütten. Whether among the Puritans, or the Shakers, or the Moravians, Mr. Howells does not lose his picturesque touch, or falter for a moment in his fine observation. All the papers in the book have been printed before, and are destined to be reprinted many times. — One looks to a guide-book for information rather than for entertainment; but in Cassell's *Illustrated Guide to Paris* (Cassell & Co.) the matter is presented in so agreeable a manner that the reader who goes to it to be instructed remains to be amused. The illustrations are, for the most part, excellent, and where they fail in being no better than they ought to be they are sufficiently truthful for their purpose, — that of helping the stranger to identify the public buildings and points of interest described in the text. — Under the title of *G. T. T., Gone to Texas* (which title, by the way, is "conveyed" from one of Edward E. Hale's clever books), Mr. Tom Hughes has published a collection of amusing letters from some young kinsfolk of his who migrated to Texas in 1878. (Macmillan & Co.) The letters have no literary merit whatever, but they are full of pluck and good sense, and make one feel very warmly toward the healthy young English lads who penned them. Perhaps more literary skill would not have enabled the writers to give a better picture of ranch life.

History and Government. Norman Britain, by William Hunt, M. A., is a volume in the series of *Early Britain*, published by the S. P. C. K. (E. & J. B. Young & Co., New York.) It is a compend, following the lead of Stubbs and Freeman, and is furnished with a good map. — *Short History of the Reformation*, by John F. Hurst (Harpers), is a dry, meagre statement of a great historic fact; it is by no means so valuable as Seebohm's *Era of the Protestant Revolution*. — *Samuel Adams, the Man of the Town-Meeting*, by James K. Hosmer, is one of the excellent series of *Johns Hopkins University Studies in Historical and Political Science*. (N. Murray, Baltimore.) This pamphlet is a study for a large work, and if Mr. Hosmer carries out the same general plan upon a large scale he will make an interesting contribution to our history. — *Representative Government: the true method of reaching concerted action and of finding the will of a concurring majority in the election of representatives of the*

people; the remedy for the evils of the delegate system and the evils of permanent party organization; the civil service evil and its remedy. By Thomas D. Ingram, M. D. (F. S. Hickman, Westchester, Pa.) This full title-page gives the contents of a small volume in which the author in a temperate manner sets forth the evils which most people who are not party politicians now admit, and seeks a remedy. The book is worth consideration, because it holds fast to the idea that the people should in some way elect persons to represent them, without the entanglement of party and platform. — It must be said of Professor Ten Brook's translation of Anton Gindely's *History of the Thirty Years' War* (G. P. Putnam's Sons) that the work is interesting in spite of the translator. The two volumes are written throughout in the loosest English. The reader is constantly coming upon such ill-constructed sentences as these (vol. i. p. 34): "*Ferdinand, combination as he was about half of monk and prince*, was, as to person, of middle stature," etc.; "*His first marriage was with his cousin, a sister of Maximilian of Bavaria, who (?) was about four years older than himself, bore him several children, and died prematurely*," etc. Lasting histories are not written in this style. — *M. de Maupas's story of the Coup d'État* (D. Appleton & Co.) is an elaborate account of that event, written from a novel and interesting point of view. M. de Maupas performed an important part in the affair of the 2d December, which of course he defends, and defends ingeniously. The collapse at Sedan must have made the writing of such a book a matter of some difficulty. M. de Maupas, however, proves that the last word has not been said on the Second Empire. He writes with coolness and ability, and if he overstates the measure of his late master, we can forgive the examiner: loyalty to the king when he can bestow no more favors is a rare and edifying spectacle. The present volume deals with only the earlier days of Louis Napoleon's administration; the author purposes to bring his narrative down to the conclusion of the Franco-Prussian war. The work in the original is entitled *Mémoires sur le Second Empire*. Mr. Vandam's translation is very unequal; in the text, and especially in his own illustrative foot-notes, he provides us with some exceedingly queer English.

Biography. *The Mothers of Great Men and Women, and some Wives of Great Men*, by Laura C. Holloway. (Funk & Wagnalls.) This volume selects the great men and their mothers, and makes out a very good account. We would not be supposed to question the fact that great men have had good mothers, — we have been reminded of it too often; but we would put in a plea for an occasional father. Mrs. or Miss Holloway has done her work, however, more simply and with greater variety of illustration than one might have expected. — *Biographies of Workingmen*, by Grant Allen. (S. P. C. K., London; Young, New York.) The workingmen are Telford, Stephenson, Gibson, Herschel, Miller, Garfield, and Edward, only one of whom, Edward, remained a workingman, in the strict sense. The mistake of books of this class is in making so much of the greatness of the

man. Garfield is put down as a canal-boy, but if he had been only an honest, faithful canal-boy, who never misused the horses and never fell into the canal, his life as a workingman would have been of greater value to other canal-boys. The first lesson to workmen is surely not that they can get rid of being workmen. — Chinese Gordon, a succinct record of his life, by Archibald Forbes (Funk & Wagnalls), does not profess to be more than a compilation by a man who is especially qualified to make a good one. The portrait frontispiece is also a succinct portrait; the nose is made of three lines, the eyes of a similarly economical number, and the whole effect is enough to make El Mahdi think he had met the Cardiff Giant in uniform. — Lee & Shepard have published in a pamphlet Wendell Phillips's oration on Daniel O'Connell. — A History of the Bank of New York, 1784-1884, compiled from official records and other sources at the request of the directors, by Henry W. Domett (Putnams), necessarily includes also something of general financial history. The bank is the oldest in the State. — Government Revenue, especially the American System, an Argument for Industrial Freedom against the Fallacies of Free-Trade, by Ellis H. Roberts. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) Mr. Roberts was invited to lecture before Cornell University with the distinct understanding that he should present the argument contained in this book, and he has preserved his lectures in an attractive form. Whatever may be the creed of the reader, he will be indebted to Mr. Roberts for much interesting information freshly grouped. — The Problem of Negro Education, by George R. Stetson (Cupples, Upham & Co.), is a thoughtful essay by a gentleman who has resided at the South; the chief factors in the solution are in his judgment government aid industrial schools and common-sense teachers for every hamlet, but he does not clearly point out who are to administer the educational appliances. — Every Seventh Soul, by Rev. Morgan Callaway, president of Paine Institute, Augusta, Georgia (Harrison & Co., Atlanta), is another contribution to the same subject. Mr. Callaway sees the remedy in the Methodist church, acting through such representatives as the Paine Institute. — Repudiation, by Geo. Walton Green, is an economic tract issued by the Society for Political Education, New York. It is a historical summary, and has immediate reference to state repudiation since the war. — Suggestions for a Commercial Treaty with Spain, with especial reference to the island of Cuba, by Adam Badeau, of Jamaica, New York, is the result of studies made by the author when consul-general at Havana.

Society and Economy. Property and Progress, or a Brief Enquiry into Contemporary Social Agitation in England, by W. H. Mallock. (Putnams.) Mr. Mallock represents the man of breeding and taste, who recognizes the existence of poverty and its evil, but who is still more keenly alive to the logical inaccuracies of Mr. Henry George. — What to Do and How to Do It is a manual of the law

affecting the housing and sanitary condition of Londoners, with special reference to the dwellings of the poor. It is issued by Kegan Paul, Trench & Co., for the Sanitary Laws Enforcement Society, and while of local usefulness chiefly contains food for thought for those Americans who wonder if, under popular government, cities and States may not do something like what the government of Great Britain is doing in the manipulation of society. — The Guild of Good Life, a narrative of Domestic Health and Economy, by Benjamin Ward Richardson, M. D. (S. P. C. K., London; Young, New York.) Dr. Richardson is always sensible, and he takes a very rational interest in sanitary reform. In this little book he has used the trite expedient of a club of working men and women, by means of which to enforce some simple considerations of health and decent living. The book is calculated for the latitude of England, but one would not get out of his course who followed its directions in America. — Mothers in Council (Harpers) also resorts to the fiction of a club, but carries it out more completely. In a town, presumably of collegiate interests and culture, a dozen mothers meet, talk, read papers, and listen to passages from good authors upon those topics which are near to the heart of conscientious women. There is little attempt at distinguishing the personality of the speakers, but there is not a foolish one among them, and a community governed by them ought soon to be able to dispense with their conciliary wisdom. Not so society at large, which will find these mothers most excellent advisers. — Thrift and Independence, a word for workingmen, by the Rev. W. L. Blackley (S. P. C. K., London; Young, New York), contains general principles with applications suited especially to English middle and lower class people.

Music. The History of Music from the Christian Era to the Present Time, by Dr. Frederic Louis Ritter. (Ditson, Boston.) Dr. Ritter has rewritten in this form his History of Music in the form of lectures, and has given in a compendious and agreeable form a narrative history. The book is quite as entertaining to the general reader as it is useful to the student. — My Musical Memories, by H. R. Haweis (Funk & Wagnalls): a volume of reminiscences and musical anecdotes by a clergyman who has a passion for music. Wagner is the theme for a number of chapters, and Mr. Haweis gives at some length analyses of the Baireuth operas.

Criticism. Did Francis Bacon write Shakespeare? is the persistent question which turns up just when every one thinks he has answered it. The editor of Bacon's *Promus of Formularies and Elegancies* asks it again, and gives thirty-two reasons for believing that he did. The little pamphlet containing the answer is, the author says, only a sketch of the most outward circumstances, and intended only to present portable arguments. She invites correspondence from Shakespearean students. (W. H. Guest & Co., 29 Paternoster Row, London.)

